

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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## CONTENTS.

<i>The Lion's Head.</i>	474	<i>Hughes's Travels in Sicily, &amp;c.....</i>	550
<i>Miscellaneous Articles.</i>		<i>Report of Music .....</i>	557
<i>The Literature of the Nursery.....</i>	477	<i>Gleanings from Foreign Journals....</i>	560
<i>Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty</i>		<i>Literary and Scientific Intelligence ..</i>	563
<i>Years ago .....</i>	483		
<i>OLD STORIES, No. III.</i>		<i>Politics and Public Events.</i>	
<i>The Page faithful to Death ....</i>	490	<i>Historical and Critical Summary of</i>	
<i>Sonnet, written on leaving Leeds ....</i>	496	<i>Intelligence. ....</i>	568
<i>Helvellyn .....</i>	497		
<i>The Fairest—from the German ....</i>	498	<i>Monthly Register.</i>	
<i>Il Conte di Carmagnola .....</i>	499	<i>Commercial Report .....</i>	575
<i>Blackwood's Magazine .....</i>	509	<i>Works preparing for Publication....</i>	580
<i>The Protestant Church of France....</i>	521	<i>Works published .....</i>	581-583
<i>Venus de Medicis .....</i>	527	<i>New Patents. ....</i>	584
<i>Lines written at the Tomb of Alfieri</i>	527	<i>Ecclesiastical Preferments, &amp;c.....</i>	584
<i>To .....</i>	528	<i>Bankruptcies and Sequestrations..</i>	584-586
<i>A Promenade in the Prado at Madrid</i>	528	<i>Births, Marriages, Deaths.....</i>	586-588
<i>The Fisherman's Rebellion.....</i>	531	<i>Meteorological Register .....</i>	589
<i>Croly's Angel of the World.....</i>	542	<i>Courses of Foreign Exchange .....</i>	589
<i>Stoke Hills.....</i>	548	<i>MARKETS, CANALS, STOCKS, &amp;c.</i>	590-592

LONDON :

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

## THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKSPEARE.

WE are truly rich in prepared articles for our next Number: 1st. We have a *chef-d'œuvre* of a *Table-Talk*—the best yet, we think: 2d. We have a very nicely got-up paper,—which is to be followed by another quite as good,—containing some original letters of Foote, Garrick, &c.,—with a curious document, or two, illustrative of dramatic history: 3d. A *Rough Diamond*,—an article which, to call it by its title, is to mislead. *Exmouth Wrestling* are the words that stand at its head: but it contains every thing, even to a *wood cut*. It commences with a word in favour of holidays: from hence it takes occasion to allude to Hackney coachmen and Newspaper Editors, who never have any: drops a word passingly in praise of Brentford: recommends punctuality to a tailor; gets into a stage coach and out again, (strange to say) without an accident: affirms that the writer was *induced* to pass a fortnight at Exmouth—and—but we must not shew too much for fear of palling curiosity.—Seriously, however, it is a clever paper.—Then the Editor writes privately to THE LION that he is now at work on the *Examiner versus Shakspeare*; on Croker's Translation of the *bon homme*—a most singular selection of Mr. Croker's; on *American Literature* (which may or may not appear). The reader will be pleased to observe that *Helvellyn*, in this Number, is a very beautiful little Poem; and we promise another—very good also—though much longer, and not by the same writer—entitled *Osmyn, a Persian Tale*.

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of noticing an Essay, which nevertheless we have not ventured to insert, entitled "*Woman the true Source of Human Happiness*." The writer bids us ask "the love-lorn youth," if it is not so: and the love-lorn youth says *yes*,—heaving, at the same time, a deep sigh from his breaking heart. The writer then asks, "what can be traced in the grandeur of the heavens, what is there to be found in the *star-proof* immensity of *unbodied* space, that can give back the raptures so often felt, and the idolised beauty so often adored, in the fondest and fairest object of our captivated affections?"—To this the reply must be—*nothing* in either the one or the other. No man can reasonably expect to dance with his sweetheart amongst shooting stars, or to enjoy a honey moon in a comet's tail, or to have a love-letter sent him with the post mark on the cover—"UNBODIED SPACE"—scarcely legible. Does it then follow that the writer is correct in the conclusion which he thus summarily but distinctly states?—"to describe happiness, *therefore*, is only, in other words to describe woman." It *may* be so—as batchelors we *hope* it is so—but we dare not affirm it so positively as our correspondent.

Our *Friend* shall not pass unnoticed in our next Number. The lines from the Hop Garden are very sweet.

We shall find a corner for one of C. W.'s Sonnets in our next: but we are rather surprised he should have offered them to us, (that is to say if he be a reader of our Magazine.) The Critical Notice of Keats's last volume (No. 9) was almost entirely devoted to an attempt at shewing the inconsistency, and, as it strikes us, extreme weakness of the querulousness which forms the sentiment of C. W.'s second piece. By the bye, we we may as well give it



here,—the LION, like “the late Mr. Daube,”\* having almost entirely appropriated his HEAD to disputes and discussions. Unanimity would destroy him: a “faultless monster” would worry to death the King of Beasts.

## SONNET.

IT turns the heart's blood bitter to behold  
 How homage, wealth, and honours are applied;  
 How one man stoops to lift another's pride;  
 How some will worship brutes, if built of gold;  
 How Vice is purchased and sweet Virtue sold;  
 How Worth is crush'd, and Baseness dignified;  
 How what doth most exalt, men most deride;  
 And nothing is as all things were of old.  
 The world is in its age, yet is less fit  
 To die and to dissolve, and bear that ire  
 Which must flash round it once, and wither it  
 Into the dust of its funereal fire—  
 Vile, wallowing worm, that hath nor heart nor sighs,  
 But for base things,—nor will to dare, nor wing to rise! C. W.

That there is much suffering in the world, and that the fortunes of many are inadequate to their merits, it would shew folly or insensibility to deny. Miserable examples of the inequality and perversity of men's lots are every day apparent: but, in this respect, we apprehend, the *world is very much as it was of old*: and we also believe that people quite as often mistake their talents as find them slighted. The world against an individual, in judgment on himself, is quite as likely to be right as he is. The most distressing cases are those where the sensibility is greater than the power; the tendency beyond the means. The public then judging by what they see, and the candidate by what he feels, disappointment must be the result; and, in such instances, it falls hard and heavy on sanguine hopes, and youthful aspirations. Complaint, however, though it may be natural, should be repressed as worse than useless: it will only feed the fever of the mind that must torment and destroy unless allayed. The LION, however, begs pardon for prosing; and to atone will conclude with poetry.

Oh would some power the giftie gie us  
 To see ourselves as others see us,  
 It would frae mony a blunder free us  
 And foolish notion.

We shall endeavour to pay some attention to the important subject of *Juvenile Delinquency* in our next number. The Reports of the Committee for investigating the causes of its alarming increase, and of the Committee of the Society for the improvement of Prison Discipline, are important documents, which, without a violation of his duty, no Editor of a Periodical Work can leave unnoticed. Such neglect would indeed form a shameful contrast to the philanthropy that animates the exertions of these worthy associations. The mischief, however, is, that lighter and more obtrusive subjects almost unavoidably engross his time, at least,—if not his thoughts. His post is an awkward one, and has strong claims on the compassion of good Christians.

*Maria*, may we jump suddenly from the subject of *Juvenile Delinquency* to your more than inuendo? The LION'S HEAD has had its heart in its mouth ever since the receipt of your note—for really it does not know whether it is expected to *disavow* or *acquiesce*. It is ready, however, to do either according to orders.

*W. K.* will see we have *made use* of his paper; and we trust he will excuse the liberty we have taken with the communication. We had long been regarding the subject as one calling much for notice.

\* N'avez vous pas connu feu Monsieur Daube?  
 Q'une ardeur pour la dispute éveilla avant l'aube!

Several Poetical Communications are under consideration.

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T of Marlow tells us his notions, and we have told him ours.

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LEO is for once proud of his *Keepers*—though he would be sorry to be thought so surly as they have shown themselves in their Article on the *Reekie Magazine*.<sup>\*</sup> Be it for them to roar indignation: his forte, he feels, lies in the softer tones, which have won him a correspondence with the gentler sex, have made even rejection agreeable to unfortunate authors, and subjected him (he is proud to say) to a charge of making love by insinuation. In respect of the last circumstance, he flatters himself, that he stands alone amongst his species.—He begs also to acknowledge several invitations to dinner, sent in pure friendliness excited by these Notices; but THE LION seldom goes into company, and never but to tea. He finds wine heating,—and, during his connection with the Magazine, deems it prudent to abstain from butcher's-meat. He begs, however, not to be confounded with the Lion of the *Old Monthly*.—But why is THE LION of the *London* proud? He will modestly say why. For himself, he is neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but he admires prophecy, and more particularly he does so when his keepers manifest themselves distinguished by the gift. Many people can argue, and most people can reproach, but very few people indeed can predict. What ought to be said then in commendation of those who can do all three? Surely, at the very least, “expressive silence ought to muse their praise.” Now the article on the *Reekie Magazine* seems to THE LION to include this rare union:—it reasons (well or ill); it reproaches (justly or unjustly)—and, folded in its tail, lurk both the spirit and the substance of prophecy: for, lo and behold! a new Number of the *smoked* Publication has just come to hand—strong as *kipper*—in time for THE LION, though too late for his keepers,—and there we find already actually *done*—achieved—all that the aforesaid tail anticipated the *Reekie* folk would certainly do! Can any thing be more truly surprising! To be smoked before birth is treatment against which even hog's-flesh would indignantly protest!

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We shall be happy to insert in our next Number *the Address of the FIVE GENTLEMEN who have an eye to their country's interests*. Yet it appears to us, we must say, that *one eye* amongst five people, so directed, is little enough in all conscience. Have they not ten, besides spectacles, turned towards their own affairs? It is, however, but due to these *Five Gentlemen* to state, that their address leaves us with a notion of their resemblance to the celebrated *Miss Roe*—

She had but ONE eye—but that was a *piercer*!

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<sup>\*</sup> *Reekie* is an expressive Scotch word for SMOKED. It also means the capital of Scotland. Hence nothing can be more proper than to entitle the work in question the *Reekie Magazine*, for it is published in Edinburgh, and has been smoked in London. We hope to learn, on the return of our travellers from the North, that the loungers in the streets of Edinburgh are overheard talking to each other in a style something like this:—“Well, the *Reekies* have been at the *Cockneys* again! Soot-bags against Dandies! Filth the favourite. The Fortunate Youth seems to improve at Abbotsford. He is stronger than ever in Criticism this month:—under the head Fine Arts, we hear of Haydon's ‘greasy hair,’ and in his strictures on poetry he tells us Keats *walked the hospitals*! Scotland may well be proud of this *reeky* school of reviewing: it forms a new era in her literature.”

THE  
**London Magazine.**

N<sup>o</sup> XI.

NOVEMBER, 1820.

VOL. II.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

THE LITERATURE OF THE NURSERY.

— where is passed the glory and the dream !

IN the days of unbreeched infancy, the imagination revels on the most substantial food. The child builds puddings in the air, instead of castles. In his dreams he contemplates imposing shapes—figures of gingerbread, arrayed in golden decorations—the *beau idéal* of stall-attractions, that shine more brightly on his fancy than the contents of the mines of Eldorado ! What a place is the ideal London of the provincial enthusiast in petticoats ! Palaces of apple-dumplings ; spires of *allegampane* ; pavements of pancakes, expand before him ! He is gloating over the glory of grease and sugar, seen in his mind's eye, when, judging by his external orbs of vision, he would be pronounced to be occupied with his catechism. Urchins of moderate desires may set up a queen-cake as the boundary of their wishes ; or, at most, in a sanguine moment, may represent to themselves the possibility of realizing Mr. Horner's Christmas dish ; but the poetical fry, the ambitious spirits of five and six, give a wider range to their reveries, a bolder direction to their hopes. They fix their affections and their thoughts at once on a pastry-cook's shop ; and it becomes to them what America was to Sir Walter Raleigh—a fairy land, an Atalantis, Utopia, the *summum bonum*, the goal of life's race,

VOL. II.

the vale of Avoca ! The snowy surface of a twelfth-cake—(grander far than the snowy summits of the Himla chain,)—presents to these a field of chequered and opulent delight, that dazzles the senses, and converts the mind of the youthful observer into a magic lanthorn, reflecting a long succession of sweet and luscious magnificence. There are gilt coaches, drawn by sleek horses, alike sublime to the sight and taste ! Potentates, whose crowns are studded with plums, and whose sceptres are of lemon peel ! Ships of cinnamon, bridges built of almonds, castles of curdled cream, and shepherds and shepherdesses of sugar candy ! And all these are to be eaten as well as looked at ! What interest this single consideration gives to the picture ! The lips instinctively lick themselves as the gay prospect opens. Wordsworth talks in raptures of five sparrow's eggs as "a vision of *delight* ;" if they be so, it must be admitted that five tartlets form a vision of *ecstasy* !

A period, however, at length arrives, when this palatable pageantry begins to pall upon the sense : we no longer love lollypop as we have been wont : if we still occasionally ogle an orange, it is only under the immediate and near temptation of the wheel-barrow. The appetite is now more cunning than keen ; we



become rather *connoisseurs* than cravers, and have *sang froid* enough to discover that plums and pears are not so delicate as peaches. It is then, under the languor of satiety, that the youthful imagination seeks new *stimuli*; and the delicacies of the library,—particularly if their binding be calculated to raise old recollections, and gently agitate former desires by its resemblance to the contents of the gingerbread stall,—supply powerful attractions. This is an era that generally remains included within the limits of the memory of the man—and we ourselves feel that we may describe it with the fulness which memory warrants. What enchanting details lurked under the variegated cover of Mother Goose! How exquisite the perfume of Mother Bunch's darling nose-gay! Our literary horizon in those days was peopled with dragons, was lit up with chariots of fire, and beautified with magical rainbows! The landscape before us was ever fresh, ever graceful, ever changing. Now Blue-beard swept by—a stern image of mysterious and ferocious pomp—composed of Persian Satrap and Grand Turk—with all the parade of camels and slaves, and waving banners in his train. At the next moment, we would be attempting to penetrate the high and tangled woods in which the Sleeping Beauty lay concealed.—Then how sweet it was to accompany poor little Red-riding-hood, on her walk by village lanes, girded with hedges—not without taking a wistful peep at the “cheese-cakes,” and the “little pot of butter,” in the basket which she bore on her left arm! Those niceties were for her old grandmother; but her grandmother never enriched her toast out of the pot which little Red-riding-hood carried! The deceitful monster's fatal reply to the innocent ejaculation—“*Grandmama what great teeth you have got!*”—continued to startle us at every reading, with undiminished effect, as if we had heard the gnash of the ravenous seizure, and the crackling of the unfortunate child's bones!—We used to gaze on Cinderella's face, where she sat amongst the cinders, as if it were a lily in a wilderness of foul weeds: but our greatest favourite, if we recollect rightly, was the description of

the feats of the White Cat—her delightful hunting array, and all the attractions of the Feline Court.—This we consider still as a truly elegant tale. What reader is not charmed by the silent attentions of the lovely mouser, her anxious care of the beautiful prince, and the exquisite fricasee of “the fattest mice imaginable!” The exordium of each of these histories is of sublime simplicity, calculated to rouse the attention, which has seldom or ever reason to complain of disappointment. “*Once upon a Time,*”—“*In the Reign of King Arthur,*”—or, better still, “*In Days of yore!*”—Who has not longed for the cap of Fortunatus, still more than for his purse?—Who has not revered batter-pudding for having given that needful shelter to the hero Thumb, which the royal oak afforded to Charles of blessed memory? The bean-stalk is still with us an object of veneration, as we walk in the fields, because of its connection with the famous legend of Jack. We may, we believe, boast of having seen the most favoured specimens of the present generation of cats; but we candidly confess we have never had the good fortune to meet with one individual whose talents and carriage were at all comparable to his of the “*Boots.*” There is nothing we think, in Dante or Cobbett, more tremendous than his threat uttered to the trembling reapers:—“Good people! if you do not tell the king, who will shortly pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my master, the marquis of Carabas, *you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat!*”—And yet how insinuatingly respectful was the same blusterer to the unsuspecting Ogre, who treated him “as civilly as an ogre could do,”—and of whom puss in return made a meal! The consummation of this interesting history is worthy of its noble course: the master of the cat married a princess, and the “cat became a great lord,—nor ever after pursued rats and mice *but for his amusement!*”

We must crave permission to proceed a little further; for really there is more pleasure to us in the names of past delights, than in most of the realities by which we are surrounded. Fortunio, and her band of seven, with their expressive titles, should never be forgotten. Master Strong-

back, who thought he had not deserved salt to his broth, unless he had carried wood enough before breakfast to load a couple of wag-gons; sharp-sighted Master Marks-man, who used to bind up his eyes when he shot at partridges, lest he should kill more than he wished; quick-hearing Master Fine Ear, to whom the world was a whispering gallery; Master Grugeon, whose stomach was capable of carrying "six inside;" Thirsty Tippler, Thunder-throated Boisterer, — and Lightfoot who tied his legs when he went to hunt, that he might not out-run his game! It is in this tale that we find the following magnificent description of an ogre:—"Galifron is a giant as high as a steeple; he devours men as an ape eats nuts; when he goes into the country he carries cannons in his pockets to use as pistols!"

Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!

Be he alive! or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make me bread!"

What is well worthy of admiration in the above is the accuracy with which the giant disposes his vowels: but the horrible intimation of these mysterious monosyllables will never, in after life, leave tingling on the ears of those who have heard them pronounced with becoming solemnity in their infancy.—Let us wind up the series with Tom Thumb;—he of whom his poetical historian thus speaks:—

An oak leaf he had for his crown,  
His shirt it was by spiders spun,  
With doublet wove of thistle's down,  
His trowsers up with points were done,  
His stockings, of apple-rinds, they tie  
With eye-lash pluckt from his mother's  
eye;

His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,  
Nicely tann'd—the hair within.

The glory of his life, and the sorrow of his death, are yet fresh in the recollections of all who are likely to read this article: we shall therefore now close these notices with recommending a volume of delicious tales published by our friend Ben. Tabart—the contents of which have the true old smack, and are dear to us as are the recollections of our bull's-eyes and humming-tops.

Recommending this volume puts

us in mind that we have many others to quarrel with. Innovation has made fearful progress in the child's library; and to no purpose, we verily think, but a bad one. In saying this, we do not allude to spelling-books, compendiums of history, and extracts of the sciences: for the graver studies of youthful readers, good provision is now made,—and when they have advanced a little beyond the stage of childhood, they find a considerable improvement in the contents of their bookshelves, from past times. The lore of the nursery, however, we must contend, has gone retrograde: the imaginations of its inmates have coarse and poisonous food now collected for them, in comparison with the hoards of other days. A decent nurse would now blush with shame to repeat what is daily put into the hands of her charges to read! This subject well deserves a little consideration. And first for some specimens, which let the reader contrast with the fair idealities before touched upon.

Harris and Son, we are sorry to say, seem to be great offenders.—What excuse can they offer to the rising, and risen generations, for publishing that vile book called—"Peter Piper's Practical Principles?" It affects to teach the alphabet; and we are inclined to speak with respect of that excellent manner of enforcing the knowledge of the letters to a child's mind, by identifying them with familiar objects of a visible and tangible description, which was in vogue in better times than the present—that is to say, when we held our horn-books in our hands. A was then an Apple; B was a Book; C was a Cat; D was a Duck; and so forth:—but these brief illustrations are now thought too simple, and they have been superseded by such degrading trash as follows:—

#### L L

Lanky Laurence lost his lass and lobster:  
Did Lanky Laurence lose his lass and lobster?

If Lanky Laurence lost his lass and lobster,  
Where are the lass and lobster Lanky Laurence lost?

A delicate morsel of nick-names, gallantry, and gluttony to enrich a child's mind with! Lanky Laurence is a convenient compound term, prepared ready for application to a thin sub-



ject at school, and very likely to lead to kicked shins and bloody noses.—The lass and lobster may at first stand in need of a commentary, but that no doubt will be industriously sought for, till nothing remains obscure.—One more example, as the thing is so choice.

C. c.

Captain Crackskull crack'd a Catchpoll's  
Cockscomb :

Did Captain Crackskull crack a Catchpoll's  
Cockscomb ?

If Captain Crackskull crack'd a Catchpoll's  
Cockscomb,

Where's the Catchpoll's Cockscomb Captain  
Crackskull crack'd ?

Somebody has remarked that the value of particular turns of expression in poetry depends not so much upon what they distinctly specify to the reader's understanding, as on what they suggest to his imagination, and present to his curiosity. It is by this rule that we are to pronounce on the merit of the above: the ingenuous child will be led through an edifying train of information, and presented with much stimulating food for reflection, in those endeavours, which it may be certainly calculated upon it will make, to master all that belongs, in any way, to Captain Crackskull's history. The trade of the Catchpoll, the habits of the officer, the glory of his exploit, may each stand at the head of a distinct chapter, and will each admit of much fulness of illustration !

"The Dandy's Ball" is to be carried to the honour of Mr. Marshall, who is removed to Fleet-street, from Aldermay church-yard. We wish he had remained where he was, and continued to deal only in those articles by which his name and his place of residence were first rendered famous. On Mr. Marshall's counter there were wont to be seen only such innocently amusing histories, as that of the "Man of Thessaly," and of "Mother Hubbard." Now, alas, in Fleet-street--near to Carlisle's repository—not that we mean to insinuate there is any connection between the shops—we detect nonsense, buffoonery, and ribaldry, on the first pages of his "Christmas Presents for Good Children." Such are the preparations made for exercising the naturally keen curiosity of a child's mind ! The book we have just mentioned, is evidently

got up for the nursery: its price is eighteen-pence, and its glaring coloured prints assist the corrupting tendency of the composition. We shall quote from its opening ; and let that decide whether it be worthy to have displaced the gentle "White Cat," "Beauty and the Beast," the good "Cinderella," and the Family of Mr. Allworthy.

Mr. Pillblister,  
And Betsy his sister,  
Determined on giving a treat,  
Gay *Dandies* they call  
To a supper and ball  
At their house in Great Camomile-street.

Mr. Padum delighted,  
For he was invited,  
Began to consider his dress ;  
His shirt was not clean  
Nor fit to be seen  
So he wash'd it, he could not do less.

Here's the stays from the tailor,  
For Mr. Macnailor:  
Oh Jeffery ! lace it quite tight ;  
I'll hold by the post,  
That no time may be lost ;  
At the ball I'll outshine all to night.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A hole in my stocking,  
Now, how very shocking,  
Cries poor Mr. Mopstaff enraged ;  
It is always my fate  
To be so very late,  
When at Mr. Pillblister's engaged.

\* \* \* \* \*  
When the dancing began  
To their places some ran,  
But when they came to the saloon,  
So stiffened and tight  
As for dancing that night,  
They might as well rise to the moon.

And so on, in an equally exemplary strain, through all the variety of slang terms, and ringing the changes on all the diverse topics of street vulgarity ! Scarcely a theme of scandal, and of gross heartless derision, that is not taken up and presented to "the young idea" to ruminate upon:—many of the allusions are near akin to positive licentiousness, and all of them are connected with the vices, follies, affectations, and infirmities of worn out society, in its worst specimens,—from the contaminating knowledge of which the child's mind should if possible be preserved. When the scandals of the drawing-room become the sports of the nursery ; when fathers and mothers present their children with caricatures of their own foibles and ri-



dicious pretensions, there only wants the government to assist the debasement of manners, by some such public spectacle of infamy and ignominy, in elevated station, as has been now exhibited in the Upper House of Parliament, to render the future destiny of the nation pretty nearly certain.

"The Dandies Ball," is followed by "the Dandies Wedding,"—a still more unsuitable composition—if that be possible. It is quite clear that this class of works has now got into new and totally unworthy hands. No familiarity with, or love for, children, no acquaintance with their ways and tastes, can be discerned in these publications. Nobody who sympathises with the nursery could have written them; whereas the beauty of its old legends consists in this, that the child's imagination, feelings, capacities, natural pleasures, are reflected in them, as a face is reflected in a looking-glass. On hearing them we picture to ourselves the intent eyes, the serious countenances, the half-opened mouths, of the lilliputian circle; or we hear its loud shout of laughter, rising above the extended voice of the chuckling nurse. But of the persons who get up the pieces we have just been describing, it may too certainly be said—"you have no children, butchers!" They are most probably the same who bring out the political caricatures, and personal lampoons of the day:—they are evidently hands employed to get up something grotesque for the dealers in such articles, likely to be popular during the present appetite for gross excitement: something saleable, on the principle that the French snuff boxes in the shop windows sell. If ——— and ——— were not too busy for Blackwood's magazine, and the Edinburgh chair of Moral Philosophy, we should suspect them of being concerned in the manufacture of these things. They are evidently done by men ready to do any thing.

It will be said that the intention of the fabricators of these rhymes was to satirize the coxcomical clerks and apothecaries of the city of London: but what has the nursery to do with these? What to do with the stays of dandies, and dandy courtships? Are such worldly ridicules fit to be put into the hands of innocent children—of mere infants? Are we to teach them to lisp *derision*, that most selfish of all

the human feelings; that deadener of every noble and virtuous principle; that pity-killer in the human breast? The love of ridicule leads most directly to heartlessness; and, when indulged in an inordinate degree, it will generally be found as crafty as it is callous—a mere screen for mercenary motives, a cold-blooded deception, in which pleasantry or principle is but the pretence, pocket-picking the design. In some of the magazines and reviews—this is too clearly seen to require exposure: but to the contents of our nursery libraries, sufficient attention has not hitherto been given. The child is taught by them to laugh at what he should not understand, or at what he ought to pity:—at folly, at idleness, at profligacy, at poverty! He does laugh; and some may be simple enough to think he soon forgets that at which he has laughed; but the mind of a child stores up every striking image, good or bad, which is presented to it. His character is gradually formed under the repeated impressions made by the objects with which his thoughts and fancy are brought in contact. What then are we to expect of a generation, who have become familiar with their alphabet by early associating each of its letters with sheer ribaldry!

For ourselves, we must confess, we regret the change that has taken place altogether, and with respect to matters that may be fairly deemed of less importance than the moral tendency of the writings put before children—and yet not of little consequence neither. When our primers, and story-books were enclosed in firm, compact, gilt covers, assurance seemed given externally, that there were golden stores within; but we cannot help regarding, as omens of sinister import, the flaming yellow, orange, green, and crimson wrappers, set off with a grotesque figure of punch, or a zany, or a dandy, that are now in vogue. Those were good times, when the child regarded his book as a serious and precious affair,—valuable as gold,—pure and bright as the metal with which it was ornamented: it was then an object of veneration;—but now, in its mountebank dress, it is treated with a familiarity that breeds contempt. It is a toy, a painted bauble; the amusement of a week in its perfect state,—and of a day when its gau-

dy glaring prints,—that vitiate the taste as much as the buffoonery of the letter-press corrupts the disposition of the youthful readers,—have been cut out to be stuck against walls and windows, and to be swept away by the house maid in the morning.

A word too of these said prints. The nursery songs and stories, to have their proper effect, should be permitted, like the common law, to depend solely on tradition. They are now, however, we grieve to say, printed, and even illustrated in every variety of way. It is therefore nearly all over with the common legends of the nursery: written out, they are no longer sacred. When people can read in a book, "*here we go up, up, up;—and here we go down, down, downy;*" or "*I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,*" one may be as sure that they have lost their empire in their proper sphere, as that the songs of the Highland bards are no longer sung by the Highlanders, since Macpherson translated and printed Ossian. The moment modern criticism can be brought to bear on the solemn traditions of a people, their power of inspiration may be pronounced to have become extinct. But the graphic illustrations have given the mortal blow to the charm. Mother Hubbard and her dog were beings of too ideal a cast to be visibly represented without losing, like Falstaff, the greater part of their efficacy. Then, again, what sort of prints are they, that the child is now called upon to admire? The glaring colours of the wood-cuts with which the favourite stories of our childhood (when it is thought worth while to reprint them), are now decorated, form a striking contrast to the dark, shadowy figures, with which they used formerly to be accompanied. Whatever mere artists may say, we are sure to have all true poets, and lovers of poetry, with us, when we affirm, that these old-fashioned affairs,—however occasionally clumsy and irregular,—possessed a higher character, and created a deeper interest, than the flashy pictures now presented to the notice of juvenile amateurs. There was a sense of mystery conveyed by the undefined, cloudy shapes and countenances, that formerly looked forth from the page of a dull grey. The story was then inseparably connected with the picture,

and the picture with the story. Now they may be separated: the picture is now a fine thing by itself. We well remember, still, the impression made on our fancy by the dim delineations in our old copy of the affecting history of the Babes in the Wood! We still recollect the feelings excited by the dark, grim figure of the wicked uncle, sitting by the bedside of his dying brother and sister! The ink with which it was printed had run into a blot, in the blackness of which the human lineaments and shape were just discernible; and thus was aptly and forcibly typified to the child's imagination, the foulness of his heart, and the atrocity of his infernal conduct. Then the dying parents lay in white—a faint outline indicated their feeble bodies,—and the bed-clothes, too, were left in white—emblems rather than representations—while all the rest of the apartment, where death and guilt presided, was sunk in an awe-inspiring gloom. The staring prints in the children's books, now sold, do not make either an equally forcible or equally desirable impression upon children. It is the pretty picture, not the pretty story, that now chiefly interests; and thus the interest of each is lessened. Formerly, the cut required much explanation; and reference was laboriously made, through the mother or nurse, to the reading, in order to satisfy the curiosity excited by its sublime indistinctness. The embellishment never went before the meaning,—never anticipated it,—but rather rested modestly and decently a little way behind,—as a servant in attendance, ready to aid, but never forestalling.

Besides the serious evils to the dispositions of the heart resulting from this system of meretricious display, it demands strong reprobation as necessarily forming a false and vulgar taste in the child's mind. Accustomed to the gaudy glare of its picture book, it is rendered unable to distinguish the true from the false, the delicate from the coarse, the affected from the real. The infant observer is thus taught to look with disappointment on the breast of the robin, when he becomes acquainted with that bird for the first time: he exclaims, sulkily, "it is not so red, and pretty, as the one in my book!"—A more useful and pleasing present cannot be made to a child



than an illustrated description of animals, provided the prints are executed with a due regard to the modesty of nature: provided the lion is represented fairly in his own tawny skin—not in an orange-colour dress, his present fashionable *costume*. The consequence of the present practice is, that, when the child is shewn a real lion, he reckons him but a poor ugly animal, not half so fine a shew as he had been taught to expect. A sickly, bad taste in mature age is the natural result of these overcharged displays to youth: they affect the whole train of thinking and feeling throughout after life; for nature never can have her due and delightful effect on any mind that is not allowed to grow up in just allegiance to her power.

We make no apology for having dwelt at some length on this subject: it is a very important one, and the evils we have been exposing are but too closely connected with many national indications of a very discouraging nature. What can be done to the advanced boy, to eradicate the poison now instilled into the child by these sneering, trifling, worthless productions—distributed as "*Christmas and New Year's Gifts for good little boys and girls?*" These sow tares betimes, where our utmost assiduity should be employed to plant good seed. Una, and her milk-white Lamb, properly arranged for children; the Babes in the Wood; Beauty, with her white Rose, and the Gentle Beast;

the good Cinderella; little Red-riding-hood; the amiable White Cat—are tales that never fail to interest, to delight, and make a lasting and good impression on the child's mind. "Here lurks no treason; here no envy swells; here grow no damned grudges." Let not, then, these pity-inspiring pieces be displaced by such pestiferous trash as we have been reprobating. Pity, and the interest we take in the sorrows and hazards of others, are the feelings it most behoves us to cherish in the breasts of children. They are the surest foundation on which to rear a noble, kind, intrepid character: but their very germs must be eradicated under the influence of gross lampoons, couched in language adapted to engage a child's attention, and to render his thoughts and his fancy familiar with the vices, follies, and absurdities of mature age. The parent who has carelessly permitted the principles of the nursery to be contaminated with these profligate productions of the present day, will afterwards exclaim in vain to the child—"would that the fountain of thy mind were clear again!" It will then be too late: the heartless ridicule-loving spirit will have taken root too firmly to be ever extirpated; and the child itself, ruined by these innovations in the literature of the nursery, will have but too much reason to reproach its parents in the words of Orlando—"give me the allottery left me by *testament*: with *that* I might go buy my fortunes."

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#### CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In Mr. Lamb's "*Works*," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school,\* such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can

well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his school-fellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our *crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden pig-

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\* Recollections of Christ's Hospital.



gins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the peas soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat-days in the week)—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays, (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton crags on Fridays—and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rear, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting gris-kín (exotics unknown to our palates) cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride,) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tish-bite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest, of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holy-day visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I

felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early home-stead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holydays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing-excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were pennyless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!—How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards night-fall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets *objectless*—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the pa-

iron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callous overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder.—The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruellest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one H—, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered — at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts, — some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim

his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings “by Verrio, and others,” with which it is “hung round and adorned.” But the sight of sleek well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures, was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

TO FEED OUR MIND WITH IDLE POR-  
TRAITURE.

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fathaters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *goul*, and held in equal detestation. \* \* \* \* \* suffered under the imputation.

—'twas said,  
He ate strange flesh.

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these *disreputable morsels*, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were dis-



coverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building (such as there exist specimens of in Chancery-lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism) with open door, and a common stair-case. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Halhaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time,) with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers, or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of —, an honest couple come to decay, —whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expence of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds!—The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of —, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read

upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to —, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory.—I had left school then, but I well remember —. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence.—As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in ascance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*;—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude:—and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.\* This was the penalty for the second offence.—Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fe*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late “watchet weeds” careful-

\* One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the Governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with.—This fancy of dungeons for children, was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul) methinks, I could willingly “spit upon his stony gaberline.”



ly effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguise he was brought into the hall (*L.'s favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his school-fellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia*; not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous *disguising circumstances*, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation after school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than in them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrennees. The Rev. James

Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders, (just enough to disturb a fly), was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it “like a dancer.” It looked in his hands rather like an emblem, than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us now and then, but often staid away whole days from us, and when he came, it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he staid, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to “insolent Greece or haughty Rome,” that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operations; making little sundials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles*; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game “French and English,”—and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian*; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He

was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some Episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry.\* His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror, allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing holyday."

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the

*Ululantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. His Easter Anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.†—He would laugh, aye, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*—or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle.—He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of differing omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer.—I. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?"—Nothing was more common than to see him make a head-long entry into the school-room, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah," (his favourite adjuration) "I have a great mind to whip you,"—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—"and I WILL too."—In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not

\* Cowley.

† In this and every thing B. was the Antipodes of his co-adjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the Chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction.—B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation*.



calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W—having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forbidden*. This exquisite irreognition of any law antecedent to the *oral*, or *declaratory*, struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the *Country Spectator* doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C.—when he heard that his old master was on his death bed—“Poor I. B. !—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sub-lunary infirmities.”

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred.—First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T—e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors !—You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. O it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitia*, or some tale of *Antique Friendship*, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate !—Co-Grecian with S. was

Th—, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th— was a tall dark saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks.—Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta) a scholar and a gentleman, in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the *Country Spectator*,) of a *Treatise on the Greek Article*, against Sharpe.—M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker, might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverend for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming.—Next to M. (if not senior to him,) was Richards, author of the *Aboriginal Britons*, the most spirited of the *Oxford Prize Poems*; a pale, studious Grecian.—Then followed poor S—, ill-fated M— ! of these the Muse is silent.

*Finding some of Edward's race  
Unhappy, pass their annals by.*

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard !—How have I seen the casual passer, through the Cloisters, stand still, entranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandula*,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts) or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar — while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy* !—“Many were the wit-combats,” (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller,) between him and C. V. Le G—, “which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man of war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the Eng-

lish man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the Nireus *formosus* of the school,) in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "*bl—*," for

a gentler greeting—"bless thy handsome face!"

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G— and F—; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca:—Le G—, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F— dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine frank-hearted, Fr—, the present master of Hertford, with Marquise T—, mildest of Missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.  
ELIA.

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## OLD STORIES.

### No. III.

#### THE PAGE FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

THE times of feudal power were very different from the present. There were then more violence and more generosity: life was less secure, and it was more richly illustrated: female honour was more often violated, and it was more devotedly defended: desperate wrongs were committed through greed, and desperate enter-

prises were undertaken in magnanimous disinterestedness:—the lights of the picture were brighter, and its shades were darker than now: the world had then bolder features; it wore a sterner and more imposing aspect, and the poets found themselves in their element amidst daily events.

Then shone not the sun of the age of gold,  
Gladdening the rivers that calmly rolled;  
While love had no fear, and beauty no sigh,  
And the wish and the joy for ever were nigh;  
When the mind free from care, as the hands from toil,  
Lay shrunk and still, as the snake in its coil.  
—'Twas the hurricane cloud, and the lightening gleam,  
Darkening and kindling the torrent's stream;  
And the howl of the woods when the wind is high;  
And the terror of birds at the eagle's cry;  
And the groan of the heart, by misery stricken;  
And the spring of the soul when dangers thicken;  
And the strength of passion when rigour denies;  
And the constancy which suffering tries;  
And lady's love, which to speak is fate;  
And a glance of the eye telling deadly hate;  
Then pride, and power, and woe, and alarm,  
Hung o'er the earth like a thunder storm,  
Grand to behold, though with peril fraught,  
And rousing zeal, and summoning thought.



From these wild times do we take our story ; which is one of an affectionate heart, broken by love, gratitude, and fidelity. These, indeed, are enough to break any heart that seeks to oppose them to the events of life : they give the malice of fortune too great a purchase over human nature—a purchase which no mortal strength can withstand.

Lewis, Duke of Liegnitz, was in his youth fond of travel ; and his desire being earnest to visit strange countries and become acquainted with foreign nations, no sooner was he his own master, than he hastened to set forth. In the progress of his journeys, he touched at every part of Europe, and even went so far as the torrid Asia. This young nobleman was attacked,—whether through fatigue, heat, or contagion,—by a violent illness, which seized him at the tomb of Mahomet—that being a curiosity he had long coveted to see. During the violence of his malady, he was faithfully and affectionately attended by Charles of Chila, his chamberlain ; who, though an aged man, never failed, either in the night watch, or the day's duty. He was ever by his master's bed-side, and soon had the happiness to see him recover from the effects of the struggle between death and life. But the true-hearted servant drew his own death from his lord's safety : he was smitten with the same disease, and received from the Duke attentions almost as assiduous and anxious as those he had bestowed : but they had not the same fortunate result. The Chamberlain died ; but, before the breath left his body, he commended earnestly to his master's protection, his grandson, a tender boy, then far distant at school, whose father fell at the blockade of Cottbus, by the side of the Duke of Sagen ; and whose mother did not survive her husband more than half a year. The Duke bound himself to the dying man, by a solemn oath, to provide for the now destitute child—exclaiming “ so may God grant my last hour to be as serene as thine ! ” “ He is the last branch of our race,” uttered the Chamberlain, feebly, his voice being almost extinguished by death : “ receive him from me as a solemn legacy : he is virtuous and affectionate, and will exercise towards you, and your family, the fide-

lity that has ever distinguished his ancestors.” A few moments afterwards, the Duke had to weep the loss of his most zealous friend, and devoted follower.

Duke Lewis, being smitten with melancholy, hastened back to Europe, for his travels no longer seemed to relish of pleasure. He made his entry on his domains amidst the rejoicings of his vassals,—and if the pride of rank and power swelled in his breast as he heard their shouts, and saw their antic manifestations of delight, he felt the warmth of kindness towards these, his dependents, accompanying the swelling of his spirit,—for sojourning amongst strangers, and encountering hazards, had humanized his disposition ; and long absence had hindered him from waxing, by usage, callous to the wretchedness and wrongs of his inferiors,—as the best natures at that time too commonly were.

Nor did he forget his promise to the dying Chamberlain : one of his courtiers was soon dispatched to fetch to his palace the young Chila, whom he appointed to be one of his pages.—Henry, the grandson of Charles of Chila, was now seventeen ; his shape tall and slender ; his face fine and manly ; his mind richly accomplished, and his manners trained to elegance by the graceful exercises of chivalry. He played on the lute, and accompanied its soft tones with a melodious voice. He became his master's favourite ; the ornament of the ducal court ; the most gallant of the princely retinue, when his lord pursued the wolf or the bear, or gave tournaments, at which the knights might distinguish themselves amongst their companions, and touch the hearts of their mistresses by gratifying their female pride.

It was about the Easter of the year 1412, that a messenger presented himself from the Emperor Sigismund, inviting Duke Lewis to repair to the imperial court ; the sovereign having in view to bestow a signal mark of his favour on the Prince, his vassal. And precious, indeed, was the boon !—no less than the hand of the Emperor's niece, the princess Etha of Hungary, a beauty then shining in all the splendour of youthful charms. The minstrels used to sing in her praise the following ballad, which, in consequence, became fashionable at court.

## BALLAD.

Fair Etha's love will be hard to win  
 By prince, lord, duke, or knight;  
 For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
 And oh her beauty is bright!  
 Yet surely her woman's heart doth beat—  
 At least so tell her eyes—  
 When warm, and blushing, and smiling sweet,  
 She gives the tournament prize.  
 And who would not dare to break a lance,  
 When Etha holds the meed?  
 And who, to receive her tender glance,  
 Would think it much to bleed?  
 Yet Etha's love will be hard to win  
 By prince, lord, duke, or knight;  
 For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
 And oh her beauty is bright!  
 Full many a youth, of proud degree,  
 Her peerlessness proclaims;  
 The mirror of grace and of courtesy,  
 She shines 'mongst high-born dames.  
 Fair Etha's love will be hard to win  
 By prince, lord, duke, or knight;  
 For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
 And oh her beauty is bright!

Brilliant were the festivities at the marriage: but Henry, the Duke's Page, was more stricken by the charms of his new mistress, than by the grandeur of the imperial court. The lady soon behaved towards the graceful youth with that affectionate familiarity of which her lord set her the example;—and in so doing she gave a proof of the goodness of her disposition, and of her devotion to her husband:—but was it not the Page's misfortune to be so distinguished?—Too surely it was; for there grew up in his heart a violent passion, which he bitterly wept over in secret, and blushed for in public, dreading its discovery as the signal of his ignominy and utter ruin. Yet, in the midst of this agony of remorse, the hopelessness of his love was a torture felt by him above all the rest; and this he owned to himself and deplored, for thus he knew that the crime would be more tolerable to him if it were not bootless—a knowledge that made him accuse himself of ingratitude and treachery toward his excellent master. And, thus torn and worked upon in spirit, the consternation of the poor youth shewed itself visibly in his altered appearance, so that none could fail to perceive how heavy a load of secret grief was borne by this once gay and happy, now most miserable, Page.

The Duke and the Duchess were both incessant in their importunities to be told the cause of their favourite's melancholy. "Dost thou covet the well-trained falcon, which thou knowest so well to fly? Is it the swift charger, that bore thee so gallantly in the last tournament, that thou wouldst be master of?" To these kind inquiries, prompted by anxious affection, Henry gave no answer, but he seemed confounded, and held his peace. "Have I lost thy confidence then?" said the Duke: "what hast thou to complain of in my friendship for thee? Have I not always shewn myself thy friend, rather than thy Lord?"—"Ah, my dear, my gracious master," then exclaimed Henry—for he could hold no longer—"take my life—I have lived too long—but never while I live can I forget what I owe to your Grace: I am grateful, indeed I am—but miserable, very miserable. Oh my Lord, do not press me for the cause of my grief—but rather drive me from your presence; recall your favours—yet leave me your compassion—I have much need of it."

The Duke was astonished at this, which he thought little short of frenzy; and, consulting with his Duchess, they agreed to watch the young man narrowly, lest mischief might come of his strange infatuation.

One fine evening of the spring,



the Page went out on the rampart of neath a lofty pine, while to his lute the castle,—and, believing himself he sung the following stanzas:—  
to be unobserved, he sat down be-

## SONG.

Ye pines that wave on high,  
While echo wakes alone !  
To your deep shade I fly,  
To loose my bosom's groan.  
'Tis love consumes my peace ;  
Yet though it tears this breast,  
I would not it should cease,  
Nor would I it were blest.  
Ah no ! ah no ! ah no !  
(*Echo*)—Ah no !

A sigh, a tear deny,  
Should I my passion speak !  
But when I silent die,  
Let gentle sorrow break  
From forth thy lips so pure,  
Dear mistress of my soul—  
For love will not endure  
That duty should controul.  
Ah no ! ah no ! ah no !  
(*Echo*)—Ah no !

So sung the Page, accompanying the words very mournfully with his lute. Just as he had finished, and while he yet listened to the echo of that sad syllable which was a negative to all his happiness, he thought he heard light footsteps approaching ; and, turning round tremblingly, to his great surprise and alarm, he perceived the Duke and the Duchess standing close by him. Attracted by the mournful air, the princely couple had soon discovered who the musician was, and were pleased to think that their servant should continue to have pleasure in one at least of his former accomplishments—the practice of all the others having been laid aside by him since his unhappy alteration. Marking the words of the song, however, the Duke mused over them ; yet forbore to question his Page on the subject, recollecting how much disturbance had before been caused in his mind by inquiries of this nature. The noble lady uttered some gentle words to Henry, commending his voice, yet chiding his turn for solitude, and complaining that he should thus fly from friends to whose pleasures he might administer—while he gratified their kindness by his presence. “Are you, then, too proud to accept our praises?” said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, that no mortal could regard

without feeling his heart stirred within him—so exquisitely was goodness of soul there mingled with a free gaiety, the consciousness and pride of beauty, and a deep, native, passionate tenderness. Her's was a smile in which all that is rich in woman's nature was concentrated ; and it burst forth, like a sudden ray of sunshine, to kindle up ecstasy, and smite high and low with admiration. And it was thus she now smiled upon the Page,—only the common fascination of her expression was heightened by a touch of sorrowful sympathy, which hung floatingly in her eyes ;—to Henry's conception, it was as if the regard of divinity made itself visible in the brightness of the sky, giving a meaning of beneficence to its sparkling beauty. He could not bear the effect of this look : it shook him to the very depths of his nature : it brought the music he had just been playing, the song he had just been singing, back upon him, like an overpowering wave, dashing his energies to the earth. He hastily muttered some words of thanks, which ran together into one choking sob,—and rushed from the presence of his noble protectors, to lock himself into his little chamber in the turret, where, during the whole night, he gave passionate utterance to his intolerable affliction.

## LAMENT.

The hollows of yon mountains tempt mine eye,  
That seeks in vain to rest on what is near ;  
I follow with my soul the birds that fly,  
But they are strong of wing, and disappear :  
I gaze upon the moon—but it is clear,  
And mocks the darkness of my misery.

I listen to the forest's voice : it swells  
When the wind comes to wrestle with the pines ;  
But this of nature's strength and grandeur tells,  
And I am weak, and sick—my soul declines :  
How fair on heaven's face yon planet shines !  
While my life dims ; its lustre grief dispels.

Why are the glory and the beauty now,—  
I saw upon the earth,—thus fled away ?  
The spirit's transport, that lit up my brow  
When forth I sallied, in the face of day,  
Shining in arms, or clad for gallant play,—  
Why doth it droop, even as a broken bough ?

'Tis past ! the dream, the foolish dream is past !  
I waken to the night,—dark, cold, and lone :  
Suddenly waken'd, my poor heart, aghast,  
Would fain the black reality disown :  
The ray, that on my early fortunes shone,  
Hath wither'd them—as falling lightnings blast.

No sooner were the Duke and the Duchess left alone together, than the former said,—“ the cause of this youth's melancholy, I think, I have at last divined. He loves your cousin Agnes, who accompanied you here from the court of Sigismund :—her rank makes him deem his passion hopeless, and hence his sorrow.”

“ Agnes would not be severe to him, I dare say,” replied the Duchess :—“ if it be love that is the cause of your Page's melancholy, then must we compliment his modesty at the expense of his penetration,—for he knows not the extent of his own power of pleasing, and the general regard in which he is held, if he allow himself to doubt of a favorable return to his passion on the part of any lady of our court, who can in honour receive and reward his affection.”

“ Do you, then, sound your cousin on this matter,” rejoined the Duke ; “ for my conjecture is right, as time will doubtless show.”

The fair Agnes owned to her friend and mistress, what she had before confessed to her own heart,—that the beautiful youth was not to her an indifferent object ; and she added, that, for some time past, she had suspected it was even as the Duchess surmised.

It appeared to her, that she was regarded with inclination by the Duke's Page—though as yet he had not said a syllable of his passion—for she had observed, that his eyes were ever directed to the balcony where she usually sat with the Duchess,—and once he had been seen to press eagerly to his lips a handkerchief which she had just dropt from her hand, after taking it from the neck of her royal relation.

With this news delighted, and eager to declare them, the Duchess hastened to her husband ; who forthwith ordered that his court should take a journey of pleasure to the baths of Warmbrunn, that were even then much celebrated ; contriving at the same time, that the two lovers (as they were esteemed) should be left behind,—thus giving them good opportunity of coming to an explanation. The Duchess, as she went to her palfrey, conducted by the ever-assiduous Henry, whispered in his ear : “ Be of good heart, wait with patience till we return, and then you shall be happy.” The Page was thunderstruck : her words thrilled through him : he could scarcely stand ; and the gracious lady, seeing his extreme agitation, turned towards him her eyes, that beamed



with infinite kindness, and reached him her hand to kiss. He fell on his knees, as he received the unlooked-for boon,—and when he returned to his chamber, after the Duchess's departure, he was almost convulsed by the force and variety of his feelings.—Did he understand her aright? His duty to his lord,—could he forget it? Gratitude! Honour! Love! all these considerations worked in his mind with the fury of a volcano.

A message from his master and mistress gave him soon occasion to join them at the Baths. "Well, you have now recovered your gaiety, my distrustful Page,"—exclaimed the Duke, with an arch smile, as he approached. The youth looked with consternation at the speaker:—"the gentle Agnes was not obdurate, I dare say—Approach, then, and thank your fair advocate here: the Duchess I mean: she it was who did a good office for you with her lovely cousin!"

Henry felt despair circling his heart, and freezing it, with each word of this address. His resolution was instantly taken; and this enabled him to preserve his calmness. His cheek was pale, but it changed not: his eye remained steady, as he made a common-place reply,—and the Duke and the Duchess congratulated themselves on the restoration of the Page's tranquillity.

The 18th of May was the birth-day of the Duchess: on that morning the rich cavalcade set out for the Castle of Kynast, meaning to celebrate the joyful festival by chivalrous sports. Henry rode by his mistress's carriage, on a beautiful horse, which she had given to him that day twelve-month. Every one remarked the paleness of his countenance; but an unusual fire sparkled in his eyes, and altogether he seemed to exult, rather than, as of late, to mourn. There was general satisfaction expressed at the happy change. The Page's steed seemed determined that day to show his master to the greatest possible advantage. He went snorting with courage; sometimes playing disdainfully with the earth, which he struck with short bounds; then rearing as if in fury; then springing forward as if maddened by restraint,—yet all the while proud of his rider's sway, and

never for one instant escaping, or seeking to escape, from the secret invisible power of his flexible practised hand. All eyes were fixed on the gallant youth, and above all those of the Duchess,—who that day seemed to herself to feel an interest in him of a more remarkable nature than what she had ever before experienced,—and which created something like an agitation in her heart for which she could not account. His pale face, his beaming eyes, rivetted her attention. She could not take her looks from them; and once or twice she uttered a short hasty cry of alarm, as the spirited charger appeared to expose his rider to peril. The Page, on these occasions, bowed gracefully but seriously towards his mistress; and altogether he seemed like one who had suddenly acquired new and high privileges,—which he was incapable to abuse, but proud of possessing.

A sumptuous banquet was given to the Knights and retainers on the great lawn before the Castle; and, after this, Etha took her seat beneath a splendid canopy to witness the games. They were many and various, of an athletic kind; and in these the Page distinguished himself, as he was wont;—few could compete with him, either in agility or courage. The last trial of both now only remained: it had been ordered by the masters of the festival, that, to conclude the day's exercises, a prize of a golden chain should be awarded to him, who should dare to climb the warder's lofty tower—overlooking the precipice on the brink of which the Castle stood—by the projecting stones of the external wall—a difficult and perilous task, which it was thought few would attempt, and perhaps none perform. The conditions were, that the successful person (if any succeeded) when standing on the extreme parapet, should receive a goblet, filled with wine, from the warder's hand: that, thus elevated in the eyes of all, he should pronounce the name of his mistress; drink her health in the contents of the cup, and then, descending, receive the chain he had won, from the hands of the Duchess herself.

Many young cavaliers made the attempt,—but soon relinquished it. The danger and fatigue were too great.

At last the trumpets announced that Henry of Chila was about to essay the enterprize. He was observed to look earnestly at the Duchess as he advanced to the foot of the rock. He was soon seen ascending; and, while the crowd held their breaths, under the influence of admiration and horror mingled, the adventurous youth gained the summit,—and stood erect and firm on the fearful height. The warder held out to him the bowl filled with wine; a shout from below greeted his triumph; the utmost silence then prevailed, for all burned with curiosity to hear pronounced the name of her who had gained the heart of Henry of Chila. “He is about to utter the name of Agnes,” said the Duchess to one of her Ladies—and as she said this, she sighed. “He has done a dangerous feat for her,” she added.—Henry raised the cup in his right hand;—the sun was setting,—its rays flashed upon him horizontally, kindling the fair locks that streamed about his face, disordered by the exertion of climbing. He stood like a divine messenger, about to communicate the will of Heaven to mortals. The silence grew more fixed and deep. Not a breath was suffered to escape.

“I DRINK,” exclaimed he, with a loud voice—“TO MY MISTRESS—TO HER WHOM I LOVE—TO ETHA, DUCHESS OF LEIGNITZ—WIFE OF MY MOST HONOURED AND ESTEEMED MASTER,

THE DUKE—WHOM I HAVE EVER SERVED WITH FIDELITY—AND TO WHOM IN THE MOMENT OF DEATH I DECLARE MY GRATITUDE.”

A piercing shriek was uttered by the Duchess, as she turned away her head—for too well she foresaw what was about to happen. The Duke sprung forward, exclaiming “IN THE NAME OF GOD! HOLD!” A loud cry of *Jesu Maria* was the next instant set up by the whole multitude,—and the body of the unfortunate Page lay mangled and lifeless on the stones beneath the Castle wall!

Deep sobs, and stifled screams were heard to come from under the canopy; and a sad agitation and hurried moments prevailed there amongst the attendants. The Abbot of Lambus advanced towards the corpse, crossing his hands over his breast, and exclaiming in a trembling voice, “TO HIS POOR SOUL MAY GOD HAVE MERCY!”—“To his poor soul may God have mercy,” was solemnly ejaculated by the crowd, as with one voice; and the echoes in the mountains around were thrice heard to repeat the word “*mercy*.” The Duke ordered the remains of his Page to be collected for burial in the Ducal vault at Leignitz; and masses were celebrated at Warmbrunn for the soul of the departed.

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### SONNET.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING LEEDS.

Oh! smoked city! dull and dirty Leeds!  
 Thou mayst be well for trade, and eke for wealth,  
 And thou mayst cleanse thyself, at times—by stealth,  
 Like men who do, but never own, good deeds;  
 And thou mayst be a place where commerce feeds  
 Hundreds of hungry mouths, both girls and boys;  
 And thou mayst show how spinning thread hath joys  
 Beyond the vicious pleasures Idlesse breeds.

—Of Leeds I this deny not; but if e'er  
 Again, at any hour of morn, noon, night,  
 My soul or body be caught lingering there,  
 Unless hard driven for cash, or else by fright,  
 May I ne'er kiss my lady's red lip bright!  
 This, by her beauty and my hopes, I swear.

T.



## HELVELLYN.

HELVELLYN! blue Helvellyn! hill of hills!  
 Giant amongst the giants! lift thy head  
 Broad in the sunlight:—no loose vapour dims  
 Thy barren grandeur; but with front severe,  
 Calm, proud, and unabash'd, thou look'st upon  
 The heights around—the lake and meadows green,  
 Whereon the herded cattle, tiny things,  
 Like flowers upon the summer landscape, lie:  
 Behind thee cometh quick the evening pale,  
 Whilst in the West an amphitheatre  
 Of crags (such as the Deluge might have washed  
 In vain,) against the golden face of Heaven  
 Turns its dark shoulder, and insults the day.

With no imposing air, no needless state,  
 Thou risest, blue Helvellyn!—no strange point  
 Lends thee distinction, nor fantastic shape  
 Marks thee a thing whereon the mind must rest;  
 But in thine own broad height, peerless and vast—  
 Leviathan of mountains! thou art seen  
 Fairly ascending, amidst crags and hills  
 The mightiest one,—associate of the sky!

\* \* \* \* \*

I see thee again, from these bleak sullen moors,  
 Boundless and bare,—long, dreary, wintry wastes,  
 Where the red waters lie stagnant, amidst  
 Black rocks, and treacherous moss, and rushes white  
 With age or wither'd by the bitter blast:—  
 Thou lookest out on thy huge limbs that lie  
 Sleeping far—far beneath; and on the plains  
 Below, and Heaven which scarcely o'er thy head  
 Lifts its blue arch; and on the driven clouds  
 That loiter round thee, or impetuous burst  
 About thy summit with all their stormy showers.

Here, in thy lonely state, thou livest on  
 Through days, and years, and ages,—still the same,  
 Unshaken, undecaying; not alone  
 A thing material haply, for within  
 Thy heart a secret spirit may now abide;  
 The same that fills thy veins in spring with green,  
 And hangs around thee long the summer thyme;  
 And when the winds of Autumn moan away  
 Solemn and sad, from thy supremest brow  
 Poureth the white stream bright and beautiful.

—The winds—are they thy music? (who shall say  
 Thou hearest not!)—Thy echoes, which restore  
 The rolling thunder fainting fast away,  
 From death to a second life, seem now, methinks,  
 Not mere percussions of the common air,  
 But intimations high of a mightier sense—  
 Of some communicable soul that speaks  
 From the most inward earth, abroad to men  
 And mountains, bird and beast, and air and Heaven.

W.

## THE FAIREST.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O ! WHAT may man the fairest deem ?  
 And purest from all mortal stain ?  
 For this alone were worthy theme  
 Of Poesy's eolian strain :  
 To the *fairest* my lyre should homage pay ;  
 To *that* be devoted my warmest lay.

And first on the Rose I gaz'd with delight,  
 As its beauty own'd the power of spring ;  
 While the roving Zephyr it seem'd to invite  
 In its sweets to bathe his fanning wing :  
 Yet upon its stem the fair Rose beareth  
 The thorn, whose keen point Prudence feareth.

Next I the Mountain Cedar view'd,  
 When in pride the heavens themselves it brav'd ;  
 A head 'bove all it nobly shew'd,  
 And firm were its roots though its foliage wav'd :  
 Yet autumn too surely strips its leaves ;  
 And winter comes, and the Cedar grieves.

The Lake it seemed a sheet of gold,  
 While the Sun was in glory descending ;  
 And, oh ! with what rapture then did I behold  
 The tints of the sky with the radiance blending :  
 Yet hath water, nor light, nor fairy dyes—  
 It is but the mirror to western skies.

The Star shone fair in the azure deep,  
 A symbol to man of a brighter state,  
 Where love shall hereafter its festals keep,  
 Escap'd from the thralls of earthly fate :  
 Oh ! loveliest sure that beaming star !  
 But, alas ! for my wishes too far, too far.

And yet if it may not be the Rose,  
 Nor the lofty Cedar, towering in pride,—  
 Nor the fiery lake at day-light's close,  
 Nor the stars that sparkle o'er heaven wide ;  
 Oh ! what is there fairer left behind,  
 That mortal man may hope to find ?

“ From thy anxious, idle search refrain ;  
 The fairest on earth belongs to thee ;  
 No longer seek what to seek were vain,  
 For little is given to man to see :  
 Oh hope not here to obtain a bliss,  
 Surpassing thy mistress's rapturous kiss.

“ The thornless Rose on her cheek blooms fair  
 In her eye is the Star, with love that beams,  
 Like the golden Lake floats her amber hair,  
 Her form like the graceful Cedar seems ;  
 And the graces fade never where Love hath breath'd,  
 Nor wither the flowers his hand hath wreath'd.”



## IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA,

AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY, BY ALEXANDER MANZONI.

*Milan, 1820.\**

To combine historical truth with the necessary exercise of the poet's imagination; the rapidity and incessant progress of action, with a rich developement of noble sentiment; to characterise with self-evident truth the period and the persons to which the events of his story had reference—such was the difficult task which the author of *Il Conte di Carmagnola* undertook to perform, and which, we do not fear to assert, has been performed by him with more than common dexterity. The records of the time presented the interesting life of a great Captain, from the period at which, having escaped the outrages and treacheries of a perfidious prince, to whom he had rendered important benefits, he became the head of the Venetian armies, and conducted them with admirable success—up to the moment when the unjust and ungrateful suspicions of those very Venetians, dragged to a violent public death, the hero who had been faithful and brave in vain, and whose hard fate excited the unavailing sorrow of all Italy.

The poet has not confined himself rigorously to the minutest incidents of this history; and it was not incumbent on him to do so; he lay under no obligation to follow servilely the steps of the annalist. Signor Manzoni bore in mind that he exercised an exalted art; and, strong in the privileges of his ministry, resolved to consult, above every thing else, the cravings of the human fancy.

Let us ask ourselves what are the principal points that remain fixed in the mind, after having perused the narrative of this portion of Italian history? Which are the particulars we please ourselves with dwelling upon, as if we had been actual eye-witnesses of the events? In the first place, there is the flight of Carmagnola to Venice—who appears as a fugitive, yet all at once becomes the arbitrator of its senatorial decisions, in one of

the gravest deliberations of state. Then we see him shining as the great warrior, fighting and triumphing,—conquering his enemies by the potency within his breast. Afterwards the suspicions, which an infamous policy gave rise to, in the breasts of his new and benefited friends, move, like clouds, over the disk of his glory. Then the plots, and dark conspiracies of men who planned in secret the ruin of the faithful leader;—and at last the full developement of the work of iniquity, and the deportment of the hero under his unexpected and undeserved calamities.

Conformably to the above distribution of the subject, is the division of the action through the five acts of this tragedy; so that every act contains a grand picture;—a contrivance well calculated to display, without confusion or violence, a complicated and numerous series of events,—and to fix them clearly in the memory. The poet also has had the consummate skill and judgment to attach his several pictures, the one to the other, so as to form a whole: each is connected with that which precedes, and that which follows; and they all together concur in producing a true unity of action and of end—the purpose being to show the horrible return which a great man received for the benefits which he had lavished upon an ungrateful and tyrannical aristocracy.

To the judicious simplicity preserved in the general division of the historical facts through the acts, is owing, in a great measure, another estimable and uncommon quality which this tragedy possesses. We allude to its containing not one useless or weak scene—not one which is not interwoven, in some way, with the others. All are respectively striking and important for their own proper beauty; and this beauty consists principally in the vigorous expression of passion and of character.

\* See Introductory Remarks on Italian Tragedy, Lond. Mag. No. IX. p. 284.

The author knows how to speak the language of generosity and of friendship; of magnanimous resentment; of conjugal, filial, and paternal love; of female consternation and grief;—nor is he ignorant of the natural expressions adopted by envious ambition, and proud tyranny. In the persons of the Doge, the commissaries of the Venetian camp, and the Head of the council of Ten, we see illustrated the result of those moral habits that flow from a corrupt government, as from a source, being inspired by the public offices and avocations which subsist in such a system. *Vice versa*, the author has had courage and genius enough to display, in the character of a patrician, (a friend of the count) one of the most interesting and touching of social portraits: in him we see delineated the unhappiness, the inward suffering, of men whose noble and intrepid dispositions exist in perpetual contrast and opposition to the general perversity, profligacy, and voluntary debasement of their fellow-countrymen. In the principal personage of the drama, Signor Manzoni has displayed a magnanimous warrior, generous and compassionate to the vanquished; full naturally of truth and gentle affections—yet not entirely free from those crimes which seem to be inseparable from politics—full of sensibility, but never overcome by misfortune.

It might be supposed, that a composition, containing so much and such varied representation, would, according to the modern custom,—particularly of the German stage,—reach to an excessive length: it, however, consists of only 1870 lines. If Signor Manzoni emulates Schiller and Goethe in the vastness of his plan, and the native freedom of its execution, he may also contend with the French tragedians for brevity and economy of versification. He has not attained, nor ought he to have sought, the laconic manner of Alfieri. His extreme conciseness is only possible, and only to be admired, in treating the most simple arguments; but surely this quality cannot be deemed requisite (not even by the theatrical tastes of the Italians) for all dramatic works whatever.

Let us now bestow some attention on the separate acts of this fine tragedy.

#### Act First.

The scene opens with a solemn convocation of the Venetian senate to deliberate upon the question of peace or war, with the Duke of Milan. After the first few verses, Carmagnola becomes the great object of the attention of the spectators. A recent attempt of the Duke against the life of the Count; the certainty that this valiant soldier can never again be reconciled to his atrocious and ungrateful enemy; the opportunity, therefore, which the republic now has of availing itself of so redoubtable a sword, and such consummate judgment,—these are the themes which the Doge dwells upon, in endeavouring to lead the votes to war. The Count being introduced into the august assembly, his military prudence, and the authority of his arguments, leave no doubt in the minds of the senators, of the course they should take. Dismissed with praises and expressions of public gratitude—it not being permitted to a stranger to be present at the discussions and scrutinies of the senate—he remains nevertheless the object of every thought: his conduct offers a wide field for the enthusiastic admiration of the good; while his merit invites the hatred of the envious, and the hope of all those who pray that the state may find a saviour in its urgent perils. But not the weighty projects of politics; with the expectation of approaching triumphs; and the thought of soon having the power to repair the outrages received from an ungrateful prince,—can occupy entirely the soul of the hero. The feeling of his own dignity predominates in his mind; and, before opening his mouth to the council on other subjects, he obeys the suggestion of honour, by endeavouring to clear himself, to the senators, of every imputation of ingratitude or inconstancy towards his former master. “*Io sono al punto*,” he exclaims with feeling and dignity—

*Io sono al punto in cui non posso a voi  
Esser grato e fedel, s'io non divengo  
Nemico all'uom che mio Signor fu un tempo.  
S'io credessi che ad esso il più sottile  
Vincolo di dover mi legghi ancora,  
L'ombra onorata delle vostre insigne  
Fuggir vorrei,—viver nell' ozio oscuro  
Vorrei, prima che romperlo, e me stesso  
Far vile agli occhi miei. Dubbio veruno*



Sul partito che scelsi, in cor non sento,  
Perch'egli è giusto ed onorato: il solo  
Timor mi pesa del giudizio altrui.

\* \* \* in periglio sono  
Di riportar—forza è pur dirlo—il brutto  
Nome d'ingrato,—l'insoffribil nome  
Di traditor. So che dei grandi è l'uso  
Valersi d'opra ch'essi stiman rea;  
E profondere a quei che l'ha compita  
Premj e disprezzo, il so; ma io non sono  
Nato a questo; e il maggior premio ch'io  
bramo—

Il solo—egli è la vostra stima, e quella  
D'ogni cortese; e—arditamente il dico—  
Sento di meritarsela. Attesto il vostro  
Sapiente giudizio, O Senatori,  
Che d'ogni obbligo sciolto inverso il Duca  
Mi tengo, e il sono. Se volesse alcuno  
Dei beneficj che fra noi son corsi  
Pareggiar le ragioni, è noto al mondo  
Qual rimarrebbe il debitor dei due.—  
Ma di ciò nulla: io fui fedele al Duca  
Fin ch'io fui seco; e nol lasciai che quando  
Ei mi v'astrinse, &c. &c. &c.

He continues bringing to mind (in a strain of rapid powerful poetry), his past actions—after the manner of a great man conscious of his own merit, yet free from boasting. After the departure of Carmagnola from the senate, the discussions terminate with the acclamations of many of the senators, who demand the division of the votes.

The next scene is in the house of the Count; and contains an excellent monologue, expressive of the feelings of this famous chief, at the moment when he hopes to recommence a new career of glory. The senator Marco, the bosom friend of Carmagnola, soon makes his appearance, impatient to bring to him the announcement of his good fortune. "*War is resolved upon, and you are appointed commander,*" he exclaims. The Count, filled with dignified joy, and grateful towards the republic, swears to consecrate to it the remainder of his life. Marco exults at the prospect of the future triumphs of his friend; but, at the same time, he is agitated with fears, in consequence of the dangers to which this friend, as he foresees, will certainly expose himself, through that pride and grandeur of soul which cause him imprudently to disregard the machinations of the malevolent, and the snares of his secret enemies—

— Al par di tutti  
I generosi, che giovando altrui,  
Nocquer sempre a se stessi, e superate

Tutte le vie delle più dure imprese,  
Caddero a un passo poi, che facilmente  
L'ultimo de' mortali avria variato.

This new trait was necessary to the right understanding, and appreciating all the interest of the character of Carmagnola; and the poet takes advantage of it to get up most opportunely an original scene, adorned with high moral feeling, and gentle affectionate eloquence. We shall copy the following verses which allude to the domestic tenderness of this interesting soldier; a tenderness which is fully developed at the end of the tragedy. Marco, in giving salutary counsels to his friend, thus terminates his affectionate discourse:

Che dirò più? Vuoi che una corda io tocchi  
Che ancor più addentro nel tuo cor risuoni?  
Pensa alla moglie tua, pensa alla figlia  
A cui tu se' sola speranza: il cielo  
Diè loro un' alma per senir la gioja,  
Un' alma che sospira i di sereni,  
Ma che nulla può far per conquistarli:  
Tu il puoi per esse—e lo vorrai, &c.

The superb eloquence of the debate in the senate; the noble naturalness of the dialogue in the scene between Marco and the Count; the facility with which the reasons for the war are developed in this act; the condition of the Milanese state; and the secret effeminacy of the Venetian government—every thing, in fine, which was necessary in order that the audience, or the reader, should follow, without interruption, the progress of events up to the catastrophe,—may be here found, giving evidence of the inventive genius of Signor Manzoni, and at the same time of his complete practical mastery in the dramatic art.

#### Act Second.

The political advice and personal promises of the warrior having been heard, he commences his part as commander of the Venetian troops. We now contemplate him amidst the tumult of arms,—in front of the enemy,—a conqueror through his own proper talents. The famous day of Macclodio constitutes the chief subject of the second act; nor will it seem that a better selection could have been made, if we consider the circumstances narrated in history. The military wisdom of Carmagnola was here shown in reducing the enemy to the alternative of fighting under evi-

dent disadvantages, or of retiring with shame and loss;—his new and improved tactics enabling him, at the same time, to make sure of the victory, and to count on a great triumph. But a battle cannot be represented in a sufficiently decorous manner on the stage, and the author did not wish to supply the deficiency by the means of narration; he has therefore chosen to exhibit the two camps, one after the other, at the moment of engagement. Hesitations, waverings, and discords amongst the generals,—arising from the understood impossibility of avoiding battle without sacrificing the interests of the state, and the reputation of the army,—or of meeting it without running the risk of almost inevitable ruin,—are the clear prognostics of the approaching discomfiture of the Milanese troops. The courage of the chiefs avails nothing; the ferocity and impatience of the soldiers grieve and alarm the most tried and skilful amongst their leaders. “*Udii*,” exclaims Torello, one of the Milanese generals—

*Udii le grida del furor, le grida  
Della fiducia e del coraggio; e il viso  
Rivolsi altrove, onde nessun dei prodi  
Vi leggesse il pensier che, mal mio grado,  
Vi si pingeva:—era il pensier che false  
Son quelle gioje, e brevi; era il pensiero  
Del valor che si perde,” &c.*

The Venetian camp afforded quite a different spectacle from the foregoing. There, the will of a great man, who commanded events, and individuals,—who was beloved, as a brother soldier, from the highest to the lowest of his army, and obeyed with devotedness, as a conqueror,—was visibly paramount, preserving order, and giving confidence. No uncertainty, no timorous caution was exhibited by Carmagnola:—he was, himself, alone, the soul, the fortune of his camp.

When informed of the movements of the enemy, the Count calls together the heads of his army, and addresses them with assurances of certain victory. He then gives the word to the soldiers with military brevity:—

—— Andiam compagni!  
*Si resista al prim’ urto: il resto è certo.*

#### *Act Third.*

From the recent triumph arise the first rancours of Venetian ambition

against Carmagnola, which are the forerunners of his ruin. He refuses to advance the victorious army towards the capital of the Duca Visconti,—being aware of the dangers of intemperate haste,—before having made himself master of the fortresses still in the possession of the enemy. One of the Venetian commissaries, already irritated by the firmness of Carmagnola, intimates to him that he is determined to oppose what he terms a “barefaced perfidy”—viz. the gift of liberty made by the count to the prisoners of war, who are seen flocking out in crowds from their quarters. “Thou knowest well,” replies the frank and faithful officer, “this is an ancient courtesy of war,—a custom dear to the soldier, which it would not become me to violate. These brave men, now freed by the generosity of my fellow soldiers, are no longer bound to our enemies’ banners: they are at their own disposal, and may seek their fortune where they will: such is the law of war.” It is not accidentally or unnecessarily that the poet dwells upon this historical incident; it has furnished him with a theme for beautiful sentiment, and powerful passion. It is not accidentally that our author—of whom no one can justly affirm that he has falsified the character of the time, or misrepresented the unhappy condition of the Italian soldiery of the fifteenth century—it is not accidentally, we say, that he has thus brought principally forward, amongst other minor considerations of a less poetical cast—derived, in part at least, from the chivalresque brotherhood existing between the combatants,—this nobler and more amiable motive, which was, in fact, nothing but a gallant impulse produced by the still existing recollections of knighthood.

Signor Manzoni is also an expert painter of baseness and of crime: he knows how to put them in action with energy, and to mark them with the truth of nature. But his favourite subjects are the softer emotions, and actions of virtue: these seem to us to be the elements of humanity most congenial to his heart—elements amidst which he expatiates with delight.

The conqueror, Carmagnola, commands that some of the prisoners of war, who have not yet heard their



freedom pronounced, may be brought before him; and he dismisses them himself with a military salute.

Addio; seguite

La vostra sorte; e s'ella ancor vi porta  
Sotto un' insegna che mi sia nemica—  
Ebben,—ci rivadremo!

At the moment when all are about to depart, he casts his eyes upon the grandson of one of the Milanese generals—(Angelo Pergola). The capture of this young man is likewise a fact recorded in history.

*Il Conte.* O giovanetto!

Tu del volgo non sei; l'abito, e il volto  
Ancor più chiaro il dice; e ti confondi  
Cogli altri, e taci?

*Pergola Figlio.* O Capitano, i vinti  
Non han nulla da dir.

*Il Conte.* Questa fortuna  
Porti così, che ben ti mostri degno  
D'una miglior. Quale e, il tuo nome?

*Pergola Figlio.* Un nome  
Cui crescer pregio assai difficil fia—  
Che un grande obbligo impone a chi lo  
porta—

Pergola è il nome mio.

*Il Conte.* Che? Tu sei figlio  
Di quel valente?

*Pergola Figlio.* Io il son.

*Il Conte.* Vieni, ed abbraccia  
L'antico amico di tuo padre. Io era  
Quale or tu sei, quando il conobbi in prima—  
Tu mi rammenti i lieti giorni—i giorni  
Delle speranze. E tu far cor.—Fortuna  
Più giocondi principj a me concesse;  
Ma le promesse sue sono pei prodi;  
E tosto o tardi essa le adempie. Il padre  
Per me saluta, o giovanetto, e digli  
Ch'io non tel chiesi,—ma che certo io sono  
Ch'ei non volea questa bataglia.

*Pergola Figlio.* Ah! certo  
Non la volea; ma fur parole al vento.

*Il Conte.* Non ti doler; del capitano è  
l'onta

Della sconfitta, e sempre ben comincia  
Chi da forte combatte ov'ei fu posto.  
Vien meco; ai Duci io vo' mostrarti: io  
voglio

Renderti la tua spada.

(lo piglia per mano ai  
commissarij.)

Addio, Signori!

Giammai pietoso coi nemici vostri  
Io non sarò, che dopo averli vinti.

The Venetian commissaries remain alone on the scene, and soon give vent to their compressed envy, and consult on the most convenient means of drawing into their snares, this powerful chief, whom they cannot attack openly. In the conference between these two instruments of the Venetian government, we may trace compen-

diously the whole code of those vile subtleties, of those false trusts, those dissimulations of every species, those slow but sure roads to vengeance,—for examples of which the political history of Venice will be for ever memorable.

#### Act Fourth.

This act is perhaps the most artificially and elaborately constructed of all the others; and certainly it is the one in which we observe most exquisitely preserved, what Schlegel calls *Dramatic Perspective*—that is the art of representing briefly, distinctly, and naturally, events distant from the scene, both in regard to time and place, without either fatiguing the attention or offending the imagination of the spectators. The liberation of the Milanese prisoners, and the first discontents of the Venetian commissaries, were separated from the recall and seizure of the Count by a considerable period of time; and, as we have before observed, there intervened many deeds of arms, and diverse diplomatic treaties between the republic of Venice and the Duke of Milan. It was convenient to pass over the most part of these events in silence; but it was necessary to indicate those facts which served the enemies of Carmagnola as a pretext to ruin him: it was necessary to present an idea of the plots, and dark stratagems, organised in Venice against this great general:—to show how the talents and zeal, of that senator who was his sincere friend, were rendered abortive in his cause: to discover the government jealous and suspicious of such friendship; and to give an idea of the cunning which it employed to get rid of the inconvenient opposition of a virtuous man.

These not very easy conditions of his subject, Signor Manzoni fulfils, without having recurrence either to the subterfuge of soliloquy, or to idle dialogues held solely for the information of the pit. Instead of these he has got up a scene full of action, and highly characteristic of the Venetian aristocracy.

Marco, the senator, and friend of the Count, is cited before the head of the council of Ten, who, at the time of the murder of Carmagnola, discharged the office of State Inquisitors. He finds himself in the presence of Marino, one of these chiefs:

who thus addresses him.—“Vi si destina un incarico lungi di qui: se questo sia un segno di fiducia ve lo dirà la vostra coscienza.”—He is immediately assailed by more direct reproofs: “la patria è un nome sacrosanto; ma non deve proferirlo, senza tremare, chi resta amico de' nemici di essa.”—“Renderò conto, e lo bramo, di tutte le azioni mie:”—such is the reply of the innocent man. “Le azioni vostre,” retorts Marino, “sono note più a noi che a voi: il tempo ha forse cancellate dalla memoria vostra molte cose; mai il nostro libro non dimentica nulla ..... darette ragione di voi quando vi sarà chiesta: ..... per ora non vogliamo interrogare che un giorno solo della vostra vita.”—These indications of menace; these interruptions of the chain of ideas contained in the replies of the accused, are inquisitorial artifices, intended to embarrass the thoughts, obscure the recollections, and shake with vague alarm the soul of the wretched victim, who already feels himself weak, because he knows himself isolated and distant from assistance.

Marino proceeds, recalling to mind things which had long passed; and here we have the history of Carmagnola's life, as general of the republic, condensed into charges against him, and brought forward to implicate his friend, who, on each occasion, had shown himself his zealous admirer, or strenuous apologist. The ease and dexterity with which this recital is managed; the simplicity of Marco's answers, showing-off the energy of innocence, and the anxiety of friendship; and the perspicacity of the statement with reference to the spectator or reader, who is thus let into the most complicated part of the story,—are above all praise. Finally, the inquisitor makes known to the unworthily treated Venetian nobleman, that he is charged to set off immediately for the army, now engaged before Thessalonica, and that the nature of his commission will be explained to him when he arrives at his destination. This decree he is told to consider as dictated by clemency; and thus the friend of Carmagnola is effectually removed out of the way of rendering him assistance in his troubles.

Marco cannot resist, nor refuse to obey such a command. Then Ma-

rino, the leader of the state inquisitors, intimates to him in a menacing manner the great secret,—having first exacted from him a solemn oath of secrecy. Observing the honest Marco hesitating on the occasion, he reveals to him that the order recalling the count is already on its journey.—“If he obeys promptly, he shall find, on his arrival at Venice, justice—perhaps clemency: but if he delays, or gives sign of suspicion, lay your account with this, and profit by the intimation—the order is already given, that he does not leave our hands with life. Two heads, therefore, now depend on your silence.”

What could an unfortunate man do, who was already himself under the trammels of despotic power? No courageous sacrifice whatever could save his friend. Any resistance might have a fatal end. It was not by accident that the crafty tyrant proffered the word *clemency*. Even although Marco might have more than doubts of the good faith with which it was used, could a friend of Carmagnola venture, under such circumstances, to pay no attention to it? If he did so, would he not be accused of being the cause of his friend's destruction, should that event take place? Marco accordingly gives his oath; but the generosity of his disposition causes him to take the alarm, after having so done: he is not satisfied with his honest intentions: he becomes his own calumniator, as it were; reproaches himself for a deficiency of presence of mind in a trying moment. It was cowardly, he thinks, to have sworn. He reproaches himself for imaginary faults, upbraids himself for the terrors to which he was a prey—as if these terrors had been criminal. This singular moral situation gives occasion for a soliloquy worthy of Shakspeare; in which is expressed a lively series of tormenting reflections. We shall merely cite the few last lines.

Terra ov'io nacqui, addio, per sempre!—

Io spero

Che ti morrò lontano—e pria che nulla  
Sappia di te—lo spero—infra i perigli,  
Certo per sua pietade, il ciel m'invia.—  
Io non morrò per te. Che tu sii grande  
E gloriosa, che m'importa? Anch'io  
Due gran tesori avea—la mia virtude,  
Ed un amico—e tu m'hai tolto entrambi.

The idea that this man courts danger and is going to meet it, power-



fully excites our sympathy in his favour. If he does not rise in our estimation under misfortune, he, at least, offers the spectacle of oppressed probity—a spectacle which is doubly pathetic, when the sum of oppression overpowers the moral strength of the individual it bears upon, yet without perverting his principles. And such is the character and situation of Marco; while to Carmagnola it is reserved to excite those sublime emotions which heroism kindles in the mind, by a display of sensibility coupled with a strength of soul superior to misfortune.

In the last scene of this act, Carmagnola receives the invitation to return to Venice; an event already expected in consequence of Marino's speech, in which it was mentioned that the order for his return was already on the way. The faithful chief does not delay his departure from the camp, and he is accompanied by Gonzaga, one of the captains of his army; this last circumstance also is taken from history.

#### *Act Fifth.*

The first scene exhibits the council of ten—and the Doge, who now, for the last time, feigns to be friendly to the Count. Carmagnola, with all the candour of truth, and full of zeal, thinks of nothing but of benefiting by his military knowledge, these worthless wretches, who appear to consult him upon the peace to be concluded with the Duke of Milan, but who have already sworn in their hearts to ruin the person in whom they seem to confide, and of whom they ask advice! Here the poet had a proper opportunity of placing in contrast the noble carelessness of probity, with the contemptible caution of treachery.

At the beginning, the dialogue turns upon the supposed project of peace; and we are led almost to say, that the artful conspirators delay to reveal their purpose till they shall be assured that the guard of the betrayed captain is at a distance. History, in fact, makes mention of this guard, and observes, that on this occasion it was dismissed under pretext that the conference would be protracted to a great length. But the perfidious council soon changes its language; following always the character of cowardly cruelty, from trifling it pro-

ceeds to more grave reproofs; till, at last, the Doge, casting aside all dissimulation, dares to call the man, from whom the state had received nothing but splendid benefits, a traitor. The reply of the hero is highly eloquent;—yet it is not the eloquence of a rhetorician, but of the soul, in the most serious moments of life:

*Io traditor! comincio*

*A comprendervi alfin: pur troppo altrui  
Credere non volli.—Io traditor! ma questo  
Titolo infame infino a me non giunge:  
Ei non è mio; chil' hamertato il tenga:  
Ditemi stolto—il soffrirò; che il merto:  
Tale è il mio posto qui; ma con null'altro  
Il cangerei, ch'egli è il più degno ancora.*

*Ma via—poichè gettato*

*E il finto volto del sorriso ormai—  
Sia lode al ciel!—siamo in un campo almeno  
Che anch'io conosco.—A voi parlare or tocca;  
E difendermi a me: dite quai sono  
I tradimenti miei?*

*Il Doge.*

*Gli udirete or ora*

*Dal collegio segreto.*

*Il Conte.*

*Io lo ricuso:*

*Quel ch'io feci per voi, tutto lo feci  
Alla luce del sol; renderne conto  
Fra insidiose tenebre non voglio,*

*Il Doge. Passato è il tempo di voler.*

*Il Conte.*

*Qui dunque*

*Mi si fa forza? le mie guardie!*

*(Alzando la voce ed avviandosi per uscire.)*

*Il Doge.*

*Sono*

*Lunge di qui—Soldati!*

*(Entrano gli Sgherri del consiglio  
dei Dieci.)*

*Il Doge. Sia tratto*

*Al tribunal segreto ———*

Carmagnola does not fear death; but he is not indifferent to misfortune:—a stoical character would not have suited the poet, nor would it have been so well adapted for the stage. Without condescending to an unmanly defence of his actions, but preserving that superiority which, on every occasion distinguished him,—continuing likewise to be a counsellor to others,—our hero, with proud constancy, and with the accents of an innocent man, dwells on these reasons of sound policy, alone sufficient to have ensured him justice and safety, if either had been still possible. “Think,” said he, “of the monstrous infamy with which you are about to cover yourselves: think of the execration of Italy, and of all Europe: of the disdain and distrust of the military

bands—and of those you will have yet need in your future wars—yes,—you, execrated of all! Recollect yourselves—I was not born your subject: but I was born amongst a warlike people, accustomed to consider the honour of a fellow citizen as part of the property of the state:—this people will not take quietly the outrage you are about to perpetrate.” (The latter words contain a happy allusion to the anecdote relative to the Lega di Cambrai, of which we made mention in the former part of this article.) “You must be deceived by some one,—your enemy as well as mine: you cannot in your hearts really believe me a traitor. It is yet time —

*Il Doge.* E tardi.  
Quando il delitto meditaste, e baldo  
Affrontavate chi dovea punirlo,  
Tempo era allor d'antiveggenza.

*Il Conte.* Indegno!  
Tu forse osasti di pensar che un prode  
Pei giorni suoi treamava. Ah! tu vedrai  
Come si muor. Va; quando l'ultim' ora  
Ti coglierà sul vil tuo letto, incontro  
Non le starai con quella fronte, al certo,  
Che a questa infame, a cui mi traggi, io  
reco.

Up to the present time we have seen in the hero of the piece a great man, acting on the political stage of the world: but now, to perfect the grand picture, it is necessary to present the deepest ruminations, and most touched feelings of Carmagnola, at the moment when he is about to face an inevitable and unjust death. It is necessary to describe his affectionate solicitude, and dignified grief, in his last adieus to the dearest of his relations;—to paint the consternation, the weeping affliction of his wife and daughter! We are thus introduced to a sphere of ideas of a more sublime and serious nature, and at the same time more congenial to our hearts;—for to few men is given the occasion to exercise warlike virtue, or to influence the government of states,—but all are subject to experience the darts of misfortune, and the sensations of extreme grief. In the management of this last part of his subject, Signor Manzoni has proved equal to himself.

In the second scene of this last act, he begins to introduce the wife of Carmagnola—Antonietta Visconte, and Matilda their daughter, who, ignorant of the calamity which had

fallen on them, watch through the whole of the night, invoking the moment which is to restore to their embraces a husband and a father. These unfortunate women abandon themselves to that interchange of cheerful thoughts, of tender recollections, of anxiety, and of joy, which hope and affectionate solicitude naturally inspire in their hearts. The delay of the Count is interpreted by them as a favourable omen: the protracted conference between him and the council of Ten, they look upon as a certain indication, that peace will be concluded with the Duke of Milan. The sweet passages in which these false presentiments of felicity are conveyed, suggest the celebrated passage in Macbeth, where the king arrives at the Castle of the perfidious host, who is to betray him.

*Duncan.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Banquo.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's  
breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
buttress,  
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath  
made  
His pendant bed, and procreant cradle:  
where they  
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
the air  
Is delicate.—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene IV.*

Antonietta and Matilda are exquisite conceptions. They manifest, with the propriety of truth, the genuine feminine character. We see in them the habit of timid anxiety, and a proneness to complaint, under the consciousness of the perils to which the destiny of war exposed the object of their most tender love, combined (as it ought to be) with a secret pride and delight in belonging to so brilliant, so powerful, so glorious a hero. These two females are so poetically interesting, in consequence of their noble and gentle affections, and are so extremely welcome when they appear, that we cannot help thinking the author has erred in not sooner bringing us acquainted with them. Why did he reserve their appearance for the last fugitive moment of the catastrophe? Why did he not, in some anterior act, introduce a scene,



in which their gentleness, and domestic affections, might have tempered the severity of politics, and warlike events? Yet this accusation against Signor Manzoni tacitly comprehends an eulogium:—it speaks well for a poet to be told, that his poem might have been a little longer.

The dialogue of Antonietta and Matilda is interrupted by the arrival of Gonzaga, from whom they at last learn the unexpected and overwhelming calamity that has befallen them. The Count is already condemned, and vain would be even the slightest hope of softening by prayers, by arguments, or by tears, the ministers of the tyrannical act, whose names and persons, according to history, were never divulged. To these unhappy women the sad comfort of once more seeing a father and a husband, is all that is conceded; they set forward, therefore, weeping, to the prison, accompanied by Gonzaga. The interval between this and the last scene is occupied by the following soliloquy of the Count. Such is its beauty that we cannot refrain from giving it at length.

A quest'ora il sapranno.—O perchè almeno

Lunge da lor non muojo.—Orrendo, è vero,  
Lor giungeria l'annunzio: ma varcata  
L'ora solenne del dolor saria;—  
E adesso innanzi ella ci sta:—bisogna  
Gustarla a sorsi, e insieme!—O campi  
aperti!

O sol diffuso! O strepito dell'armi!  
O gioja dei perigli! O trombe! O grida  
Dei combattenti! O mio destrier! Fra voi  
Era bello morir.—Ma—ripugnante  
Vo dunque incontro al mio destin, forzato  
Siccome un reo, spargendo in sulla via  
Voti impotenti, e misere querele!—  
E Marco, anch'ei m'avria tradito! Oh vile  
Sospetto! Oh dubbio! Oh potess'io deporlo  
Pria di morir!—ma no—che val di nuovo  
Affacciarsi alla vita, e indietro ancora  
Volgere il guardo ove non lice il passo?  
E tu Filippo, ne godrai! Che importa?  
Io le provai—quest'empie gioje—anch'io:  
Quel che vagliano or so.—Ma rivederle! \*  
Ma il lor gemiti udir! L'ultimo addio  
Da quelle voci udir! Fra quelle braccia  
Ritrovarmi, e—staccarmene—per sempre!  
Eccole! O Dio, manda del ciel sovresse  
Un guardo di pietà.

To make our readers acquainted with the highly pathetic dialogue which follows, it would be necessary to transcribe it entirely also. Suffice

it to say, that the words of the hero breathe courage, sensibility, conjugal and paternal love; the sentiments of the women express entire devotion, and the overwhelming depression of grief in every accent, in every exclamation:—we have nothing to wish for with respect to them, except that Matilda should have been allowed to speak a little more. Energetic and characteristic is the adieu of the Count to Gonzaga, in confiding to him these unfortunates.

The tragedy finishes with the appearance of the guards destined to conduct the innocent warrior to the scaffold. The women fall insensible to the ground: the Count exclaims as he is departing,

O Dio pietoso, tu le involi a questo  
Crudel momento; io ti ringrazio—Amico,  
Tu le soccori, a questo infausto loco  
Le togli; e quando rivedran la luce  
Di lor—che nulla da temer più resta.

The erection of a scaffold on the stage not being allowable, it was impossible to exhibit to the spectators the historical catastrophe in all its truth. But when the last scene, substituted by the poet, is exhibited with picturesque action, it cannot fail in scenic effect, nor in pathetic dignity.

We shall finish our article by giving at length, in the original, a chorus, which is inserted between the second and third acts of the tragedy (solely for the reader, it being omitted in representation) in which the author abandons himself to those moral reflections suggested to him by his reason and sensibility, as constituting the most important point of view to which the mind can elevate itself, in referring to the events of his drama.

Some of the most illustrious writers of tragedy—such as Schiller, Alfieri, and Voltaire—have permitted themselves to endow their heroes with the political and philosophical systems proper to themselves; making these said heroes speak on the scene as the writers would have been inclined to do in their own persons, in their cabinets. The Signor Manzoni has not thought himself authorized to do exactly this: he has contented himself with a small by-corner, separated from the action of his piece, to express his own sentiments. In the lyrical effusion to which we now al-

\* His wife and daughter.

lude, and which we are about to quote, the author deploras, not merely the discords of the Italians in the fifteenth century, and their internal wars, waged between various provinces—wars to which the slavery of this fine but unhappy country may be traced—but also—though more briefly—the general injustice of nations one towards another—the fruitful source of evils to all. The chorus, so composed, might, and probably would, have clashed unpleasantly with the sympathies of the audience excited by the warlike scenes of the play; but in the study this inconvenience need not be feared. The following verses are esteemed, by the best Italian judges, as forming one of the most admirable lyrical compositions, that Italian poetry can boast of possessing, during the whole course of the long literary honours of the country.

CORO.

S' ode a destra uno squillo di tromba;  
A sinistra risponde uno squillo:  
D' ambo i lati calpesto rimbomba  
Da cavalli e da fanti il terren.  
Quinci spunta per l' aria un vessillo;  
Quindi un altro s' avanza spiegato:  
Ecco appare un drappello schierato;  
Ecco un altro che incontro gli vien.

Già di mezzo sparito è il terreno;  
Già le spade respingon le spade;  
L' un dell' altro le immerge nel seno;  
Gronda il sangue; raddoppia il ferir.—  
Chi son essi? Alle belle contrade  
Qual ne venne straniero a far guerra?  
Qual è quei che ha giurato la terra  
Dove nacque far salva, o morir?—

D' una terra son tutti: un linguaggio  
Parlan tutti: fratelli li dice  
Lo straniero: il comune linguaggio  
A ognun d' essi dal volto traspar.  
Questa terra fu a tutti nudrice,  
Questa terra di sangue ora intrisa,  
Che natura dall' altre ha divisa,  
E ricinta coll' alpe e col mar.

Ahi! Qual d' essi il sacrilego brando  
Trasse il primo il fratello a ferire?  
Oh terror! Del conflitto esecrando  
La cagione esecranda qual è?—  
Non la sanno: a dar morte, a morire  
Qui senz' ira ognun d' essi è venuto;  
E venduto ad un duce venduto,  
Con lui pugna, e non chiede il perchè.

Ahi sventura! Ma spose non hanno,  
Non han madri gli stolti guerrieri?  
Perchè tutte i lor cari non vanno  
Dall' ignobile campo a strappar?  
E i vegliardi che ai casti pensieri  
Della tomba già schiudon la mente,  
Chè non tentan la turba furente  
Con prudenti parole placar?—

Come assiso talvolta il villano  
Sulla porta del cheto abituro,  
Segna il nembo che scende lontano  
Sovra i campi che arati ei non ha;  
Così udresti ciascun che sicuro  
Vede lungi le armate coorti,  
Raccontar le migliaja de' morti  
E la piéta dell' arse città.

Là, pendenti dal labbro materno  
Vedi i figli, che imparano intenti  
A distinguer con nome di scherno  
Quei che andranno ad uccider un dì;  
Qui, le donne alle veglie lucenti  
Dei monili far pompa e dei cinti,  
Che alle donne diserte dei vinti  
Il marito o l' amante rapì.—

Ahi sventura! sventura! sventura!  
Già la terra è coperta d' uccisi;  
Tutta è sangue la vasta pianura;  
Cresce il grido, raddoppia il furor.  
Ma negli ordini manchi e divisi  
Mal si regge, già cede una schiera;  
Già nel volgo che vincer dispera,  
Della vita rinasce l' amor.

Come il grano lanciato dal pieno  
Ventilabro nell' aria si spande;  
Tale intorno per l' ampio terreno  
Si sparpagliano i vinti guerrier.  
Ma improvvisi terribili bande  
Ai fuggenti s' affaccian sul calle;  
Ma si senton più presso alle spalle  
Scalpitare il temuto destrier.

Cadon trepidi a piè dei nemici,  
Rendon l' arme, si danno prigion:—  
Il clamor delle turbe vittrici  
Copre i lai del tapino che muor.  
Un corriero è salito in arcioni;  
Prende un foglio, il ripone, s' avvia,  
Sferza, sprona, divora la via;  
Ogni villa si desta al romor.

Perchè tutti sul pesto cammino  
Dalle case, dai campi accorrete?  
Ognun chiede con ansia al vicino,  
Che gioconda novella recò?  
Dove ei venga, infelici, il sapete,  
E sperate che gioja favelli?  
I fratelli hanno ucciso i fratelli:  
Questa orrenda novella vi do.

Odo intorno festevoli gridi;  
S' orna il tempio, e risuona del canto:  
Già s' innalzan dai cuori omicidi  
Grazie ed inni che abbomina il ciel.—  
Giù dal cerchio dell' alpi frattanto  
Lo straniero gli sguardi rivolge;  
Vede i forti che mordon la polve,  
E li conta con gioja crudel.—

Affrettatevi, empite le schiere,  
Suspendete i trionfi ed i giuochi,  
Ritornate alle vostre bandiere:  
Lo straniero discende; egli è qui.  
Vincitor! Siete deboli e pochi?  
Ma per questo a sfidarvi ei discende;  
E voglioso a quei campi v' attende  
Ove il vostro fratello perì.—



Tu che angusta a' tuoi figli parevi ;  
 Tu che in pace nutrirti non sai,  
 Fatal terra, gli estrani ricevi :  
 Tal giudizio comincia per te.  
 Un nemico che offeso non hai,  
 A tue mense insultando s' asside ;  
 Degli stolti le spoglie divide ;  
 Toglie il brando di mano a' tuoi re.

Stolto anch' esso ! Beata fu mai  
 Gente alcuna per sangue ed oltraggio ?  
 Solo al vinto non toccano i guai ;  
 Torna in pianto dell' empio il gioir.  
 Ben talor nel superbo viaggio  
 Non l' abbatte l' eterna vendetta ;  
 Ma lo segna ; ma veglia ed aspetta ;  
 Ma lo coglie all' estremo sospir.

Tutti fatti a sembianza d' un Solo ;  
 Figli tutti d' un solo Riscatto,  
 In qual ora, in qual parte del suolo  
 Trascorriamo quest' aura vital.  
 Siam fratelli ; siam stretti ad un patto :  
 Maladetto colui che lo infrange,  
 Che s' innalza sul fiacco che piange,  
 Che contrista uno spirto immortal !

We hope to give in our next Number an English version of these spirited stanzas, which, with the other citations, given in the course of this article, render any praise of ours superfluous to Italian readers.

We shall only observe, in conclusion, relatively to the tragic style of this author, that no traces are to be

discovered in it of imitation. He does not seem at all to follow the steps of Alfieri, or of others who merit the praise they have received. It is his merit—a merit belonging to himself alone, amongst Italian poets, to have taken up rather that deep moral strain of sentiment, which has distinguished the northern schools of literature. He emulates the German and the English poets ; and in this noble task he owes it to his good taste and poetical power, that he is never seduced to sacrifice truth of thought and circumstances to empty rhetorical flourishing,—what is too often called in Italy—and even by writers of some rank—*elegance of language, and poetical diction.*

It will be a great advantage for Italian literature, if the poets of that country will profit by the example thus set them, to quit for ever that monotony of poetical language and sentiment, which has descended by traditionary rules, and has been repeated now *ad nauseam* : if they will learn from him to give new dignity to poetry by increasing the importance of its elements,—frankly associating it with the natural ideas of the period, with the opinions that form the moral and political wealth of Europe.

#### BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

They do but jest—POISON IN JEST—no offence i' the world !

WE shall be very serious, we foresee, in this article ; and we think it right to warn the reader accordingly. With a strong conviction that what we are about to do, ought to be done—that, in fact, it is discreditable to the character of the literary censorship of the country, that it has remained so long undone—we nevertheless take the instrument of justice in our hands with considerable reluctance, and—(unaffectedly we say it)—with a regret, caused rather by a sense of the heaviness of the offences we are about to chastise, than any notion of difficulty or danger attending, in this instance, the task of retribution.

Our readers, we trust, will not for a moment imagine, that we could be

silly enough to use this sort of language in claiming their attention, had we nothing in view but a squabble between rival magazines ;—a retort to a joke, or reply to an attack, directed against ourselves ;—an appeal to posterity, Baldwin *versus* Blackwood ;—Europe adjured by *Weathercock* against *Wattle* !—This would indeed be a “flourish of trumpets, and enter Tom Thumb.” What weighs upon our minds, at present, concerns literature generally, more than any magazine in particular. Our principal quarry is a higher one than either the *New Monthly*, or the *Old Monthly*, or the *European*, or the *Gentleman's*—or *Blackwood's*, which is *not* the *Gentleman's*.\* Very weak and short indeed, have been the few edi-

\* This is borrowing an arrow from the quiver of another—a dead shot—who ought to have saved us this trouble, and then we shouldn't have pilfered from him. As it is, we hope he will excuse our making free with what he can so well spare.

torial hits made at us by the periodical work whose title stands at the head of this article. It has, to be sure, in a recent number, with rather more point, as it concerns us, than usual, called our Editor "*Scot*," and our contributors "*beasts*;" and this pleasantry, it must be admitted, is stinging enough, for woe betide *any* SCOTT who permits himself to become too closely connected with *magazine brutalities*! He is sure to have good cause given him to repent the degrading association—and this is a truth which, we doubt not, will be still more apparent in the sequel.

Our present business, however, has nothing to do with this sort of sparring—it is of a much more serious nature. Our strictures will, it is true, be directed, almost exclusively, to the conduct pursued by the chief writers in Blackwood's Magazine; but the reason of this is, that their work forms the most foul and livid spot, indicative of an accursed taint in the literature of the day. Were it not that the poisonous infection, having insidiously commenced in cases the lurking mischief of which either went unnoticed or was disregarded,—has now become of the most virulent and fiery corruption, threatening plague on all sides, and extending disease to the noblest and most vital parts—were it not that this most loathsome nuisance is no longer apologised for, or concealed, but is vaunted and paraded with brazen insolence, supported by the meanest hypocrisy—were it not that the contagious influence must necessarily continue to spread its contamination, by means of the mercenary and malevolent elements in human nature, if shame and indignation be not, without further delay, powerfully roused against its progress, by appealing, in good faith, to honourable and manly dispositions,—and awakening the careless and unsuspecting to a sense of the profligacy of that which they may have been considering in the light of mere amusement—were it not, we say, for these considerations, all of them connected with the most important interests of literature and society, we certainly should not have deemed it incumbent on us to interfere at all with Mr. Blackwood's notorious publication. We should, but for these, have left him, undisturbed by any remarks of

ours, to settle the balance sheet of his magazine with his worthy Editors: to set off a second edition demanded, against a caning received;—an extra sale of a calumnious number, against the sum paid to the calumniated individual;—the salary of a professorship, against the disgrace of a series of ungrateful and unjust personalities, levelled at professors, clergymen, and benefactors;—a respectable connexion, against the forfeiture of respectability in society.

In an early number of the London Magazine, we alluded to the work in question, in a tone certainly less serious and severe than our present language: yet in that article we made it sufficiently manifest, as we have reason to know, to the consciousness of Blackwood's Men, that what it has pleased themselves to term (thus giving the word to certain credulous people, who, on such subjects, can only speak as they are prompted), their "*foibles*," their "*youthful indiscretions*," hey-day irregularities,—only required to be seized hold of by an arm of moderate power, to be shaken out of this flimsy disguise, and stand exposed before the world as designing treacheries and sordid scandals. We confess, indeed, that, when we wrote the article referred to, we were not totally uninfluenced by the juggling system of these individuals. We had read many able critical papers in their work, particularly on poetical subjects,—and we really had no conception,—or at least were most unwilling to believe,—that a regular plan of fraud had been concocted, at the very outset of the magazine: a plan to excite interest in the public mind, and realise profit to the unworthy perpetrators, by a series of cunning impositions—involving in their course the sacrifice of every feeling belonging to the writer of real principle, the violation of some of the most sacred rules of honourable intercourse in society, the disfigurement and disgrace of literature, by rendering it an accomplice in low remorseless outrages on reputation, and on truth. The hint of one of the most fundamental parts of this plan, we now find, was borrowed from the accounts that often appear in the newspapers, of the ingenious manner in which names and characters can be varied, without any corresponding



change of persons, when the object is to live by one's wits. The tradesman who purchases goods in Cheapside, is not only the gentleman of fortune who receives them in Baker-street, but also the wealthy merchant of the Minorities, who vouches, on his own knowledge, for the goodness of the parties, and for the honour of the whole transaction! Beat up the empty counting-house, and you find the clever fellows decamped to their west-end establishment: by the time the police officers are on their traces here, *les drôles* have vanished again—they are now dry cautious men of business on 'Change! Exactly after this fashion did Blackwood's Men set forth; and on this example have they consistently acted. Z has made his virulent and lying attack on character and feeling; and Mr. Wastle has been of opinion that Z went too far; and Peter's Letters have expressed the regrets and contrition of Blackwood's Editors, for having been betrayed into unguarded personalities—and have claimed indulgence for the excesses of young and generous spirits;—and all this has been listened to by the public,—and we have ourselves been willing to think that distinctions were to be made, and have hesitated to attach the stigma of radical baseness to the management of the work generally.—There is no longer, however, any doubt, that Z, and Wastle, and Peter, and the contrite Editors, are often the self-same individual, and always of the same gang: that Z is the Editors, taking advantage of the foulest malevolence, and angriest passions of party; that Wastle is the Editors, trimming off a little of the coarseness of this piece of profligacy; that Peter is the Editors, puffing their own magazine in the style of the quack-doctor's stage, and professing contrition while hatching fresh offences! We understand that their pitiful subterfuge against the ignominy which every mind of common manliness must be inclined to attach to these mercenary artifices, is to laugh them off as jokes—hoaxes on public credulity—pleasantries for the solace of Mr. Blackwood—nuts to crack for the Dilettanti. Mr. Hardy Vaux, in his interesting history,

transmitted from New South Wales, informs us that many a hearty chuckle was heard amidst the "*family*" circle, of an evening, as the tricks of the day were recounted:—pocket handkerchiefs were classed with puns, but a watch, or a diamond ring, was a genuine piece of wit—and a counterfeited tale, by which the *flats* had been *done*, was sufficient to secure for a rascal the unaffected admiration of the company.

To this feature, however, in the tactics of Blackwood's Men, it is worth while to bestow a little closer attention. Let us contemplate it in some particular instances. The first article of their first number,\* was an evidently nefarious assault on Coleridge, in the course of which all the bounds of legitimate criticism were overpassed, and the defects of the author made the ground of slander against the man. A mock energy of language was assumed in this paper, characteristic of the hypocrisy and dishonesty of its motive,—and which was sufficient to prove, to a tolerable judge of such matters, that it was any thing but the genuine offspring of the writer's feelings and opinions. This paper is well known to have been written by Blackwood's First Hand; and it was coolly designed to attract attention as a specimen of the sharp and stimulating materials of which the magazine was, for the future, to be composed. The Edinburgh Review had rapidly risen to a large sale by its severity; but to be severe far beyond the limits of justice, so as pleasantly to tickle the love of mischief which is so generally felt, without departing from the language of a gentleman, or forfeiting the character of one, demands a fine tact, and very consummate ability. The Edinburgh Review, with rare, but often perverted talent, has done this: but Blackwood's Magazine has never once been able to do it. It has never contained a severe article, that has not, at the same time, been a dirty one: the pungency has never been of the fair sterling quality, like that of the real cogniac, but of a filthy, and cheating nature, like that of the trash they sell in the common liquor-shops under the name of brandy—which is seasoned

\* No. VII. of Blackwood's Magazine. The first six numbers were conducted by other Editors.

with burning poison to recommend it to the diseased tastes of drabs and dustmen. This first article on Coleridge accuses him of "unblushing falsehood,"—of "grinning and idiot self-complacency,"—of "having got dead drunk;"—it does more than insinuate that he has wickedly abandoned his wife and children—and sneers at one of the finest poems, of its class, in the English language, in mere subserviency to the vulgar understandings and appetites, which this venal reviler is aiming to please. The article in question bears no signature; it appears foremost in the first number of these people's management: it is therefore to be considered as the unfurling of their banners,—and let it be contrasted with the several sarcastic notices of Coleridge in the *Edinburgh Review*, by any one who wishes to observe the difference between satire and abuse; between the critic who desires to torment the author, and the malevolent traducer whose object is to injure the man.

Since this article appeared, Coleridge has been, just as extravagantly, *praised in Blackwood—and avowedly too by the conductors of the Magazine!* In the same way, Wordsworth has been outrageously vilified, and zealously defended by the same individual,—one of these conductors! Nay, we have seen in the same number lampoons on this poet, and high commendations of his genius—and we have had occasion personally to hear the poet express his calm contempt for both!

The abuse of Coleridge was sure to stimulate the attention of common readers, in the existing prevalence of a diseased, jaded, but spiteful temper

amongst the mere talkers on literary subjects—to whom an infusion of bitter personality in their reading, is as necessary, to enable them to get through with it, as are curry and cayenne to worn out *gastronomes*. The praise of Coleridge that followed was intended, first, to gain a contributor; secondly, to excite curiosity by the contrast; thirdly, to afford the Magazine—what it has really possessed—an advantage over the abject fashionable criticism of the day on poetical subjects. The mixture was altogether calculated to give poignancy to the publication; and it was one of Mr. Wordsworth's professed private friends, who undertook to perform in the double capacity of traducer and panegyrist, in regard to that eminent author. Supposing for a moment that the reports in circulation on this subject are partially incorrect—and that the separate parts of this labour have been divided in the hands of the colleagues—that it has been arranged between them, where, and how, each shall hit the other—the one acting as defamer, the other as eulogist—we would ask if such a connection is not, evidently, on its face, unprincipled and sordid? The love and veneration professed by the author of the *Angler's Tent* for his host and companion, would be incompatible with such a compact, were they honourably professed.\* An Editor, of course, does not hold himself responsible for the soundness of all the opinions that may appear in the work under his management, if it be of so open and miscellaneous a nature as a magazine; but if the Editorship be a conjunct one, *it*, at least, ought to be cemented by coincidence of sentiment

\* The following are lines written by one of these men on the gifted person just named:—

To thee, MY Wordsworth! whose inspired song  
Comes forth in pomp from Nature's inner shrine,  
To thee, by birth-right, such high themes belong,  
The unseen grandeur of the earth is thine!  
One lowlier simple strain of human love be mine.

Now we know, for an absolute fact—and could, were it necessary, cite time, place, and persons—that this man, who has so written, is in the habit of acting the miserable mimic of the individual he thus solemnly celebrates—and that not in good humoured, though distasteful mirth—but with the evident design of holding up the object of his mimicry to ridicule—accompanying the real or pretended imitation with ribaldry of his own invention. There is therefore good reason to believe, (as is generally reported), that he is the author of the indecent lampoons on this great poet, that have appeared in the work of which he is one of the principal conductors—Such are his *low simple strains of human love!* They are indeed very LOW.



on all the higher public questions, directly affecting personal reputation and principle. Such niceties, however, it would be needless to discuss in the present case: it is generally and loudly affirmed, and has never been contradicted, that these virulent attacks and violent commendations, are allowed to fall into the same hands, or are divided between the colleagues, indifferently, as it may happen; while, by a scandalous juggling of signatures and characters, a *mystification* has been kept up for dishonest purposes, and under cowardly motives. It was in their first number that Z.'s first article appeared—a striking feature in their adopted system of calumny—as well as the *Chaldee Manuscript*; there is, therefore, strong evidence of its falling within their organized plan, though they have since chosen to speak of the articles of Z. as *communications*. In the same number, too, as a note to the pretended correspondent's vindication of Wordsworth, we have the announcement of a paper on the Editor of the Edinburgh Review—a *soi-disant* translation from the German—which is ascertained to have been written by *themselves*. If such disguises may sometimes be innocently employed, to give variety, infuse life, and create interest in a periodical work,—it can only be when their employment stands palpably exempt from any charge of moral deception,—when the object is entirely literary, and has no reference whatever to personal considerations. But here we have two men, whose habits of life are notoriously free—not to use a stronger word—and whose real opinions are known to be loose and sceptical,—starting a publication, in which, systematically and of aforethought, the most licentious personal abuse was to be the lure for one class of readers, and the veriest hypocritical whine, on matters of religion and politics, the bait for another;—in which the violation of decency was to render it *piquant*, and the affectation of piety render it persuasive, and servility to power render it profitable;—which should be made to circulate amongst the spiteful and ill-tempered by its venom; amongst the interested by its baseness; amongst the simple by its cant and quackery! It is in furtherance of this honourable

design, that they have assumed the externals of harlequinade and buffoonery; that false names have been taken; false recommendations and characters forged. The language of pleasantry has been employed to advance the deep-laid schemes of a grovelling selfishness, and to feather the darts of a wicked malignity. And now we ask, if this is a system that ought longer to be permitted to triumph, or even escape with impunity? If it be not high time that these *POISONERS IN JEST* should have their career arrested, or at least their infamy proclaimed, by some one prepared to hold them at defiance in every way? The only security mankind have against the perpetration of the most desolating and degrading mischiefs, by unprincipled and spiteful individuals, is, that wickedness always proves a source of weakness when it is firmly met—that, although it may for a time inflict considerable pain and injury, it becomes, in a moment, a warning to deter, a spectacle to disgust, when honesty and resolution are aroused to wrestle with it on close ground. Until the exposure be completely made, stupidity in many cases, and bad feelings perhaps in more, procure it a certain countenance: people are often glad to the heart to see a thing done, which they would not for the world themselves do: it pleases numbers that callous mercenary men should inflict uneasiness at the expense of their own characters;—many private spites, and party prejudices are thus gratified in a cheap way. But when the infamy of the thing is laid bare to the day; when the system has been routed out to its foulest nooks; grappled with in particulars; uncovered even to the blackness of its heart,—its discredit is found infinitely to overbalance any satisfaction it can afford, and no one can henceforth exult in its effects, without making up his mind to share its ignominy.

But these men have expressed their contrition. Yes, we know they have,—as well as that their publisher has admitted the falsehood of their abuse, by paying an atonement to injured character. From their first number, so often referred to, they withdrew the *Chaldee Manuscript*, with expressions of "regret," on the part of the Editor, that it had given offence "to

individuals *justly entitled to esteem and regard*,"—and, in the subsequent numbers of their work, up to the present day, they have perseveringly followed up this offence, by repeated outrages against the same individuals, written by the same beings who made this apology!—These men afterwards got up their "Peter's Letters"—in which Coleridge is praised by the very individual who had abused him in Blackwood—and here contrition is professed in the name of the Editors, and praise lavished on them—and all by the Editor's themselves, who, since the publication of these Letters, have reiterated and aggravated every crime of which they had, under their *alias*, made recantation! But the most ludicrous examples of the penitence of Blackwood's Magazine have been furnished by Mr. Blackwood himself. This gentleman has been a very *Jane Shore* in the agonies of his remorse:—he has figured, in his letters, as *Ebony* in a white sheet, bewailing the licentiousness of his magazine, and refusing to be comforted. Modesty, we have always understood, is the infirmity, and sensibility the failing, of this *Reekie* bookseller: hence it has happened that the malignity of *Z*, and the ingratitude of the *Chaldee* manuscript, have affected him very seriously! He has even been in the habit of anticipating each fresh outrage, and inditing deprecatory epistles, to lessen the shock of what was about to appear! Nothing can be imagined more fervent, and apparently heartfelt, than his disavowals of regarding with approbation, or even acquiescence, these attacks on private character—solely attributable, as he states, to the satirical turn of his Editors, and of each of which he considers himself the victim, almost as much as the person attacked! Indeed with such delicate nerves, as we have good reason to believe Mr. Blackwood possesses, we cannot but conclude that his situation is a very disagreeable one; and our only wonder is, that he makes no effort to escape, either from its torture—which a man of resolution might perhaps bear—or from its disgrace, which to an honest man would be intolerable.

These mock penitences, and commiseration of the injured—are borrowed from as respectable a source as the *alias* feature in the Blackwood system. It is

a common trick with the pickpockets in the streets, to profess great interest in the misfortune of the person they have just knocked down and plundered:—the very rascals who have struck him from behind, and filched his watch from his fob, will come round in his face, to pity and to pat him—with their mouths full of asseverations against the roguery and cruelty of the outrage of which he has been the victim. Blackwood's Men cannot be complimented with the invention of this manœuvre. Peter Morris, the hypocrite in front, and Christopher North, the ruffian behind, are but varieties of the same personage, copied from the practice of a profession, which is certainly more respectable than that of calumniator, though not quite so safe. Then honest *Reekie* comes in as the smooth *receiver*—who is very sorry for the gentleman's loss; vows to heaven that he desires no dealings but such as are in the way of fair trade—and is ready with all his heart to give up the article, or pay its value, if the aggrieved individual should demand it roughly, or talk about consequences! In all this, however, they do but jest—there is no offence to the world!

That their conduct has been generally thought criminal enough to require reformation, will be admitted to be true by every one who has ever heard of the character of their work; and, we believe that, for a long time, it was pretty commonly expected that they would, one day or other, set about it:—it was not thought possible that all they said of contrition and regret should be mere artful falsehood. Yet the delusion would have been sooner dissipated, if it had not been assisted, (in good faith we are willing to think) by the casual declarations, expressing hope and belief, of respectable persons who professed to know something of the feelings and views of the faulty parties. How connections arise in private life, and partialities originate in the accidents of social intercourse, and the coincidence of party opinions, as well as in the meeting of personal interests, we need not inquire: ill-assorted and deplorable unions are often to be observed in the world, which excite general regret and wonder, but with the secret of which all but persons devoid of delicacy would wish to avoid in-



terfering. For our own parts, we feel no hesitation to declare, that when we understood that Sir WALTER SCOTT, during his last visit to London, had spoken freely of the improprieties of the Magazine in question—coupling his disapprobation with something very like an assurance that its cause would for the future be removed—we very gladly and frankly accepted his testimony as valid, knowing that his opportunities of acquiring information on this subject were as excellent, as, in our view at least, his interest in ascertaining the fact was strong. The notice, however, of this circumstance brings us to what our readers will no doubt agree with us in thinking the most important part of the present article; and to the consideration which has chiefly induced us to engage in this work of chastisement and exposure.

The honour of the literature of the present day we consider as now at stake: some marked and serious innovations have been recently made in its usages, and the taste naturally belonging to the artificial state of our society, has a tendency to coalesce with the self-interest of writers, to give these exceptions the weight of examples—a circumstance which there will be much cause to deplore, should the influence extend widely, and lead to the formation of a class in our literary productions. But before we proceed further on this subject, we must digress into some introductory observations.

The author of the Scotch Novels is doubtless to be regarded, taking his works in their mass, as the brightest ornament of his country's modern literary history: and, supposing him to be the gentleman whose name could scarcely have continued to be so long and so generally affixed to them by the public voice, were the public notion in this respect an erroneous one, we may challenge, we think, any period, and any place, to match us so alert, so vigorous, so elastic, so unfailing an intellectual spirit. In keenness of faculty, and intense enjoyment of the picturesque variety of life, we certainly do not know his equal. His power of observation, and his vivacious sense of the past and the present, cause us, when we are engaged

in his compositions, to feel as if we were making healthy and animating excursions into the wide high-grounds of nature. It is not reverie, it is not imagination, it is not reasoning, or sensibility, or mere description that so engages us in these compositions; but it is an intimate, and lively, and exhilarating communication with the most interesting phenomena of the world;—an ardent and robust, (if we may so speak) coursing down of natural objects, and a vast and noble range of natural scenery. With him we

Try what the open, what the covert yield:

we set off with him to stretch our curiosity and sympathy to their fullest strain, excited by his inspiring tallyho; and all that is foul, morbid, or effeminate in our habits or constitutions, is likely to be worked out under the invigorating influence of such gallant exercise.

We are, however, only repeating what we have already said of this bewitching writer, in a paper entirely devoted to his most popular productions.\* Regarding him, however, as holding forth the most honourable example which the present day affords, of literature exercising its functions in a manly, sensible, unaffected style; free from bitterness, gloom, sickness, whimsies, cant, and intolerance—all besetting faults of the time—we cannot let slip any opportunity of offering him our sincere homage, and expressing the admiration due to him as the author of our period, who will form the pinnacle of its genius in the sight of our posterity; whose name will be “familiar as household words” in their mouths; whose delightful works will furnish the fascination of the fireside, and topics of cheerful and social converse, when the discords and profligacies of the living generation are laid quiet and forgotten in their tombs. In the age of Byron, of Shelley, of Hunt, of Wilson, we owe—(and momentous is the obligation)—to the author of the Scotch Novels, our chief, perhaps our only assurance, that the literature of the present era will not be indelibly branded hereafter with a diseased, false, affected, profligate, whining, and hypocritical character. Most of

\* *Living Authors*, No. I. inserted in our first Number.

the persons we have mentioned by name are men of genius—all of them are men of eminent talent; but all of them are men destitute of true intellectual dignity—all and each are sectarians and egotists in literature—wonders of the day rather than lights for all time. The mawkishness of Wilson's poetry betrays its hypocrisy; it shows the want of genuine sentiment; its pretensions are to religious sensibility—but the composition rather seems *larded* with cant, than to be of a really religious quality. The hollow-heartedness of the writer escapes to observation in a fault of his style. Hunt permits a *smallness of soul* to be apparent in all he does: he cannot, or dare not, grapple with the real elements of human nature: his philosophy is as petty as his taste—and poisonous in a worse way. He would convert life into child's play, in which sweetmeats represent every thing desirable, and a surfeit is the *summum bonum*.\* Instead of being malevolently inclined, he is really of an amiable disposition; but he is very vain, and totally destitute of magnanimity—and hence it has happened, that he has quite as often outraged merit, misrepresented character, and calumniated motive, as any of the public writers who are known to be either venal or malignant. Shelley is a visionary, with a weak head and a rich imagination: and Byron, who has far more internal strength than any of those we have mentioned, is for ever playing tricks either with himself or the public;—his demoniac energy, like that of the Pythia, is either wrought-up by his own will, or altogether assumed as a deception. We incline to the former supposition. The author of the Scotch Novels appears amongst these perverters, as if charged to restore to literature its health and grace,—to place it again on its fair footing in society, legitimately associated with good manners, common sense, and sound principle. If he really be,—as it is now almost fair to take for granted,—the respectable and eminent person to whom general report gives these productions, we may safely affirm, that, while Sir Walter Scott greatly increases his fame as a

writer by this addition to his known works, the author of the Scotch Novels merges in one whose previous reputation in literature, and honourable bearing in the world, are calculated to render the discovery highly agreeable. The vivacity, keenness, intelligence, and easy elegance of Sir Walter's mind, as manifested in his poems, and other avowed publications, become sublimated into genius of a high standard in the merits of the novels;—but the *kind* is not altered,—the *degree* only is increased. By the recent honour he has received from the crown, our country and age may be considered illustrated; for never, since the first origin of titles, has this distinction more obviously waited on rare and eminent qualities. There is, moreover, a peculiar happiness characterising this grant, with reference to the period, the title, and the individual. The first is honoured by the intellectual nature of the merit which has been selected for illustration; while the old associations of the knightly title, are refreshed and brightened-up in our minds, by the chivalrous cast of that taste, those talents, and even personal habits, which unite in the character of Sir Walter Scott.

We have the greatest pleasure in dwelling upon these particulars, and that must be our excuse for the length of this digression. Humble as our testimony is, in the scale of evidence to the fame of this eminent man, it is at least sincerely offered, and we would wish it to appear zealously expressed. On the present occasion in particular, we entertain this wish, for we are about to touch on matters of a less agreeable nature. Amongst the many sterling claims to public attention, and legitimate means of exciting public interest, which Sir Walter Scott possesses, he is pleased (supposing him to be the author of the Scotch Novels), to employ one of a less valid kind—namely *mystery as to the authorship*. The question remains a perpetual puzzle; and in some respects it may be said to become more puzzling, in proportion as it seems more certain who the writer really is. This sort of concealment has been often practised by authors; and it may either be

\* A most extraordinary, and, we really must say, *atrocious* assertion relative to *Shakespeare's* feelings, which appeared very lately in the *Examiner*, shall be subjected to particular notice in our next Number.



highly fit and necessary or—perfectly indifferent as far as any principle is concerned—or distasteful—or altogether improper. There are no circumstances connected with the present concealment that could warrant us to call it improper ; but, however accountable it might have been at first, it now *appears* quite unaccountable, except by alleging motives which we should be sorry to believe occupied a paramount place in so gifted a mind. As the stratagem of a trader in books, though it may be innocent, it is at least no longer dignified ; and, while we are far from sorry that it was for some time kept up, as giving an agreeable zest to our expectation and admiration, it has now degenerated into either mere trifling, or mere trick.

For ourselves, however, we certainly should have allowed gratitude for the works produced, to stifle the expression of this opinion as to the manner of their appearance, were it not that the trick in question is a bad precedent—that it has proved a mischievous example, and is of a nature to be turned to unworthy purposes in meaner and more sordid hands. The example given by the author of the Scotch Novels in this respect, is leading to a fashion of hoaxing and masquerade, in regard to authorship, which must degrade, and is degrading, the character of our literature, by favouring licentiousness rather than independence, and affording at once covert and temptation to odious violations of decorum. Writing anonymously is, generally speaking, very different from writing in a false name and capacity ; and this the author in question may urge in his own behalf : but, in this particular instance, the withholding of his name is practising what, in the jargon of the day, may be termed a *mystification* on the public—for the authorship of the works is keenly discussed—it is treated as a riddle—different names are specified as the solution—the common features therefore of anonymous cases are not to be found in this. The perplexity alluded to fans the interest of the novel ; and the book itself scarcely excites so much curiosity as the question who is the author ?

Persons of grovelling and bad intentions were likely to see the advantage that might be taken of this new source of interest, both as a means of

raising popular attention at a cheaper rate than by cleverness alone, and also as furnishing a mode of escaping from that responsibility which attaches to the writer who assumes no feigned character or title. It surely is—we are sure it *ought* to be—a severe mortification to the author of “ Paul’s Letters to his Kinsfolks,” that his Book has formed the archetype, or exemplar, to “ Peter’s Letters,”—a publication sinning, both in its design and execution, against the rules of decency and the principles of honour. Of all low-minded expedients to gain success for talent, we know of none more sordid or more mischievous, than that of gratifying the paltry and nefarious curiosity which hovers round the enclosures of private life—prying and spying at loop holes and unguarded openings, anxious to discover something within the domestic fence, to purloin some morsel for ravenous scandal to glut itself upon, or foolish loquacity to amuse itself with. This is indeed dirty catering ; it is an offence at once against morals, and against literature, degrading the latter as surely as it corrupts the former. Unfortunate and worn-out indeed, is the state of society, when this device to attract attention becomes general and popular : the source of intellectual pleasures may then be considered as poisoned ; the bad passions of human nature are then let loose,—not in grandeur and terror,—not as wild beasts to excite notions of sublimity while they ravage,—but as vermin,—little, venomous, over-running,—to infest, to soil, to sting, and to disgust.—The work called “ Peter’s Letters,” has given the most notorious and profligate example of this felon conspiracy against the dignity of literature, and the order and peace of society : and in regard to that publication the word *conspiracy* is used with peculiar propriety,—for it has not even to plead that it bears evidence throughout of the sincerity and consistency of a single individual’s opinions, offered honestly in point of conviction, however wicked and injurious their scope and effect. No—it has been formed by means of a coalition of baseness : two unprincipled men have agreed in it to club their stores of personal allusions,—each to bring in his quota of stimulating materials of this de-

scription,—mingling fabrications with facts,—false or fanciful tales with real anecdotes,—portraits with caricatures,—descriptions with misrepresentations,—fulsome praise with black calumny,—while, in regard to all matters of real opinion, all that would form the moral, or application of the narrative, they have each been ready to sacrifice to the other—if it be correct to speak of a sacrifice of principle where no principle exists. These men have availed themselves of the dinner parties, tea-drinkings, and assemblies of their neighbours, in the way that the romance writer sometimes avails himself of the records of history: in one page we find religious cant, in another drunken ribaldry, in another the small scandal of the tea-table, in another the most rancorous malignity, in another ungenerous caricature offered as portrait, in another facts that prove the treachery of the compilers.

The authors of this book are the principal writers in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and the outrages of one publication have been transferred to the other; each has vouched for the other's probity and talent; and the only question seems now to be, whether this system of fraud and scandal is to be suffered to establish itself, with the most insolent pretensions to justice and respectability, and under countenance calculated to raise presumptions in its favour!

We certainly deem ourselves authorized—nay called upon—to put this question distinctly to Sir Walter Scott: and our reasons, we think, are of sufficient force, to exonerate us from the charge of acting illiberally or impertinently in so doing. In the first place, it would scarcely be too much to say, that Sir Walter has, to a certain extent, identified himself with these men, and their scandalous publication, by the excessive zeal of his late endeavours to secure for one of them an appointment of momentous trust, and honorable name,—with which the very hopes, as well as the reputation of his native land, are most materially involved;—the holder of which should not only be free from crime, but far above suspicion—not only decently moral in his walk and conversation, but aloof from all degrading associations with freedoms and levities that partake of the nature of in-

decorums—that is to say, unless it be one of our modern discoveries that the preceptor may be a perpetually present burlesque on his maxims, without injuring the efficacy of the latter on the mind of the student. If it should be thought by any rather too severe thus to call Sir Walter publicly to account, for an act, which he no doubt would represent as one of private kindness,—our answer is, that the present is a very peculiar case, and must be regarded in its own remarkable features. If Sir Walter Scott has been elevated to a situation of perfectly unexampled celebrity and influence, by the unanimous applauses of all who are in any way concerned in the distribution of the honors of intellect, and in awarding literary fame, he must be content, along with what is pleasant and profitable in this distinction, to bear its responsibility. His name has become national property; his conduct, therefore, may have an immediate and direct influence on his nation's interests and reputation. Scotland owes him much; but surely he does not owe less to Scotland; he owes her gratitude, and above all he owes her strict fidelity in all those actions which are likely to have authority with his countrymen in consequence of the admiration his talents have excited in their breasts. To fail them in these, from any motive whatever, is giving but sorry return to them for their confidence. The election of a Professor to the Metropolitan University of Scotland, was an affair in which the interference of Sir Walter Scott could not but be highly important, both to himself and the public. He is not a common man, and, the occasion was not a common one. That it was not so esteemed, may be inferred from the fact, that the vacant chair was respectfully tendered to Sir James Mackintosh; an individual of high consideration in society, and unquestioned eminence in intellectual and scholastic attainments. As the presiding distributor of justice and the blessings of British law to our Asiatic subjects, and as one of the most eloquent of British senators, Sir James has acquired a fame in Europe which would have reflected back its lustre on the University, had he accepted the invitation to enter amongst its professors. But the University of



Edinburgh has not been so lucky ; —instead of the late Chief Judge at Bombay, at present a member of the British Parliament, it has added to its Academical strength—whom?—**ONE OF BLACKWOOD'S MEN**—a co-Editor of a slanderous periodical work ! And Sir Walter Scott has exerted himself, with might and main, to procure this election !! Let us look at some of the circumstances connected with it, and with the recommendation in question. Blackwood's Magazine wages war, with envenomed rancour, against the respectability and feelings of one, at least, of the professors of the Edinburgh University. We forbear to mention the gentleman's name, because we do not wish to help the malignity we are exposing. Not a number of the work appears, that does not contain some bitter personality, levelled against this distinguished man of science, who is hauled out *by name*, with coarse indecency, and glaring defiance of all the laws of civilized criticism. Has Sir Walter Scott done well in exerting himself to send the traducer to sit by the side of the traduced, inevitably to excite emotions of disrespect and derision in the minds of the students, and to cast scandal, by so unsuitable an approximation, on the University itself ? Has his country no reason to reproach him for this ? Then, again, we would ask him, if there is one man now living, who has benefited more by the good-will and liberal behaviour of his critical neighbours, and almost of all who have had opportunities of making him the object of animadversion, than himself ? That this is much to his own credit we are the foremost to state ;—his great talents and respectable character have fairly claimed the praise he has received ;—but we may venture to say that it is also to the credit of others ; and if *we* remember the first circumstance, *he* ought not to forget the latter. We apprehend, therefore, that, considering the matter in a general point of view, Sir Walter Scott was called upon, more than most people, to avoid countenancing the degradation of criticism by abuse, and to show abhorrence of the practice of mingling it up with rancour and personality, seeing that he has been so much a gainer, in every way, in consequence of these qualities lying dor-

mant in regard to himself. But, unless we are much mistaken indeed, there are peculiarities here, too, that ought to have weighed more strongly than they appear to have done on the mind of Sir Walter Scott, when it was suggested to him to become the zealous espouser of Blackwood's cause—for so we interpret his conduct in regard to the professorship. His principal publisher, and his most effective critic (criticism being in his case synonymous with praise) have been both grossly injured in Blackwood's Magazine : they have been treated in it with detestable unfairness—insidiously as well as malignantly. We pretend not to estimate the amount of any obligation which Sir Walter may owe to these gentlemen : perhaps he may think he owes none, and we do not mean to affirm he does—but we do mean to say, that, if slander be always hateful, it becomes still more repugnant to persons of well-constituted minds, when it is levelled against those whose honour and liberality they have experienced, and with whom they have maintained habits of familiar communication.

We make these remarks with great reluctance ; but the truth is, it has now become impossible any longer to avoid proceeding to extremities in this case. Blackwood's Magazine, as it has been, and is conducted, is a nuisance that must be abated ; and one of the first steps necessary to be taken is to look about and see from what quarters it derives a countenance and assistance calculated to further the imposition it practises on the public. Sir Walter Scott's testimony in its favour is no trifling advantage ; and many, who have suffered by that infamous work, have helped to increase that advantage, by dwelling, with complacency, on the eminent qualities that give weight to the evidence in question. Perhaps, therefore, they may have been doing quite as much injury to literature and society, in one respect, by their praises, as honour in another. Be that as it may, however, it is necessary we should know how the case really stands. In Blackwood's Magazine they allude sneeringly to the *wives* and *children* of the writers they attack. Does Sir Walter Scott countenance this practice, and would he think

reprisals fair? They forge letters, bearing well-known names, to throw ridicule on the objects of their severity. Is Sir Walter Scott prepared to see this done against themselves, without complaining, should by chance *his* name be employed, and private circumstances be taken advantage of to give point to the correspondence? In Blackwood's Magazine they speak of one person as having "*greasy hair*," another as being "*pimpled*," another as being "*dim-eyed*," another as clumsy and awkward? What does Sir Walter Scott think of these personal courtesies? Do they give grace to his recommendation in the instance of the Professorship? We repeat, that, if a man of character and genius will lend his great influence to strengthen a particular work, he must be held responsible for its qualities—society requires this security, and we are determined to enforce it.

But lest it should be thought that we have not, as yet, fully established a right to make this direct appeal to a person so distinguished in society and in letters, we must proceed a step further, and plainly ask whether we are, or are not, *to consider Sir Walter Scott as aiding in the Magazine in question?* Blackwood's hints, the other day, in London, justify us in putting this interrogatory. Nay, more, Sir Walter has himself been lately in London, and we now find a series of papers in Blackwood, in which certain London parties and prayer-meetings, with the names of individuals, are exposed very much in the culpable manner of "*Peter Morris*," though with a more delicate hand. A breakfast at Mr. Wilberforce's figures in these descriptions; a dinner, we believe, at Mr. Charles Grant's, &c. &c. The diminutive person of the former gentleman, his religious tendencies, and religious associates, are introduced in a way to give the air of portrait to the sketch: but surely a man of honour, and of good company, can never have been guilty of the enormous indecorum of availing himself of the attentions which he owes to his talents and reputation, to bestow poignancy and attraction on a scandalous Magazine, at the expense of the most sacred of those obligations which a gentleman implicitly contracts, when he steps over an hospitable threshold! This would be ano-

ther and further step towards the degradation of literature, and the disgrace of the literary character, forcibly demanding vehement and instant interference. We forbear to say more on this subject, because we feel that we have great power in our hands. It may be necessary to return to it; but let us hope not. We must persist, however, in holding the voluntary contributor, and zealous recommender, answerable for the work; and the principles on which we do so are fair and undeniable.

We shall very soon allude specifically to the treatment which Hunt, Haydon, Keats, &c. &c. &c. have experienced from Blackwood's Magazine: and, while stating how far we differ, in many respects, from certain of these individuals, we shall nevertheless expose the excessive falsehood of what we see is now attempted to be maintained by Sir Walter Scott's FRIENDS—viz. that their attacks on these persons just-named, have been restrained within the limits of fair criticism—that they have not manifested any "*personal feelings towards them, good or bad*"—that they have only "*expressed simple, undisguised, and impartial opinions concerning the merits and demerits of men they never saw; nor thought of for one moment, otherwise than as in their capacity of authors.*"

We shall prove that they have never offered one word of genuine criticism on the productions of these persons: that they have done nothing but abuse their *faces, dress, professions, and conduct*: that in no one instance have they written concerning them under the influence of any better feelings than those of personal rancour, or sordid greed: that, in fact, every single syllable they here say, in deference to what they feel to be a growing sentiment against their publication, IS FALSE—glaringly, grossly false—that they must know it to be false—and that they introduce it by a falsehood just as palpable as it is paltry.

They may try to get over this in their usual style,—making coarse burlesque the cover for mean untruth:—in the cunning of their knavery, they may seek to give the semblance of mirth to the explanations wrung from the consciousness of their exposed infamy,—hoping thus to turn attention away from the insufficiency of



their justification:—they may practise the tricks of mountebanks as a diversion from the charge of having forfeited the character of gentlemen:—they may assume the broad, vaunting language of the professed motley-coated fool, in the mercenary spirit of the vile nostrum-vender:—by gaily uttering outrageous exaggerations they may seriously seek to give currency to insidious falsehoods, and under pretence of a merry banter insinuate a sordid dealer's cheating puff:—they may ring the changes, in short, on all the devices left to men destitute of principle, when truth can no longer avail them, and they have no remaining ally but impudence—

but they will do all this in real mortification, and deep bitterness of heart,—for they must know that such an article as this is a *branding* one.—It may not be quoted in their hearing in society, but it will be recollected at their entrance, and thought of silently as they are interchanging salutations with the company. *All men will now know them*—call them “shrewd knaves, but *unhappy*,”—and the conviction of this will lie for the future cold and corpse-like on their pleasantries. They had better, therefore, “turn their jests out of service, and talk in good earnest.” We have at least set them the example.

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### THE PROTESTANT CHURCH OF FRANCE.

As in the settlement of the French constitution the state of the Reformed Church will naturally come under discussion, it may be interesting to give some detail of its present legal existence.

The place which the Church of England holds, at the head of the Reformed, naturally suggests sympathy, in this country, with the struggles of its brotherhood in France. But the history of that oppressed piety is of intrinsic value to those who would estimate the salient, imperishable resistance, that can be infused into human weakness by the righteous cause.

It is probable that England had no precedency over France in protesting against the superstitions of Rome. We can discover, even in the confusion of all history, down to the eleventh century, traces of a Reformed Church in every country of Europe. Wherever there was knowledge there was reformation. With the decay of national intelligence the power of Romish superstition flowed back—and buried the mind of the land under a depth of oppressive ceremony, and sullen ignorance, from which a large portion of the continent has never been able to emerge. The political circumstances of France, her ambition of superiority in all things, good and evil, her military mind, and her early independence of the immediate power of the Pope, placed her in the finest position of all European states for mental supremacy. She stood for her hour

upon the intellectual meridian, in the central point, between sunset and sunrise. Her religious purity followed her intellectual eminence. France was the first country in which the Reformation took its rank among the acknowledged and mightier influences of kingdoms, and found itself environed by nobles and princes. The Count of Thoulouse, almost an independent sovereign, raised its banner, and the tearing down of that banner cost a long and desperate war, the devastation of the South. But the Reformed Church in France was not to be finally undone. It was revived again; the partial knowledge of the nation ensured its existence, where a more general extent of free thought would have established its victory. In Italy it had perished;—the lavish superstition, and hopeless ignorance of the multitude, had borne down its wing, and it dropped in that more than Avernian gulph. In England it had risen above the vapour, and lived in the light. In France it still laboured, though with an encumbered pinion, but its strength was not exhausted. With some analogy to the life of its great founder, Religion toiled on in travail and neglect, but still giving sublime evidence of a power above man, and full of the promise of its future kingdom.

The ruin of the Count of Thoulouse gave the Reformed Church of France a temporary overthrow, but it rose again under the influence of the Church of Geneva; and Calvin, then

clothed in the authority almost of an Apostle, was its legislator. It struggled under alternate personal contempt, and military tyranny in the reign of Francis I:—it struggled under rapacity, bigotry, and folly, in that of Henry II:—but it grew in this reign; it assumed an authentic and public form; and the Protestants reckoned among their congregations some of the most illustrious names of the nobility.

On the 25th of May, 1559, a day still consecrated by the Reformed, the first General Assembly of their Church was held. The rapidity of their proceedings forms a striking contrast to the tardiness of the Romish General Councils. They were not assembled to disguise the truth, but to declare it in concord, and in sincerity. In four days they drew up their Confession of Faith, and their Form of Church Government. In twelve years after, this Confession was renewed at Rochelle—with signatures which show the rank attained by the Protestants, even in the dominions of the “Eldest son of the Church.” The Confession of Rochelle was signed by Jeanne d’Albert, Queen of Navarre; by her celebrated son, afterwards Henry IV; by the Prince of Conde; by the Count of Nassau—by a crowd of others, Seigneurs, Magistrates, and Churchmen. This Code consisted of Forty Articles, and was of the following nature:—

Wherever there are so many Protestants as to form a Congregation, and to provide for a Minister, there is a Church.

The Minister is received only upon examination of his Morals and Doctrine before the Provincial Synod, or the Conference, consisting of at least Seven Ministers.

Ordination is to be given in the Church to which the Minister is called, and his duties are to preach, to administer the Sacrament, and to attend to the religious habits of his people.

Respect on the part of the people is due to the Minister, but he is to assume no authority over them. The greatest among them is to be but a servant.

The Minister’s office is for life. He is to be assisted by laymen, called Elders and Deacons, whose office is temporary.

The Elders are to attend with the

Ministers to the order, and support, and the government of the Church. The Deacons are to collect the alms, and to watch over the poor.

The Assembly of the Ministers, Elders, and Deacons, forms, in each Church, the Consistory, which takes cognizance of all matters of piety, scandal, and penalty in that Church.

All the Churches are equal in rank, all united, and all governed by the common authority of the Conferences and the Synods, provincial and national.

The Conferences are appointed by the Provincial Synods in Districts, according to the convenience of assembling. They are to be formed of Ministers and Elders deputed from the Churches of the District, to meet at least twice a year, and to apply themselves to take cognizance of the general advancement of piety.

The Provincial Synods are formed, like the Conferences, by Deputation. They are to meet at least once a year, and all their resolutions are to be laid before the National Synods, which are to pronounce in the last resort on ecclesiastical matters.

The National Synods are formed by Deputation of Ministers and Laymen from all the Churches, and are to assemble according to circumstances. Their decisions are to be the ultimate rule of the faithful.

All those Assemblies, whether Conference, or Provincial, or National Synod, elect a President and Secretary, whose office expires with the meeting.

This simple Code, which bears so strong an affinity to that of the Scottish Church, was the original law of French Protestantism. The natural change of times, and the perpetual difficulties which crowded round a Church, in sight of the jealous and dominant superstition of Rome, increased the number of the articles; till, at the last National Synod of Loudun, in 1660, the forty had swelled to two hundred and twenty-two.

Henry II. was the bloody persecutor of the Church. The miserable education of the French kings made the prospect equally desperate under Francis II. But a man of learning and piety interposed—L’Hopital was Chancellor of France: his spirit was tolerant, and, after a long struggle with the folly and the fury of a bi-



gotted Court, and a people fierce with Popery, he abolished the Inquisition; a triumph worthy of immortality. The history of the Church is, from this period, mingled with the political history of France. The simplicity, purity, and wisdom of Protestantism had made a deep impression on the public mind. The superstitions of Rome had established their strong hold in the extremes of society: they were powerful on the throne, and with the populace; but between those limits lay a great debateable land, which, if not wholly possessed, was traversed freely by the truth. A new and splendid influence had already been let loose through political Europe, like the immediate impression of a superior will. The spirit of investigation, of public right, and of manly knowledge was pervading the nations. It was the great travail of the world before the birth of civil and religious freedom. Commerce had created a new race to fill up the desert, that was stretched between the ignorant power of the King, and the ignorant slavery of the subject. Between those desolate and iron banks, a mighty stream of life and strength had begun to roll; and Protestantism was borne in triumph through the centre of the national system.

Charles IX. ascended the throne; like Nero he began his reign with mercy:—L'Hopital was still the tutelary genius of the Reformation, and of France. The famous Assembly, of the year 1561, was held—and the edict of St. Germain gave a Constitution to the Reformed Church. This edict established liberty of worship; the admission to all public employments; the right of taxing themselves for the support of their clergy and their poor; and the power of holding their assemblies, under the sole restriction of their being held in the presence of a Commissioner appointed by the King. This was the victory of reason and religion: but it was the beginning of sorrows. The elements of ruin were loose in France. The old veneration for the throne had perished in the contempt for the weakness and profligacy of the court; and in its day of trouble it had no refuge in the people. The Aristocracy of France had arrived at that position which gives an ambitious nobility

the most formidable command of evil. The great feudal Lordships, the Princedoms of France had been mutilated, but the pride of the Baron was still martial, arrogant, and thirsty for power. Their petty and universal struggles were more dangerous to the national peace than the wars of their ancient sovereignty. A skirmish and a family alliance completed the round of the old baronial feuds, and the kingdom remained undisturbed by the obscure hostilities of a remote province. But what was once done summarily and by force, was now more fatally wrought out by intrigue. Faction poisoned the waters of the land, and the whole population was made sick. Power, even to the crown of France, was the object of the leaders on both sides: popular names were blazoned on the banners of both, but the King and the people were equally contemplated as the prize, and the slave of the conquerors.

The whole force of the kingdom now stood arrayed and restless for battle. Religion gave the signal, and like armies that waited to begin their attack in a thunder-storm, they rushed together, each appealing to the omen from Heaven. Modern history has had, till within our day, no equal to the desolation of the wars of the league. Religion helmeted is Religion no more; but there were seen even in the midst of that blind and bloody hurtling of human passion, the forms of holiness, and charity, and devoted faith, moving like impassive spirits through the ranks, binding up many a dreary wound, and turning many a dying eye to Heaven. The principle of evil was there, counter-acting and inflaming, but it was forced to lurk in subtlety, and the pretence of zeal;—our day has shown it startling up in its native shape of infidelity,—dilated Satan. The ostensible heads of the opposition to religious liberty were the Duke of Guise, Marshal St. Andre, and the Constable de Montmorency. They bore a name not unsuited by its Roman recollections to their ambition and their cruelty—"The Triumvirate." But the league had a more elevated head. The out-pouring of the wrath upon France was known to the world, like the vial of the Apocalypse, by the trumpet and the thunders, and the deluge of blood and fire; but the hand

that poured it was wrapped in clouds. The invisible chief of this grand conspiracy against God and man was Philip II. of Spain; a solitary mind of dark and bloody thoughts, a crowned and self-tormented fiend.

The war of the league had intervals of pacification.—The first of those was due to L'Hopital—a man to whom France ought to raise a pyramid, if the glory of turning a country to humanity were not more glorious than all the pyramids. The edict of 1562 was passed at Amboise. It was suddenly violated by Catherine de Medicis, Regent, sustained by a new conspiracy of the Princes of Lorraine, the Duke of Bavay, the Pope, and the King of Spain. Conde and Coligny resumed the command of the Reformed. They advanced to the walls of Paris, and the edict of 1568 was passed, confirming all their former privileges. This edict also was violated, and war raged again. As in the common course of continued revolutions, the national mind now became rapidly more debased, cruel, and faithless. The generous rivalry of arms was gone; it was now the fierce struggle of robbers over the corpse that they mutually defaced and tore. It was a combination of all the means of destruction, and made malignant by all the bitterness of individual rage. The torrent did not burst upon a district, and, after having swept away the surface in its wrath, subside, and quit the soil; it was an evil inundation, that made the whole land stagnant, and rotten to its roots. France was a mighty swamp of treachery, where there was not a sound spot for the plant of the foot. War was still abroad, and brave and noble hearts were trampled down in the field, but the bloodiest war was in night, and silence, in the dungeon, by the bedside. Almost without exception all the great original leaders of the war were assassinated. The night of the 24th of August, 1572—the night of Saint Bartholomew—has left the stain of blood on France for ever. In those struggles the hope of freedom to the nation perished. The Royal authority was invaded by the universal tempest, and overwhelmed. The King stood on a fragment of his privilege, that was hourly crumbling away, in weakness and despair stretching out his hands to the lead-

ers, who, like mighty corsairs, successively rolled past him on that swell of popular tumult—and ready to take chains on his hands, if by so doing he could ensure safety. Conde was murdered after the battle of Jarnac. Henri the Bearnais was then next made chieftain: experience had taught him, that there was no safety but in the drawn sword, and he took the throne of France, and peace, by storm.

The Edict of Nantes, April 1598, was the result of this successful struggle. Acknowledging the Roman Catholic as the paramount religion, and demanding for it, on the part of the Reformed, respect to its rites, and the payment of tithes, it established for the Reformed,—

The public exercise of worship in all places where it had been exercised up to the end of August, 1597.

The general use of the powers and means for supporting this exercise.

The holding of Consistories and Synods according to their own pleasure.

A grant of forty thousand crowns a year from the Treasury, with the right to raise money among themselves for their public necessities.

The privileges of their clergy, and the subsistence of their Colleges, and places of education, with the right of being received into the Catholic colleges.

The possessions of all the privileges of Citizenship, and admission to all employments.

Chambers in the parliaments, with an equal number of Protestant and Catholic judges.

The reception of their poor, sick, or well, into the national hospitals.

As a surety, the Reformed were to hold several places of strength for eight years.

This Edict was registered in 1599, and France rested from carnage. All history bears evidence against the fruitlessness of persecution. But the war of the League stands forth, with the most striking testimony since the Apostolic day, of the total inefficiency of human power to extirpate religious conviction. Continental Europe was raised in arms against protestantism: for nearly forty years its life seemed to be continually crushed out by the tread of armies; but they might as well have attempted to trample out the productive power of the earth;



the very bloodshed seemed to give a new fertility to the great moral principle—the moment the actual pressure and inroad had passed away, the spot of the battle and the burning was covered once more with the glorious vegetation of free consciences, and resolved piety.

Until the assassination of Henri IV. in 1610, the Reformed were at peace, and in the full enjoyment of the privileges which they had so gallantly conquered. But from that period they were disquieted again. A minority, an intriguing court, which felt the liberty of the subject as an encroachment on the licence of its stern and dissolute despotism,—the malignity of the Popedom which never relaxed, and never will relax its hatred of free judgment—the haughty rage of Spain, which had felt every concession to the Reformed like a wound through the armour of its sullen and hereditary pride—all combined to produce a new hostility against the Protestant church. It was taken by surprise; the sword had rusted in the hands of its nobles. This was the most disastrous of all its wars. Rochelle, the bulwark of the cause, was taken, after a memorable siege, and peace was made at Alais, in June 1629. The loss in negotiation was but slight for the close of a succession of disasters. The Edict of Nantes was renewed, with but a few subtractions from its ample privileges: those were chiefly, the prohibition of the conferences and synodal meetings without the royal permission, and the presence of a royal commissioner, who was however to be a protestant; and the prohibition of all assemblies, general, or private, for political purposes. Louis XIII. kept his promises;—Louis XIV. broke the treaty. This man seems to have been made the representative of the spirit of French monarchy, as Napoleon was of French republicanism. With Napoleon the empire of republicanism grew and died—a dazzling, fearful, and brief structure, rising in defiance of heaven and man—rising “like an exhalation,” a pandemonium—and, as suddenly as it rose, dissolving away into clouds and emptiness. Louis sat within a mighty fabrication that had been the work of centuries; like an Indian deity, surrounded with the overloaded monuments, and images, of old tyranny

VOL. II.

and old superstition,—at once enshrined and enthroned, a helpless and moveless idol,—but sanctioning by his presence many a scene of torture, bloodshed, and pollution. This man, at once a bigot and a profligate, revoked the edict of Nantes, in October 1685, for his atonement with his conscience. The revocation plunged a large portion of France into sudden and desperate misery. This was the first shake of the monarchy. The spirit of Napoleon and his government, fierce, subtle, all-devouring, living only on inexorable animosity against the hopes of the earth, required to be annihilated at once: its strength was too fatal to be left for moral experiment, and it was crushed by what looked less like mortal energy, than the descended power of providence. The vices of the formal, feeble, and inflated mind of Louis came more within human conviction; and the monarchy was suffered to give the gradual lesson of kingdoms;—the dying figure was subdued by the tardy disease that in its progress might compel the eye, and add to the restorative knowledge of the world;—it was not smitten into a cinder by a flash from Heaven. War raged through France, but its character was distinct from that of the old equal contest of the League. It was no longer the splendid lifting of banner against banner, equally rich with emblems of princely blood and ancient achievement. The monarchy had absorbed the nobility. France was divided into two vast portions; in the one the throne stood, surrounded with all the pomps of kingly luxury; and seeing the great Baronial powers chained in its menagerie, or pasturing about the borders of the royal chase. All beyond this stately limit was given over to barrenness and barbarism—to the nameless race of *roturiers* and peasantry—taking no share in the dignities of the state, nearly forgotten in the muster roll of its civilization. The Monarchy was France. It was upon the helpless and obscure population that the revocation of the edict of Nantes fell; and it was the fall of a whirlwind; the first shock found all passive, the whole community was flung up, rent in sunder, and dissipated at once. The manufacturing wealth of the country was whirled away to all the bordering kingdoms,

never to return. But with the first relaxation of this violence, the Reformed looked round for shelter in their own land; and in their fastnesses of wood and mountain, girded themselves for final battle. The broken country in the south-east of France was the principal seat of this contest, which was carried on with the obstinacy of bigotry on the one side, and with the exhaustless intrepidity of religious valour on the other. Of all war, civil war is the most deadly; and its most deadly character is assumed when it is roused by intolerance. The wound is given by the soul, and enters into the soul. The battle is less of bodies than of exasperated minds. In the plains, the Reformed were swept before the regular discipline of the King's troops; but they took refuge among the hills, and then began the revenge. The royal army plunged into the defiles, like hunters after the deer, but they often roused the lion. Their superb strength was wasted and broken down in the obscure, cheerless, murderous hostility of a peasant war. The details of those struggles are the same in all periods. Bloody skirmishes, battle round every hill. The warfare continuing after the fight is done; the darker inventions of civil life swelling the train of battle. The gibbet following the sword; yet all this array of devastation, baffled and driven back in its assaults upon the central, sacred seat of their religion.—A wall of fire round the altar—desolation, poverty, and danger, only pressing the worshippers closer round the foot of the shrine. But all in the war of the Cevennes was not worthy to be forgotten; it had its heroes; minds made for command, springing up like meteors from their obscurity; brilliant and powerful intellects, created into light and power by the fierce friction of their rude elements; chieftains from the spade and the vinehook, displaying before they sank and perished, the glorious resources that nature has in reserve for the evil day. France began at length to feel the exhaustion of this contest; its duration of nine years attracted the notice of foreign powers; and on a memorial, presented by the celebrated Vauban, even the bigotry of Louis, now in his old age, and the slave of mistresses and confessors, inclined to pacification. As a first

step, the heirs of the protestant fugitives were allowed, on becoming Catholic, to enter into possession. His decease broke off the treaty, and the Reformed remained under a civil death. Louis XVI. a man whose gentle nature resisted the spirit of his church, gave them a legal existence. The Revolution came, and in its hatred swept away all religion. The Consular government, in its contempt, allowed all forms of religion as of equal authority. Napoleon, at once Mahometan, Papist, and Atheist, was the informing and representative mind of his code of indifference. His object was power, and it was unimportant to him whether the stream came pure from the dews of heaven, or was forced up from the stagnation and impurity of the earth, if he could gather it into a mass of strength to break down the bulwarks of nations. On the 2d of April, 1802, a code, entitled *Organic Articles*, was established for the Reformed. Strong reclamations were made against this act by the Consistories, but ineffectually; and it is still the rule of their government. The fifth article of the Charter has determined that all men shall have equal liberty of religion, and that all forms of religion shall have the same protection from the laws. In conformity with this statute, the Protestants now re-demand their ancient religious constitution, technically called the Discipline. Their chief complaints are; that the Organic Articles allow a Consistorial Church only to every six thousand souls, while the Discipline allowed one, wherever there could be found enough for a congregation:

that the Articles allow only of elders. The Discipline had deacons:

that the Consistories according to the Articles are chosen according to regulations of public contribution and other political objects—chosen of a narrow number and for a brief duration, contrary to the Discipline:

that the location of the pastors, and the decision on their conduct, is usurped by the government:

that the decision of questions of faith is given over to the Council of State:

that the old union and correspondence of the Reformed Churches is broken up by the Articles:

that the Synods of Arrondise-



ment which were to have been in some measure the remedy for those wrongs, have never been summoned.

The present temper of the French monarchy is lenient, and the Reformed are unmolested. The disturbances which occurred in the south, a few years since, were the mere result of factious politics, and personal revenge. They were equally disowned by the government and the Reformed Church. But the mind of popery is hostile to religious freedom, and ages may be wasted in the commerce of memorials. In religion, as in politics, the true ground for liberty is knowledge. Let the Protestant Church devote itself to the national

education; to the extension of manly knowledge among the mindless and profligate population of France: let them establish village libraries, and give the people a taste for the reading of not merely religious books, but all by which the human mind can be furnished and invigorated, and they may cease their supplications. They will in a few years, have not a court, but a nation for their judges—not a jurisdiction which in its purest spirit must be liable to human obliquities, but a mighty tribunal made up of all ranks—the assembled mind of their country, whose wisdom is above passion, and whose voice is only less than the voice of heaven.

### VENUS DE MEDICIS.

PARENT of Gods and Men! Immortal Queen  
Of Love, pervading Earth, beheld in Heaven—  
Venus, not vainly unto thee were given  
Thine attributes; though ages since have been,  
And Gods and Men have perish'd on the scene  
Where thou wert once a Goddess,—still thou art,  
Whate'er thy name, the worship of the heart.  
Child of the Soul, never or dimly seen  
In mortal semblance—perfect Beauty, still  
The Spirit pants for thee, and still before  
Thy image, which the mighty ancient's skill  
Hew'd into life, e'en now, as then of yore,  
Myriads bow down, in wonder deep and still,  
And with entranced soul, and throbbing heart adore.

### LINES

*Written in Santa Croce, at the Tomb of Alfieri, erected by the Countess of Albany,  
his Wife.*

POET of Asti, at thy tomb I bow;  
Oh man of passions high, and feelings fine,  
Which were thy torment; bitter lot was thine,  
To combat with thy fellow-men—'tis past, and now  
Thy soul may deign well pleased to look below;  
For o'er thy bust Italia doth incline  
Her tower-crowned head,—and there, as to a shrine,  
Who feel like thee her glory and her woe,  
Frequent repair; and she who loved thee best—  
She whom thou loved'st,—whose gently powerful breath,  
Like Heaven's own voice o'er ocean, could arrest  
Thy spirit—she, still warm and pure of faith,  
Raised this thy tomb; and there, with throbbing breast  
Him whom she loved in life—laments in death.

TO —————

I KNOW thee not, bright creature, ne'er shall know ;  
 Thy course and mine lie far and far away ;  
 Yet Heaven this once hath given me to survey  
 Those charms that seldom may be seen below.  
 We part as soon as met ; but where I go  
 Thy form shall ever be ; along thy way  
 Heaven (if that Heaven be just), its mildest ray  
 Shall shed unclouded ; but though pain and woe  
 Thy cheek consume not, Time will have his prey,  
 And I may see and know thee not again.  
 But what lives in the mind shall not decay ;  
 And thus shall mine thy form divine retain  
 In all the brightness of youth's dawning day—  
 When thou may'st be no more, and Earth laments in vain.

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#### A PROMENADE ON THE PRADO AT MADRID.

THE clock has already struck four, —the siesta is now finished ; let us therefore hasten to the Puerta de los Recoletos, where the beautiful Prado lies before us, extended a quarter of a mile. Even beneath the shade of these aged elms and chesnut trees, we yet feel the heat of the sun ;—we are, besides, somewhat too early for the company, and may, therefore, as well wander down the Promenade at our leisure—and then intermix among the walkers, and make our observations upon the various characters we behold. Here and there we may perceive some indolent fellows lying upon their faces, and stretched out upon, and beneath, the stone benches. Now and then a *regidor* (police officer) wakes some of the slumberers by the touch of his cane, in order to remove them from the seats which are destined for the beau-monde of Madrid. About this time the water carts begin to appear in the walks, and sprinkle the sandy ground, to prevent the dust from incommoding the passengers, and enveloping them in a rising cloud.

The farther we advance beyond the Franciscan Convent, the wider do the walks become,—while a spring of water in the vicinity imparts a cooling freshness to the air. In the centre of a noble bason stands a figure of Cybele, drawn by a yoke of lions, from whose manes falls the light spray of water, that glitters in

the beams of the sun. The majestic avenue expands itself, as we approach the Alcala gate, to five rows of trees :—here too we find both a multitude of stone seats, and several hundred light straw chairs with backs, which are arranged in rows, for the gratuitous accommodation of the visitors of this place of resort. Opposite to the street of Alcala, is situated the old royal palace of Buen Retiro,—which, although it is far from striking either through its architecture or situation, is nevertheless exceedingly imposing, in consequence of its monstrous extent. On the left hand, we meet with another bason, in which stands a majestic Neptune with his elevated trident, drawn by dolphins, who emit torrents of water from their nostrils. In this part of the promenade, the various streams of passengers unite so as to form a crowd ; and here too is indisputably the finest situation of any upon the whole extent of the Prado. The Botanic-Garden fills the air with the most delicious perfumes,—while, through its pallisades, are seen, in all their luxuriance, the rarest exotic plants refreshing the sight with their beauty. Further on, a fountain, decorated with statues of the Seasons, cools the atmosphere by a fine drizzling shower, on which the beams of the sun cast all the hues of the rainbow. Besides the three fountains we have mentioned, there are two



others to be found in the course of our walk. One is astonished at meeting with such fresh trees and luxuriant foliage, upon a soil so little favourable to vegetation, as the dry sand on which Madrid is situated;—yet when we notice the artificial hollows scooped out around every tree and supplied with water from the fountains, the enigma is at once solved,—since we perceive, that it is to those we are indebted for the cooling freshness of the atmosphere. When we have passed the street of St. Jerome, the walk begins to contract: before us stands the beautiful Atocha Gate;—on one side the convent of our Lady with its noble garden of olives; and then the enraptured eye roves over the Paseo de las Delicias, and its intersecting walks, as far as the flowery banks of the purling Manzanares.

Yet we must not tarry here too long, admiring the natural charms that present themselves to our view. It is time to hasten in search of character; and for this purpose let us mingle among the groups that are to be found before the Duke of Alba's palace; in front of the venerable *Retiro*; or between the St. Jerome and Alcala streets. The benches and chairs are now all occupied. Throngs, composed of persons of every description, roll, like the billows of the ocean, towards the shade beneath the elm trees. Uniforms of all varieties are seen intermingled amongst grave merchants and tradesmen, who come hither for the purpose of indulging in conversation, in which they are interrupted by the buzz proceeding from swarms of professed and privileged idlers. In one place we may perceive a couple of monks, wrapped up in their dusky garments, and seated in silence upon a stone bench,—the other end of which is occupied by two *fashionables*, who are discussing the last bull-fight, and who interlard their discourse with many a *carao*. Elderly citizens are seen with their mantles thrown across the left shoulder, in spite of the intense heat of the sun; while the younger ones pass by us in spencers. And now for our glasses to examine the ladies. There goes a charming young creature, modestly pacing down the walk, wrapped up in an

elegant veil, and attended by an elderly duenna. Further on, two nymphs of less reserved appearance, trip along with large bunches of flowers in their hands, which they wantonly whirl around. Groups of well-dressed women have arranged themselves in semicircles upon the chairs, behind which the gentlemen are stationed. It is in this rich parterre that we meet with the most beautiful flowers which this metropolis can produce; while, here and there, we may observe among them a fair Andalusian, more charming still.

A stolen glance, cast from beneath a half lifted veil, addresses itself in the language of the heart, to a youth, who, buried in an amorous reverie, is leaning in the adjacent walk with his back against one of the elms. The Argus eyes of the watchful matron relax their vigilance, for she is now engaged in deep discourse with her neighbour upon some most interesting topics—the subjects discussed in this *Conversazione al fresco*, being, to the full, as important as those which occupy the fair votaries of a northern tea-table. The men, in the mean time, whether arrayed in the ecclesiastical or lay-costume, examine this gay flower-bed with the penetrating look of connoisseurs; for it is here that coquetry (although, by the bye, the Spanish language, in other respects so rich, has no distinctive term for this noble science) exerts all its arts,—vanity all its manœuvres. Here a captivating little foot and ancle, just discover themselves *by chance*;—there the mantilla, —formed of a long piece of fine muslin, that is thrown over the head, crosses the bosom, and then falls down on each side,—displays its magic powers, and achieves those wonders which used formerly to be produced by the once favoured, but now banished fan. When exercised by one who is a mistress of the art, the mantilla is sure to arrest the attention of the passengers: from beneath its half-expanded veil, propitious glances are thrown at the favoured lover;—contracted in closer folds, it envelopes its wearer in a mysterious obscurity, that cannot be pierced—it betrays a blush in a most advantageous manner,—yet, at the same time, serves to conceal an em-

barrassing confusion, while the fair hands of the owner are busied in adjusting the folds.

In the midst of this multitude employed in gallantry, or some one of the pursuits of pleasure, are many who are intent only on gain. Itinerant sellers of articles of luxury raise their cries, some being melodious and others harsh, which thus form a chaos of sounds. Melons, limones, naranjas, figas, dulces, aqua-fresca, limonada, flores, cigarras, fuego, &c. &c. re-echo on every side. Young lads, or pretty damsels, offer you sliced melons, oranges, pomegranates, figs, sweetmeats, and nosegays tastefully disposed in elegant baskets; while athletic Gallicians carry about water for sale in large pitchers, and for a single octavo refresh many a parched tongue. Scarcely is the cigar-merchant passed, but he is succeeded by a ragged boy, who carries a small lamp,—and, continually exclaiming “*Qui quiere fuego?*” (who wants fire?) will furnish you with a light for so trifling a coin as a maravedi.

The broad carriage-way, separated from the walks set apart for the use of foot-passengers, is now gradually filled with vehicles of every description. These, on Sundays and festivals particularly, form a continued procession, driving up one side of the Prado, until they turn round in the circular place before the Convent of the Recollects, and so return to the Atocha Gate. This scene is by no means one of the least entertaining: here may be seen an old-fashioned, heavy, worm-eaten coach, overloaded with monstrous gilt ornaments; this is the antique family equipage of some Hidalgo. Next appears as splendid English phaeton, whose snorting impatient Andalusian steeds are detained by the tardy pace of the four jaded mules, with bells at their necks, by which the neighbouring carriage is drawn, and which a caricature figure of a coachman attempts in vain to urge on by his incessant *Arra Mula!* Horsemen, as various in their appearance as the carriages, surround the motley procession: the stately prancing Navarre

stallion appears to glance contemptuously at the starved rosinante of a second Quixote, and while splendid liveries excite the admiration of the gazing spectators, many a clumsy, grotesque, Sancho Panza, stuck up behind a vehicle as odd as himself, excites the mirth of the young and fashionable *elegants*.

The sun is now fast descending behind the Guadarrama mountains:—the carriages begin to disperse; the dashing of the fountains is more distinctly heard; the aromatic perfumes from the Botanic Garden, borne along by the cool evening gale, emit a more sensible and delicious fragrance; the heavens already expand their starry canopy of deepest azure across the Prado; and the silvery orb of the moon breaks through the thick branches of the elm trees, casting a paly splendour on the solemn shadowy walks.

The strict duenna has now conducted home her fair charge, through streets where no sound is heard, except where some *seguidillas* have been gently whispered, here and there, from balconies:—nor is the fair one herself sorry to exchange the bustle abroad for the social circle at home,—in the midst of which, some inspired youth chaunts his warm strains to the guitar or mandoline. About this hour, little parties form dances round some lofty elm, while the castagnets beat time to their lively motions. The evening breeze begins to blow more keenly over Buen Retiro: the ladies wrap themselves up closer in their mantillas, and the crowd gradually disperses itself.—It is at this time, that poor creatures, who have obtained a few octavos by begging during the day,—and labourers whose hard destiny allows them no better shelter than the open sky,—succeed to the gay world of fashion:—they are seen gliding along through the deserted walks: ill covered by their ragged cloaks, they lie down to sleep upon the benches and seats, which have just been occupied by the most blooming beauties and most elegant beaux of Madrid.



## THE FISHERMAN'S REBELLION.

MR. EDITOR,—Now that the public attention has been so powerfully engaged by the unexpected revolution at Naples, a brief narrative of those extraordinary revolutionary movements, which took place in that city, in the year 1647, generally called *Il tumulto di Mas' Aniello*, may, perhaps, not be found uninteresting. The following notices have been taken from a very scarce and curious work, written by a person who was an eye-witness to the principal facts, and published in the year after their occurrence. I met with the book, by chance, in an obscure bookseller's shop at Naples; and, struck by its manner, no less than by its matter, I purchased it.

M.

## IL TUMULTO DI MAS' ANIELLO.

Under the government of the Spanish Viceroy, the Duke d'Arcos, the Neapolitan people were condemned to feel, in all its force, the oppressive influence of foreign dominion: their wealth was drained away by frequent impositions, which, notwithstanding the privileges granted by the Emperor Charles V. to his *fedelissimo Popolo Napolitano*, had continually increased from his time; and the numerous levies, when aggregated, made, indeed, a frightful mass. The government also extorted large sums, every year, from this impoverished nation, to send to their master, the Spanish monarch, under the specious title of *presents*. These were much like the gifts, which our Henry VIII. obtained from his terrified Parliament. As the wants of the Spanish nation increased, the Neapolitans became utterly impoverished;\* but the sapient viceroys made no account of the wretchedness of the people, and determined to struggle with them, to the division of the last ducat. Nearly every necessary of life was already grievously taxed; the price of bread was trebled, and there was scarcely any money in circulation. In 1646, the government, wishing to make a fresh *donation*, imposed a new *gabella*, or duty, on all fruits and vegetables: this was, as it were, taking away the very staff of life from the lower classes of that crowded city. Numbers of them, consequently, perished for want, or languished in the midst of plenty; for nature was still as kind, and productive as ever. The patience and forbearance of the people were at length exhausted; and they were ready to make any effort,

to relieve themselves from such intolerable suffering. “*Ad extremum sunt Populi exitium, cum extrema onera eis imponuntur*,” as my author observes from Tacitus. As yet, however, no one offered himself as leader; and their only efforts were prayers, supplications, and tears, poured out to the viceroy, whenever he appeared abroad, but which he heard, saw, and forgot. From prayers they proceeded to menaces; and one Saturday, as he was proceeding to celebrate a religious festival at the church of La Madonna del Carmine, they so beset and terrified his Excellency, that, from pure fear, he gave them his promise, to take away, entirely, the detested *gabella*. There was no appearance that this promise would be performed; the rage and indignation of the people increased, and, just at this period, they heard of the public tumult and struggle in Sicily, by means of which the Sicilians had entirely shaken off the burdensome imposition: this inspired them with envy and courage to do the like; and Naples became a scene of discord and fury. The viceroy began to feel the most serious alarm, and would, perhaps, have willingly abolished the tax; but some of the wealthy inhabitants of Naples, had, at various times, advanced money to the government, and by that means, had become the proprietors of the impost. The interests of these persons were manifestly opposed to the interests of the people; and the viceroy could only propose to dispense with the *gabella* on fruits and vegetables, by laying another duty equivalent to it, on corn and oil. These articles already laboured under an insupport-

\* In nineteen years, namely, from 1628 to 1647, these *donativi* to Philip III, and Philip IV, amounted to 100,000,000 ducats.

able burden, and such a proposition, therefore, matured and added vigour to the disaffection of the people.

They now only wanted a leader: this leader was soon found—but let me introduce him in my author's own words.

In the *Quartiere del Mercato*\* of Naples, there dwelt a young man; he was twenty-four years old, and married; full of wit and drollery; of a middling stature; and rather thin than fat; his eyes were black; he had two little brown mustachios; he wore neither shoes nor stockings; his dress was composed of short linen trowsers, a thick shirt, and a sailor's red cap on his head; but his aspect was beautiful and animated, and as vivacious as possible, *and this has been shown by the effects*. His business was to catch little fish with a rod and line; and to buy fish, and carry them to sell in some parts of his quarter of the town, which business is, in Naples, called *Pescivendali*. His name was TOMASO ANELLO D'AMALFI; in the Neapolitan idiom called *Mas' Aniello*.

This was just the man to lead the fishermen and lazzaroni of Naples; a philosophic patriot would never have gained their hearts; and, besides, there were certain circumstances and superstitions, connected with this person, which assured them of success. Beneath the window of a house in which he dwelt, was an old fountain, ornamented with the name and arms of the imperial benefactor of Naples, Charles V—and Mas' Aniello (perhaps he knew not why) had been accustomed to say, in his joking humours,—that he was destined to restore and renew in his city, the favours and privileges granted to it, by the benignity of that august monarch. A coincidence of names, however, had more effect on the mind of the populace. A hundred years precisely had now elapsed, since a rising took place in Naples, to resist the introduction of the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, which the bigotted Philip II. wished to establish in the year 1547; and this tumult *was headed by a person of the name of Mas' Aniello*, a native of the Sorrentine coast.

At the time when the viceroy proposed to substitute a duty on corn and oil, in lieu of the gabella on fruits

and vegetables, Mas' Aniello's fish were taken from him in the market-place; the alleged reason being, that he had not paid the duty. Full of rage, he hurried away, at the moment of this insult, to a church in the neighbourhood of his residence, where Perone, a celebrated captain of banditti, had, with one of his companions, taken refuge. When these men, observing the disturbed appearance of our fisherman, asked him, what ailed him? Mas' Aniello, answered furiously, "that he would either be hung, or *set the city to rights*." At this they laughed, but Mas' Aniello was not a man to be trifled with: "Do not laugh," said he, "had I two or three of my humour, by heaven I would shew what I could do!" "What, what would you do?" cried they. "Will you be with me?" said Mas' Aniello; "and, why not?" answered they. "Pledge me then your faith, and you shall soon see what you have to do." They pledged their faith, and Mas' Aniello departed.

Leaving the church, he went round to all the fruit-sellers in the neighbourhood, and earnestly begged them to meet in the market-place, and to declare with united voices, that they would no longer continue their trade in fruit while the gabella continued. On the following day, they nearly all assembled, but the representative of the city, being informed of their intentions, and fearing a tumult, went in person to the market, and made a verbal concession, which induced the mob to retire. Mas' Aniello, though disappointed this time, was not disheartened; he continued to go round the city, exclaiming, "*down with the gabella*." Numbers naturally collected around him; and from these he selected a great many children, whom he thus instructed; "Say as I say. Let oil be sold at a *bajoco* the measure; meat at six grains *il rotolo*; cheese at twenty-two grains *il rotolo*; wine at two grains the bottle, &c."† When they had well learnt this lesson, he sent them to cry it all over Naples; and even in the face of the viceroy.

My author here makes the follow-

\* The residence of the lowest orders of the Neapolitan populace, somewhat like our Wapping or St. Giles.

† A bajoco is about a farthing English. A grain is rather less than a halfpenny. A rotolo is about thirty ounces.



ing observation; "at present, we pay exactly those prices, which Mas' Aniello taught the children to demand."

Many people ridiculed Mas' Aniello, and sought to make him abandon his scheme; but he replied to them, "let me alone; let me go on, and you will see the event;" and, in fact, in a short time, he had enlisted in his puerile troops, above 2,000 youths, and had armed them with sticks. On the 7th of July, it is usual to celebrate a festival,\* in the chapel of S. Maria della Grazia, situated in the market. This festival is commonly attended by an immense number of young persons; who were accustomed, when the religious part of the ceremony was over, to amuse themselves by attacking with sticks, and fruit converted into missiles, a little wooden castle, which was built for the purpose. The moment arrived, but in the place where their ammunition was usually lying in heaps on the ground, there was, now, nothing but a little stale fruit, which had been left unsold on the preceding day. A riot took place in consequence, the gabella being considered the cause of this disappointment. The representative of the city again made his appearance, but this time he got seriously pelted, and was compelled to retreat to the Church del Carmine.

The mob continued to increase; the spacious piazza del Mercato was crowded, and on all sides there were heard cries of "*long live the King of Spain, and perish the bad government!*" Mas' Aniello added to the strength of his troop, by distributing among them iron pikes, pieces of paling, and other weapons, which they took from the fortifications of the Carmine. He then jumped on a high table, which was in the market-place, and addressed the populace. As his speech was extremely characteristic, it may be as well to give it in the words of my author.

Joy, dear companions and brothers! Give thanks to God, and to the glorious Virgin of the Carmine, for the hour which has now arrived of your deliverance. This poor unshod man, (*himself*) like a new Moses, who saved the children of Israel, will redeem you from the burden of the gabella, newly imposed; and from the tyranny and

insatiable avarice of strangers, which have eternally oppressed you. A fisherman—for such was Peter—delivered from the slavery of Satan, and placed in the liberty of Christ, a Rome,—and with Rome, a world: and another fisherman, who is Mas' Aniello, will, in the place of rigorous exactions, give you the entire enjoyment of the original abundance of Naples, and of the kingdom. From this day, you will be free from the yoke, which has weighed you down. For myself, I care not; I may be torn to pieces; my head may be cut from my body, with a sharp iron, and may be raised up in this piazza as the leader of a revolution; but I shall die contented and glorious; assured that my blood and my life have been useful to my country.

This speech inflamed the minds of the people, who were, indeed, already fully disposed to undertake any thing their favourite might suggest. Then, "*for a beginning,*" as my author says, they set fire to the office of the gabella, which was in the market-place, and burnt it to ashes, with all the books, writings, and furniture, which it contained. This being performed, they walked forwards into the body of the city, and as they proceeded, their numbers rapidly and powerfully increased. They spread themselves into the different quarters of the town, and set fire to every office of customs, burning, as before, every thing within, not preserving even the arms, and leaving untouched, large quantities of money, which had been deposited in those places. Looking upon these things, says my author, "as the quintessence of their blood, they consecrated them indiscriminately to the fury of the flames." When they arrived at the palace, and mustered under the windows of the viceroy, their number was above ten thousand. This immense multitude now demanded to be relieved, not only from the gabella on fruit, but from every other heavy tax, and especially from the imposition on corn. His Excellency, exceedingly alarmed by their numbers and clamour, presented himself at a balcony, and solemnly assured them they should be satisfied; that the gabella on fruit should be entirely taken off, and a part of that on the corn. But the time had come, when the people were no longer to be appeased. The cry was general, "*long live the*

\* This festival is still continued.

*King of Spain, and perish, perish the bad government !*"—and, now, declaring their determination to be relieved from all gabelle, they rushed forward in thousands, to force their way into the palace, and to speak to the viceroy face to face. The Spanish and German guard could not resist the pressure of the angry multitude ; but were soon put to flight, and crowds entered the palace. When they reached the door of his Excellency's apartment, finding it well secured within, they began, with pikes and various arms, which they had taken from the soldiers, to force an entrance. The viceroy, thus exposed to imminent danger, attempted to fly to the neighbouring church of San Luigi de' Padri ; but before he departed, he addressed the people from a balcony, and threw papers among them, signed by his own hand, which had the royal seal attached to them ; in which the duty on fruit was removed, and that on the corn reduced. The people, however, still demanded that he should descend to speak to them, *faccia a faccia* ; and, as he endeavoured to pass unnoticed to the church, he was discovered by the mob,—some of the principals of whom entered his carriage with drawn swords, and with dreadful threats insisted on his yielding to their demands. Fearing for his life, his Excellency gave them his sacred promise, that all the obnoxious taxes should be removed. No sooner did the populace hear this, than their revilings and threats, were changed into shouts of applause, and protestations of gratitude. They called the viceroy their saviour, and kissed his hands with respect ; some prostrated themselves on the earth, and others embraced his knees. At this moment, his Excellency scattered some hundreds of sequins among them, which he had brought for that purpose ; and when numbers of them pressed forward, anxious to collect the glittering coin, their ruler, with a considerable quantity of Spanish cavaliers and soldiers, fled into the church, which was now close at hand.

Indignant at this escape, the mob were proceeding to extremities with the church. They had broken down the outer gate, and had nearly effected an entrance, when the Cardinal Filomarino, archbishop of the city, a personage venerated by the populace,

arrived at the spot, and endeavoured to appease the tumult. A calm of a few moments succeeded his arrival : the archbishop descended from his carriage, and placed himself before the inner door of the church ; no one then offered to strike another blow, but all besought their beloved pastor to unite his endeavours with theirs, in order to obtain relief from their miseries. Another paper, signed by the viceroy, was put into the hands of the archbishop ; upon receiving which he ascended his carriage, and holding it up, as a lure to the people, proceeded along the street Toledo, drawing the chief part of the mob after him. But their rage and disappointment knew no bounds, when the archbishop read this document, for it was found to fall far short of their demands, and of the promises of the viceroy when he was in their power. They returned to attack the church ; but his Excellency got over the walls into another religious house, and then putting himself into an old sedan chair, which was found there, he was carried by some of his Spanish attendants to the Castle of Sant Elmo.

When it was found that the viceroy had escaped from the convent, the people divided into many parties, and ran through every part of the city, burning obnoxious houses, forcing the arms from the soldiers, and breaking open all the prisons, except three, which they respected on account of being royal prisons. The Prince of Bisignano, a nobleman of distinction, and a great and old favourite of the people, hoped, by placing himself at their head, to prevent, in some measure, the dreadful ravages they were committing ; but on making the attempt, he found that all his efforts were fruitless, and he retired. The people then declared Mas' Aniello their chief, leader, and captain. "The scene that ensued," says my author, "was so dreadful, that I cannot think of it without trembling. The loud bells of the city were ringing to arms ; the blast of trumpets, the rolling of drums, the discharge of musquetry, and the tumultuous shouts of the people, resounded on every side."

On the approach of night, the tumult was so dreadful, that some of the religious orders issued in procession, to restrain the rage of the people, and to implore the divine assist-



ance. Two hours after sun-set, the viceroy, escorted by a strong troop, passed with all possible secrecy, from the Castle of Sant Elmo, to the Castel Nuovo; which he surrounded with the most numerous, and best appointed part of his soldiers. He then published another conciliatory proclamation, which, however, produced no effect. By the orders of Mas' Aniello, many parties were now put on guard, to prevent a surprise from the military.

On the next morning, similar scenes of confusion took place, but the people were highly gratified on observing, that fruit was sold in immense quantities in the market, without *gabella*; and that the weight of the loaf was increased from twenty-two to thirty-two ounces. The viceroy sent a deputation to wait on Mas' Aniello, informing him that all he had asked was granted. This declaration came too late; the people had discovered their strength, and now insisted on a renewal of all the privileges granted to them by the Emperor Charles V.: they even demanded that the castle of Sant Elmo, should be given into their hands. His Excellency sent another deputation, composed of the chief of the Neapolitan nobility, but to these the people returned a similar answer, still insisting on a renewal of their privileges; especially demanding, that in future no *gabella* should be levied, without the consent of the representative of the city, and the concurrence and approbation of the Church of Rome.

The viceroy having failed in all his measures hitherto, now had recourse to superstition for help: he gave the archbishop directions to administer the sacrament in all the churches, and to exhibit the miraculous blood, and the sacred head of the glorious Protector of Naples, San Gennaro: but this also failed of effect, for the people immediately expressed their conviction that San Gennaro *was for them*—"he is on *our side*!" was the cry.

The persons of greatest weight, after Mas' Aniello, were the bandit Perrone, before-mentioned, and an old priest, named Giulio Genovino, who had been the representative of the people, in the time of the Duca Osuno, and who had long been their sturdy defender, and a sufferer in their cause. These two drew up a

list of more than sixty persons, who had derived a profit from farming the *gabella*, and the multitude had orders to proceed against them, to burn or destroy every thing which they possessed; but on no account to appropriate to their own use, any thing which might be found. Several of the mob were very promptly executed for disobeying their orders, in the last particular: and now those who had been unmerciful and grasping in their exactions, "had their blood lavished like water, as a punishment for their avarice and cruelty." Mas' Aniello now gave orders, that every person who had arms or ammunition, should deliver them up for the defence of the city: by this means, a great number of carbines, musquets, and arquebuses, were obtained. In the house of a Genevese army contractor, they found 4,000 musquets; and from the house of a merchant, they took nine pieces of cannon; nine others they took from two armed vessels; and all these they planted at the entrances of the principal streets of the city.

In the evening, the archbishop had again recourse to processions; but Mas' Aniello told him, that, although he was very grateful to him for the holy trouble which he took, he must beg that, for the future, the priests should be kept within doors; as, otherwise, those venerable men might meet with very unpleasant accidents, in the present disorderly condition of the people. At the same time, he would be most happy, he said, that they should continue their prayers and supplications, for the peace and happiness of the city, *in their respective sanctuaries*. The archbishop thought it would be well to comply with such reasonable advice; and accordingly prayers were put up in the churches from that time, until the period of Mas' Aniello's death. The next day, the same confusion prevailed; but one thing deserves particular remark: in the house of one of those persons, who had become obnoxious to public resentment, two little barrels of sequins were found;—these the mob immediately deposited in the royal bank, *for the use of the King*. It chanced, that the original charter of two of the most important privileges, granted to the city of Naples by Charles and Ferdinand, fell into their hands; these they sent to the Castel Nuovo, in order

that they might be signed and acknowledged by the viceroy; but when, after waiting patiently for some hours, they saw no symptoms of compliance, and had even reason to fear that they should not recover the charters themselves, they resolved to obtain possession of the Torre del Campanile, a place of some strength, defended by about sixty Spanish soldiers; and also of the Church of San Lorenzo, in which the archives of the city were deposited. About ten thousand persons instantly employed themselves in these undertakings: they soon compelled the soldiers to capitulate; and with the two places they obtained about eighteen pieces of cannon, which were distributed by Mas' Aniello, so as to defend his party, in the most important points: he then ordered the prisoners to be well fed, and set at liberty.

It was observed that, among the most active of the combatants, and in the most awful scenes of destruction, many women, and even children, appeared; of whom some fought in the ranks, and others supplied the men with ammunition.

The viceroy was shut up in the castle, without provisions; a felucca, which he sent to the opposite coast for supplies, fell into the hands of the people; and he was thus reduced to a state of utter weakness and despair. He was, consequently, obliged to put the charter of the privilege granted by Charles V., accompanied with a promise, written in his own hand, to observe every article which it contained, into the hands of the archbishop, who was dispatched to the Piazza del Mercato, to treat with the people. When the archbishop read this instrument, and the annexed promise, a sentiment of joy diffused itself among the people; but it soon gave place to distrust and suspicion. With loud cries they reviled and threatened the sacred ambassador for endeavouring to deceive them, with a falsified copy of the charter. His Eminence, finding himself in danger, addressed himself, with great affability, to Mas' Aniello, requesting to know the cause of this sudden disturbance? Mas' Aniello replied, "they say your Eminence wishes to betray us; but I, who know your Eminence's virtues, will believe no such thing, but will defend you against their fury, at the expense

of my life; therefore do not fear!" It was soon agreed, that the archbishop should deliver the documents into the hands of some person of the popular party, who was capable of judging of their authenticity. The priest, Giulio Genovino, was the one fixed upon; the examination, which lasted all night, was carried on in the presence of the Archbishop, Mas' Aniello, and several others; and in the morning the papers were declared to be valid. But the people, however glad to receive the charter, were still distrustful, and would place no faith in the promises of the viceroy. They were, moreover, in great wrath, respecting a certain passage in his declaration, in which he assured them, he would procure his majesty's pardon, for the acts of *rebellion* which they had committed. "We have been guilty of no rebellion," cried they, "we are all most faithful vassals of the king; we have risen only to obtain the privileges which were granted to us by his majesty's glorious predecessors, Charles and Ferdinand." The archbishop, seeing that the hour of pacification had not yet arrived, retired to his palace, and the people, considering themselves insulted and betrayed, determined to proceed to extremities. On the same day, some considerable bodies of Spanish and German troops marched upon the city, from the neighbouring garrisons, but were all overpowered and disarmed; and the people remained undisputed masters of the metropolis. About noon, Mas' Aniello issued an order, that wherever the portraits of the King and Queen of Spain were found, they should be put out of the windows of the house, under rich canopies, and that the arms of the people should be piled beneath them.

Another negotiation was begun the next day, by the archbishop, in the Church del Carmine; but it was interrupted in a very tragical manner. More than five hundred banditti, who had been collected together by Perone, Mas' Aniello's associate, entered the city by the gate del Carmine; saying they had come for the service of the people: they were well mounted and armed. The shrewd and active Mas' Aniello was not long in making important discoveries; Perone was found to be a traitor, and in fact seven arquebusses were fired at



Mas' Aniello, while he was conversing with Perrone upon the best method of disposing of the troops, although he was then standing on sacred ground, and in the midst of ten thousand people; "but," says my author, "he was not wounded, and some balls which struck on the bosom of his shirt, fell to the ground, without doing him any harm; which circumstance was considered as a miracle performed in his favour by the Madonna del Carmine, whose portrait hung at his breast." The people immediately attacked those traitors, and a dreadful slaughter ensued; their blood flowed in streams before the grand altar, in the sacristy, and at the very feet of the archbishop. Perrone was taken alive by Mas' Aniello; and on being put to the torture, he confessed that he, and his troop, had been employed by the Duke of Mattaloni to kill, not only the fisherman and his associates, but also, by a mine which was already dug, and charged with twenty-eight barrels of gunpowder, to blow up all that part of the city; and even the Convent del Carmine, under which building there was another mine well supplied. For this massacre and destruction, when accomplished, he was to receive the sum of 15,000 scudi; a promissory note for that amount, given by the duke, was found on his person. After this confession, he and his brother were beheaded; and their heads, stuck upon poles, were exhibited in the market-place.

Among the banditti taken alive, was one, who, on being led out to execution, offered, on condition that his life was spared, to reveal plots of still greater horror and magnitude than those which had been confessed. The condition was agreed to, and he disclosed that, on the following night, numerous troops of horse were to have come and joined the five hundred banditti, already mentioned, and by their united operations, not only the above mines were to have been fired, but also others of enormous extent, (under the Piazza del Mercato), which contained in the whole above fifteen thousand lbs. of powder. The moment of explosion was fixed at *tre ore di notte*; when the greatest number of the people would be assembled together, according to the orders of Mas' Aniello, to guard against any

nocturnal assault. "If," says my author, with admirable *sang froid*, "this scheme had succeeded, about a hundred and fifty thousand persons, men, women, and children, would have been blown into the air, besides the numerous edifices, sacred and profane, situated thereabout." Mas' Aniello immediately ordered that the places should be explored; the plan, he said, was too infernal for conception; but all that had been asserted was verified by the search. From another bandit it was learned, that the reservoirs and canals, which supplied the most populous part of the city with water, were to be poisoned; and, on examination, some of them were found to be already vitiated.

The horrid rage, and the dreadful thirst for revenge, occasioned by the discovery of these plots, may be imagined. The people ran like furies to revenge themselves on their enemies, and retaliated on them with a remorseless and indiscriminating barbarity. The Duke of Mattaloni had taken refuge in the church of Sant Efremo; but no place, however holy, could give sanctuary to such an enemy, or arrest for a moment the deadly wrath of the populace. They broke its ponderous doors to splinters, and, rushing in, sought in every corner for the object of their hate. The duke, however, had the good fortune to escape out of the convent; he hurried through the city in the dress of a Capuchin Friar; got to one of the barriers, where a swift steed awaited him, and, vaulting into the saddle, galloped off with the utmost speed towards Benevento. A cruel fate, however, awaited his brother, who had taken refuge in the monastery of Santa Maria della Nova: he fell into the hands of the people, and was dragged to the Piazza del Ceriglio; all his prayers for mercy, and all his offers of immense sums for the ransom of his life, were disregarded;—a young butcher cut off his head with a large knife.

The people, suspecting the viceroy to have been deeply engaged in those plots, determined to treat him without any ceremony: he was already deprived of provision; they now cut off the aqueducts, which supplied the castle with water. His Excellency, in this terrible situation, wrote a letter to the Archbishop, begging him to treat again with the people, and to

say, that he (the viceroy) solemnly swore to deliver up every one of the conspirators, that might fall into his hands: but this assertion, did not entirely remove the suspicions of the people. Mas' Aniello now became more than ever the object of popular adoration; he had but to give orders and thousands rushed to obey them: he directed that the whole city should remain under arms to prevent a surprise from the banditti, who had joined themselves with some Spanish and German troops; and he used every precaution, which the most consummate talent and prudence could have suggested. He proclaimed the Duke of Mattaloni a traitor to his King and country; and offered a reward of 30,000 scudi to any person who should produce him, dead or alive; and then, dispatching thousands of desperate characters, among whom was one of his brothers, in search of their intended victim, the Duke,—he concluded the important business of this day.

My author begins his account of the fifth day of the tumult, by expressing his surprise that “so much could be effected by a poor fisher-boy, and that such multitudes of armed and irritated people could proceed in such good order, under his command, injuring none but those who had oppressed and had sought to betray and destroy them,—and, in this up-turning of right and property, without appropriating any thing to their individual advantage.”

The first order issued on this day was, that, under pain of death, every man should lay aside his cloak, mantle, scarf, or any part of dress under which arms might be concealed. Here my author remarks, very seriously, that it was a most strange thing to see Dominicans and Carmelites, Canons, Jesuits, and all sorts of priests; even the Bishops and Archbishops, walking about stripped of the most important and slightly part of their apparel. This order extended to the women, who were directed to leave off their cloaks, aprons, &c. and to wear their petticoats shorter than usual; so that, if they carried arms beneath them, they might be detected with facility. The leader then turned his attention to the fortifying of the streets: he ordered trenches to be dug, and had his artillery mounted on carriages, that they might be

moved with ease to any place of need: he commanded the nobility, and persons of property, to deliver up all the arms and ammunition they had in their possession, and to send as many of their servants as they could spare, to assist in the defence of the people. On this morning Mas' Aniello also fixed the prices, at which provisions were to be sold.

The viceroy, despairing of effecting any thing by other means, wrote to the Archbishop, and gave him full authority and competence to adjust a compromise with the people, on whatever conditions he might be able to obtain. The people asked nothing more, and would accept of nothing less, than they had already demanded; the Archbishop acceded to every thing, and the Viceroy signed the treaty on the terms proposed. About four o'clock the Cardinal Archbishop proceeded with his splendid suite to read the treaty in the church del Carmine. Mas' Aniello stood near the Archbishop, while it was read. He had worn until now his fisherman's dress, but to day he appeared in a rich habit covered with silver. When the reading was finished, the veteran patriot Genovino, addressed the people from a pulpit, and desired them to return thanks to God, and the blessed Virgin del Carmine, for their deliverance: he then began to sing the *Te Deum*. A band of musical instruments, accompanied by the organ, performed that impressive anthem, and immense numbers of people joined in it with tears of gratitude.

Genovino must have felt much himself; he had been confined nineteen years in a wretched prison, for having been implicated in an attempt made during the government of the Duke of Ossuna to obtain the same privileges for which they had now been struggling; and he was now eighty years old!

When the *Te Deum* was ended, Mas' Aniello, mounted on a beautiful charger, and with a naked sword in his hand, preceded the carriage of the Archbishop towards the palace, where, according to agreement, he was to have an interview with the Viceroy. The numbers that followed him, and the shouts of applause and congratulation that rose on all sides, were astonishing. When the procession arrived in the square be-



fore Castello Nuovo, just by the Fontana Medina, the Captain of the Viceroy's guard advanced on horseback, but unarmed, to meet it; saluting Mas' Aniello, he bade him welcome to the palace, where his Excellency (he said) with great pleasure expected his arrival. Mas' Aniello returned his salutation, with much gravity and decorum, and then, making signs to the people not to move a step more forward, and to remain silent, he stood up in his stirrups, and addressed them. His speech is rather too long to be translated: he begins by congratulating the people on their happy deliverance, and then desires them to say after him, who are their masters—"God!" the people shouted "God." THE MADONNA DEL CARMINE." The Madonna del Carmine, cried they. "KING PHILIP; CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP FILOMARINA; the DUKE OF ARCOS!" They in each case instantly echoed his words. He then drew from his breast the original charters granted by Ferdinand and Charles the Fifth, and signed by the Viceroy the Duke of Arcos, and the council of state—continuing in a louder voice,

Now we are free, and relieved from all the burdens that oppressed us. For myself, I pretend to nothing, and wish for nothing but your good; and this his Eminence the Archbishop (who offered me two hundred dollars per month for life, provided I left your cause and proceeded no farther) well knows. I should never have quitted my poor sailor's rags, even for a moment, had I not been compelled to do so by the Archbishop, under pain of precept, and the thunder of excommunication. Having fished up the public liberty out of the stormy sea of this afflicted city, I shall return to fish, and sell my fish as before, not reserving for myself or my house so much as a rag of cloth. The only thing I beg of you is, that, when I am dead, and gone from among you, you will every one of you say an Ave Maria for the peace of my soul: say will you promise me this?—will you not?—will you not?

It would be difficult to match the pathetic eloquence of this address by any thing that history records; and its dignity is equal to its pathos. The people shouted "they would—they would!" but hoped the masses would not be needed for a hundred years to come. Mas' Aniello then advised them not to lay down their arms until they received a confirmation of their privileges and their treaty from the

King of Spain; and by no means to trust the nobles, who were traitors and enemies to the people. "On this subject," adds my author, "he dwelt a long time and used such irreverend language, that out of decency I do not his repeat words." He then added, "I am going to negotiate with his Excellency: you will see me again in an hour, or at furthest by to-morrow morning; but if I am betrayed, and do not appear among you by that time, set fire to the whole city. Will you promise me this?" "Yes: Yes!" shouted the populace, "and we will surely do it."

When Mas' Aniello had finished his address, he requested the Archbishop to bless the people: his Eminence readily complied, and putting his head out of the carriage, with two motions of the cross on each side, bestowed his pastoral benediction. Mas' Aniello then rode on, and entered the palace through a crowd of soldiers, followed by the Archbishop, who was accompanied in his carriage by Genovino, Mas' Aniello's brother, and Arpaja the new representative (eletto) of the people. They were met by the Viceroy at the foot of the great staircase; the Cardinal introduced Mas' Aniello, who threw himself at the feet of his Excellency, which he kissed in the name of the people, thanking him for the grace he had bestowed upon them, and assuring him that he might dispose of his life as he thought fit. The Viceroy with great cordiality assisted him to rise; told him he had never considered him as a criminal, and that he should for the future esteem him as a friend. "It is even asserted by some," says my author, with much caution, and a certain air of scepticism, "that his Excellency embraced the fisher boy several times."

The viceroy then retired, with Mas' Aniello and the Archbishop, to a private apartment, where they remained a considerable time, reasoning together on the affairs of the city. While there, they heard a dreadful noise from the people without, who, alarmed at Mas' Aniello's long stay, began to suspect that some harm had befallen him. To remove this suspicion, he appeared at a balcony accompanied by the Viceroy and the Cardinal, and, holding out his hand, cried out "here I am, safe and free! "Peace, peace!"

The populace joyfully echoed the word peace, and the bells of the neighbouring churches began to ring ; but on Mas' Aniello's complaining of this, they were immediately silenced. To show the Viceroy the absolute command which he had over the people, he gave several extraordinary proofs of it ; a word, the finger pressed on the lips, the least gesture, was enough to produce the most unanimous and instantaneous obedience.

It was agreed at this interview, that the treaty should be printed, and that the Viceroy and his ministers should, on the next Saturday, go in person to the Cathedral, and, after it was read, solemnly swear to observe every article which it contained, and to use all their efforts to have it confirmed by the King. The Viceroy gave orders to the Commissary-general to obey Mas' Aniello, who was now created Captain-general of the city, in all things ; and when Mas' Aniello took leave, his Excellency gave the powerful plebeian a rich gold chain worth 3000 scudi. Mas' Aniello would have refused this last compliment, but the Archbishop insisted on his accepting of it. The next morning Mas' Aniello appeared in public, giving orders, and passing judgment in his usual sailor's dress. As a judge, he was violent, but seldom unjust ; he frequently exhibited great perspicacity ; and he was not unfrequently mild and merciful ; excepting always when the friends or family of Mattaloni were concerned, in which case he was uniformly severe. He sent the Viceroy a plentiful supply of provisions, and placed immense sums, which had fallen into his hands, in the royal treasury. The Viceroy and his wife sent, in return, many costly presents, such as rich robes and gold chains : " a circumstance," says my author, " which in future ages will scarcely be believed ; but which is yet most historically true." On the next day, which was the Saturday appointed, the treaty was read in great form by the Secretary-general of the Neapolitan nation : the Viceroy and his ministers swore to observe it, and to procure its confirmation from his Majesty the King of Spain ; after which the *Te Deum* was sung, and then Mas' Aniello began a long speech, in which he declared the uprightness of his intentions, and mentioned his determination of returning

to his original occupation, as soon as the confirmation should arrive from Spain ; but till then he was resolved to keep all the power which he had obtained. Printed copies of the treaty were posted up in all the public places in the city. The joy of the people was excessive, and with the imprudence natural to an unthinking mob, they would have thrown aside their weapons, but this Mas' Aniello strictly prohibited, commanding every man to be in arms, as before, for the public safety.

From this day, the glory of Mas' Aniello grew dim : he began to feel the intoxicating nature of his situation : his head seemed to turn giddy, and his prudence forsook him : his orders, no longer wise and decisive, were frequently countermanded ; from a firm but humble democrat, he became all at once a fierce and imperious tyrant. His judgments were frequently capricious and bloody ; in short, he seemed no longer the same man, and even his brother-in-law was heard to say, that Mas' Aniello *had gone mad* ; and that, if he did not desist from so many executions and conflagrations, he would himself assassinate him. On Sunday evening Mas' Aniello appeared to be completely delirious ; all his words and actions were those of a madman : here my author says, " it was the opinion of most people that his intellects had been deranged by a drugged liquor, given him for that purpose by the Viceroy." On Monday, the mad tricks he played had in them much of the comic and ridiculous, but more of the frightful and tragical. Heads were struck off in dozens at his approach ; he treated the first noblemen of the land with the greatest indignity, and quarrelled with, and even beat, his coadjutors, the able Arpaja, and the venerable Genovino. In the evening, he complained of a dreadful pain in his head, saying a fire was burning his brain, and he threw himself, dressed as he was, into the sea ; when he came out he was secured, put in irons and conducted to his house. On the same evening, Genovino and Arpaja, despairing of his recovery, entirely abandoned him, and retiring to the *Castello Nuovo* concerted a plan with the Viceroy, to deprive Mas' Aniello of his power, and to make him prisoner for life. Before they proceeded to



attempt at alienating the people from him, they stipulated that his life should be spared on account of the good he had done : and that the treaty which he had made should be punctually observed.

The next morning was the festival of the Virgin of Carmine : Mas' Aniello, who had just broken loose from his irons, entered that crowded church a few minutes before the Archbishop, who was, on that day, to celebrate grand mass. When the Archbishop entered, Mas' Aniello approached him, crying in a tone of despair, " I see the people begin to forsake me, and wish to betray me : be it so ; I only desire for mine and for the people's consolation, that a solemn procession, in which the Viceroy, his Ministers, and the Authorities of the city may form a part, should be made on this day to the shrine of this most holy Virgin. Having to die, I shall in this manner die contentedly."

When the Cardinal was proceeding to perform the religious ceremonies, Mas' Aniello ascended a pulpit, and, taking a crucifix in his hand, conjured the people to remember all that he had done for them, and not to abandon him. He spoke for some time in a very sane manner, and seemed to have recovered his former eloquence and reason ; but, on seeing the eyes of the people either averted, or turned on him with anger and contempt, and that even his body guards were forsaking him, he lost all command of himself, and burst out into delirious ravings. The Cardinal, who was thus interrupted in his services, dispatched some monks to make Mas' Aniello descend : he offered no resistance, indeed he was incapable of making any, for he had exhausted himself, and large drops of sweat were rolling down his face. By the order of the Archbishop he was carried to the dormitory of the monks and laid upon a bed.

The religious ceremonies were finished, and the Archbishop retired from the church to his palace. In the meantime Mas' Aniello, having changed his dress, which was wet with perspiration, went from the dormitory into a little saloon that had a balcony overlooking the sea ; he was leaning over this to catch the

cooling air, when some gentlemen, accompanied by a great number of armed men, entered the church, crying " Long live the King of Spain, and let no one under pain of death obey Mas' Aniello any longer !"—From the church they passed into the cloisters, pretending to wish to negotiate with Mas' Aniello. When he heard his name called, he came undauntedly forward to meet them, exclaiming, " Here I am, my friends." In that moment four arquebuses, each loaded with ten square balls, were discharged at the fated victim,—who, uttering the words, " ungrateful traitors !" rolled a corpse at the feet of his assassins. A butcher, who was passing by, was called in to cut off his head ; which, having placed on a spear, the murderers entered the church where above eight thousand people were assembled, and thence they went into the market-place, crying " Mas' Aniello is dead—long live the King of Spain,—and let no one mention the name of Mas' Aniello."

The spectacle of the bleeding head of their leader, and the discharge of a few arms without ball, were sufficient to disperse that mob which had for ten days been absolute masters of the city : they retired without so much as striking a blow to avenge the death of a man who had procured them such immense benefits.

The body of Mas' Aniello was thrown into one of the fosses of the city, and his brothers and sisters, wife, mother, and every relative found in Naples, were taken prisoners, and confined in the castle ; to ingratiate himself with the people, the Viceroy, however, very soon gave orders for their release.

On the evening of the same day in which Mas' Aniello was killed, the Viceroy had the privileges of Charles the fifth again read with much solemnity in the market-place, and again swore strictly to observe every article of them, as well as of the treaty he had made. The people were contented, and in the cries of long live the King of Spain, and the Duke of Arcos, and with the prospect of cheap bread, fruit and oil, forgot the ill-fated Mas' Aniello, almost before his body was cold.

## CROLY'S ANGEL OF THE WORLD.\*

There is a wild, and at the same time, a wilful power, visible in the contents of this volume, the effects of which are very striking. It is a kind of power in which *may* originate high and ennobling poetry; and which, on the other hand, *may* produce the mere semblance of poetry, decked out in a gorgeous attire of words and phrases:—its result may also be a blending of these two together, which shall, in some measure, neutralise the peculiar qualities of both: adding to the value of the one what it takes from that of the other—lifting mere words from the level to which they belong, and bringing down high poetry from the elevation at which it ought to remain—thus forming a compound, which, like Mahomet's coffin, is suspended between heaven and earth, without belonging to either.

We state it as a characteristic of the kind of power in question, that it has a tendency to produce these results; and, accordingly, we find them all in the volume before us:—high poetry, embodied in simple expressions—gorgeous phrases, clothing and giving apparent substance to mere shadows.—These blend together and form a mental picture, the contemplation of which is certainly highly stimulating. Yet we would caution Mr. Croly, in the most friendly spirit, to give due care and cultivation to the gifts which have been bestowed upon him: *with* these they may and will produce flowers worthy to bloom in the Eden of imagination; but *without* these, they will inevitably start up into a luxuriant overgrowth of parasite weeds, which will not only cling round the real flowers that may grow in their neighbourhood, and drag them to the ground, but will at once impoverish and poison the naturally rich soil from which they spring.

To come at once to the two tales before us,—they certainly evince very considerable talents for poetry—particularly SEBASTIAN,—which we like better than the ANGEL OF THE WORLD—though it is probable that in this particular we differ from the author

himself.—In both the tales, however, there is, joined to an indistinctness of purpose, and what we could almost believe to be a *studied* obscurity of manner and expression,—great affluence of thought and language, and vast force and facility both of conception and execution.

The subject of the tale which stands first in the volume, was, we venture to think, chosen entirely on account of facilities it offered for the *display* of the writer's powers;—for, as a story, it is without any of those qualities that are of themselves calculated to attract and fix the reader's attention. It is taken from a fiction of Mohammed's, intended to show the ill effects of wine. We shall give specimens as we proceed in describing the story. The scene is in Arabia; the time, the first day of the first year of the Hegira. The opening of the poem may be taken as a fair example of its general style—at once gorgeous, picturesque, and poetical.

There's glory on thy mountains, proud  
Bengal,  
When on their temples bursts the morning sun!  
There's glory on thy silver-tower'd wall,  
Proud Ispahan, beneath his burning noon!  
There's glory—when his golden course is done,  
Proud Istamboul, upon thy waters blue!  
But fall'n Damascus, thine was beauty's throne,  
In morn, and noon, and evening's purple dew,  
Of all from Ocean's marge to mighty Himalu.

East of the city stands a lofty mount,  
Its brow with lightning delved and rent in sunder;  
And through the fragments rolls a little fount,  
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and thunder:  
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder;  
For there are flowers unnumber'd blossoming,  
With but the bare and calcined marble under;  
Yet in all Asia no such colours spring,  
No such perfumes as in that mountain's rocky ring.



Upon this mount the ANGEL OF THE WORLD had fixed his throne of judgment; sent thither by the Prophet to await the hour That saw in dust Arabia's idols hurl'd— Then to the skies again his wing should be unfurl'd.

This consummation has at length arrived:

The sun was slowly sinking to the west,  
Pavilion'd with a thousand glorious dyes;  
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest;

Along the mountain's soft declivities,  
The fresher breath of flowers began to rise,

Like incense, to that sweet departing sun;  
Low sank the city's hum, the shepherd's cries:

A moment, and the lingering disk was gone;

A moment, and th' impatient Angel's task was done.

Surely there are great delicacy and beauty in this last quotation. The Angel, impatient of his prolonged sojourn upon the earth, now prepares to take flight to his native skies. We may instance the last of the following stanzas as displaying more richness of imagination, and delicacy of fancy, than any other of the poem. The language and versification, too, are worthy of the thoughts and images, which they aid and illustrate. The first also is very sweet,

Oft had he gazed upon that lovely vale,  
But never gazed with gladness such as now;

When on Damascus' roofs and turrets pale

He saw the solemn sunlight's fainter glow,

He heard the Imauns' sacred voice below  
Swell like a silver trumpet on the air,

The vintagers' sweet song, the camels' low,

As home they stalk'd from pasture, pair by pair,

Flinging long giant shadows in the sunset glare.

He raised his sceptre, and a rush of plumes  
Shook the thick dew-drops from the roses' dyes;

And, as embodying of their waked perfumes,

A sudden crowd of forms, with lightning eyes,

And flower-crown'd hair, and cheeks of Paradise,

Circled the bower of beauty on the wing,  
And the rich air was fill'd with symphonies

Of seeming flute, and horn, and golden string,

That slowly rose, and o'er the Mount hung hovering.

The angel is now on the point of departing; his wings are spread for flight; when a female pilgrim appears on the steps of his pavilion, and he delays his departure for a moment, to hear her tale. It is a tale of woe; the angel pities and relieves her; and is again about to depart—when she lifts her veil; and then his temptations and dangers begin. The whole of the description which follows, though without much originality, is highly creditable to the writer's taste. It is very elegantly written.

The weeper raised the veil: a ruby lip  
First dawn'd: then glow'd the young cheek's deeper hue,

Yet delicate as roses when they dip  
Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.

Then beam'd the eyes, twin stars of living blue;

Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,  
That turned to golden as the light wind threw

Their clusters in the western golden glare,  
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing there.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze

Was at his look dropp'd instant on the ground;

But o'er her cheek of beauty rushed a blaze,

Her bosom heaved above its silken bound,  
As if the soul had felt some sudden wound.

He looked again; the cheek was deadly pale;

The bosom sank with one long sigh profound;

Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil,  
And one still press'd her heart—that sigh told all its tale.

She stoop'd and from the thicket pluck'd a flower,

Kiss'd it with eager lip, then with faint hand

Laid it upon the bright step of the bower;  
Such was the ancient custom of the land.

Her sighs were richer than the rose they fann'd,

The breezes swept it to the Angel's feet;  
Yet even that sweet boon, 'twas Heaven's command,

He must not touch, from her tho' doubly sweet,

No earthly gift must stain that hallow'd judgment-seat.

The angel, however, permits him-

self to transgress the rule: he takes the flower, and receives the first warning against his guilty weakness. It is given in the form of an image or vision, which he sees in the waves of a *Mirage* that occurs at the moment. This, and the other warnings which take place at intervals of the story, are made the vehicle for very striking descriptions of several of the extraordinary phenomena which occur in eastern climes, viz. this of the mirage, and also the Simoom, the Aurora Borealis, &c.—To continue the story,—

The Angel's heart was thrill'd—but that  
touch'd flow'r,  
Now opening, breathed such fragrance  
subtly sweet,  
That he still held it,—felt it overpower  
His soul—he ventured not her eye to  
meet,  
But gazed upon the small unsandal'd feet  
That shone like silver on the floor of rose.  
At length he raised his glance;—the veil's  
light net  
Had floated backwards from her pencil'd  
brows,  
Her eye was fix'd in melancholy, mild re-  
pose.

A simple Syrian lyre was on her breast,  
And on her lip the voice hung murmur-  
ing  
An evening hymn, which from the moun-  
tain's crest  
The Angel oft had heard the shepherds  
sing.  
She paused,—her white hand floated o'er  
the string,  
Like the Aurelia o'er the hyacinth's bell,  
Like lilies waving in the airs of Spring,  
Then woke its inmost soul's enchanting  
swell.  
The thunder nearer roll'd:—the Angel  
heard no peal.

He heard not even the strain, tho' it had  
changed  
From the calm sweetness of the holy  
hymn:  
His thoughts from depth to depth uncon-  
scious ranged,  
Yet all within was dizzy, strange, and  
dim;  
A mist seem'd spreading between Hea-  
ven and him;  
He sat absorb'd in dreams;—a search-  
ing tone  
Came on his ear, oh how her dark eyes  
swim  
Who breath'd that echo of a heart un-  
done,  
The song of early joys, delicious, dear, and  
gone!

This is very sweet, delicate, and  
pathetic poetry;—but it vexes us to

see it wasted away upon beings to-  
wards whom we can feel no sympa-  
thy;—upon a demon whom we ought  
to hate, and an angel whom we can-  
not love. In fact, this total absence  
of human interest is the capital de-  
fect of the poem. After this, occur  
some excellent descriptive passages,  
picturing the surrounding scenery as  
viewed from the mountain on which  
they stand. These are succeeded by  
the Angel's second step towards  
guilt.—

—————A sudden thought  
Struck to his dreaming heart that made it  
heave:  
Was he not *there* in Paradise?

Might he not be happy even on  
earth with *her*? And could he be  
happy even in heaven *without* her?—  
this calls forth the second warning in  
the form of the Simoom and sand-  
storm, which are very vividly de-  
scribed. The Angel recognizes these  
repeated warnings, but is unable to  
resist the witcheries of the enchant-  
ress. At length, she offers him wine  
—forbidden wine. He drinks; and  
then comes the last warning, in the  
shape of the Aurora Borealis, in the  
midst of which a form appears, in the  
sky:—

It opens, but who sits upon that throne?  
The Angel knew the punisher of sin.  
Check'd on his lip the self-upbraiding  
groan,  
Strain'd with wild arms his love, and joy'd  
to be undone.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her  
cheek  
He gave a glance, then sunk his hurried  
eye,  
And press'd it closer on her dazzling  
neck:  
But even in that swift gaze he could espy  
A look that made his heart's blood back-  
wards fly.  
Was it a dream?—there echoed in his  
ear  
A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery!  
It was a dream—it must be. Oh! that  
fear,  
When the heart longs to know, what it is  
death to hear.

He glanced again—her eye was upward  
still,  
Fix'd on the stooping of that burning car;  
But thro' his bosom shot an arrowy thrill,  
To see its solemn, stern, unearthly glare;  
She stood a statue of sublime despair,  
But on her lip sat scorn.—His spirits  
froze,—



His footstep reel'd,—his wan lip gasp'd  
for air;  
She felt his throb,—and o'er him stoop'd  
with brows  
As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a  
lip of rose.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood  
Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing, with  
the eye

Of famine gazing on the poison'd food  
That it must feed on, or abstaining die.

Still the Angel will not quit the ob-  
ject of his guilty love; and at last she  
persuades him, that by revealing to  
her certain mystic words, they may  
both be saved from the wrath of the  
Avenger. He knows that this is "the  
sin of sins;" and yet the effects of  
the fatal draught, conspiring with her  
form and voice, tempt him—and he  
repeats them. In an instant all is  
over:—

He spake the words of might—the thunder  
gave reply!  
Away! Away! the sky is one black cloud,  
Shooting the lightnings down in spire on  
spire.

\* \* \* \* \*

He closed his eyes.  
A voice burst o'er him, solemn as the tone  
Of the last trump,—he glanc'd upon the  
skies,  
He saw what shook his soul with sorrow,  
shame, surprise.

Th' Enchantress stood before him; two  
broad plumes  
Spread from her shoulders on the bur-  
then'd air;  
Her face was glorious still, but love's  
young blooms  
Had vanish'd for the hue of bold despair;  
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair;  
And, as she look'd upon her prostrate  
prize,  
Her eyeballs shot around a meteor glare,  
Her form tower'd up at once to giant  
size;  
'Twas EBLIS, king of Hell's relentless so-  
vereignities!

The guilty Angel is condemned to  
continue an exile from his native hea-  
ven, "till Earth is Paradise;" and  
the poem ends—but without our learn-  
ing very distinctly what immediately  
becomes of this victim of weakness  
and temptation.

We have thus, in going through  
the story of this poem, suffered it in  
a great measure to describe itself. It  
is but justice to ourselves to add, that  
we have, both for our own and the  
reader's gratification, contrived to se-  
lect what appear to us to be the best  
and most characteristic passages;

and we have no doubt they will ap-  
pear to the reader fully to bear out  
all we have said in favour of the  
author's powers.

Sebastian, the second poem in this  
volume, is a tale of high romance;  
and though told even more obscurely  
than the first, is yet much more va-  
luable, both as an evidence of the au-  
thor's general powers, and as a me-  
dium for the introduction of much  
more of various and interesting sce-  
nery, and of human character and  
passion. The opening is at once  
graceful and vigorous.

Thou land of love and loveliness, what  
dreams

Of pomp, and beauty, and old chivalry  
Haunt the green borders of thy mighty  
streams,

Imperial Spain! Years and long ages fly,  
Leaving the palace and the mountain tower  
Buried beneath their purple bed of rose;  
But still thy morn in dewy brightness  
glows,

Still falls thy eve the same enchanted hour;  
The same pure splendour lightens from thy  
moon,

Rolling along that boundless upper flood,  
Whose waves are clouds, her solemn-mov-  
ing throne.

And prouder still, the heart is unsubdued  
That made thee from the cuirass'd Roman  
wring

With naked hands his jewell'd coronal;  
And tore the sceptre from the Moslem king,  
Sending him, from Granada's ivory hall,  
To make with fox and wolf his rocky lair,  
And perish in the Alpuxarras bare.

The tale commences by a descrip-  
tion of the pomp and pageantry at-  
tendant on the solemn ceremony of  
dedicating the daughter of a Spanish  
noble to heaven.

A white flag floated from the convent tower,  
And soon were busy hands in every bower,  
Culling the lily and the eglantine,  
In their first dews, to wreath the round stall  
and shrine;  
And soon peal'd out, in rich and distant  
thunder,

The tolling of the convent's far-famed bell,  
Filling the air above, around, and under,  
With the deep music of its mighty swell  
For on this high and holy day, at noon,  
Princely Sidonia's daughter was to wear  
The robe, that, like the shroud, when once  
put on,  
Leaves the wild heart no more to hope or  
fear.

The cavalcade, as it approaches  
from the gates of Valencia to the con-  
vent, situated on a mountain in the  
neighbourhood, is vividly and richly  
pictured forth. Immediately that the

rites are concluded, the scene changes to the palace of Sidonia, where his other daughter is about to wed Sebastian.

Now down the mountain's side, that splendid wave

Of beauty and bright chivalry is rushing,  
To where Sidonia's palace gates are flushing

In the red setting of the summer sun.

In the midst of the festivities attendant on the preparations for these nuptials, the lady's steed takes fright, and she is killed!—This is a strange and rather revolting incident. Indeed it will occur to the reader, that all this part of the poem is awkwardly introduced; and it is, besides, perfectly gratuitous, and unnecessary to the after purposes of the story.

It appears that Sebastian had not loved Maria;—and after a cold and formal tribute of tears to her grave, he departs to join the war that was then raging between Charles of Austria, and the grandson of Louis XIV. who were struggling for the succession to the Spanish crown. The effects of this war on the face of Spain are described in lines of great pathos and elegance.

Her heaven and earth were changed; the crystal well

Was now a grave, a purple pit of slain;  
The hamlet was a waste, the forest cell  
Was now the pining peasant's chilling lair;  
Along the thymy slope, where gentle eyes  
Oft watched the rising of the evening star,  
Signal of love, and lover's melodies,  
Now shot at eve the burning chapel's glare.

Sebastian collects his father's followers, and eagerly takes part in these wars, until the evening of a meditated attack on Granada.

— On that last eve

There was a banquet in Valverdé's halls,  
The city's noblest name.

At this banquet he encounters a mysterious being in a moorish garb, who, after attracting and fixing his attention, escapes through the crowd and is lost. The following passage, though not without defects, is undoubtedly given in a highly poetical spirit.

Sebastian wander'd forth; the garden air  
Rush'd on his cheek, nor cool'd the fever there;

He gasp'd for breath. A sparry fountain shot

Its waters in the moonlight: by its grot  
He stood, as if the sounds his heart would lull,

His face, so sad, so pale, so beautiful,  
Fix'd on the moon, that in her zenith height  
Pour'd on his naked brow a flood of light:  
Shrined, moveless, silent, in the splendid beam,

He look'd the marble Genius of the stream.  
Silence all round; but when the night  
wind sway'd,

Or some roused bird dash'd fluttering thro' the shade,

For those he had no ear; the starry vault,  
The grove, the fount, but fed one whelming thought,

Time, fate, the earth, the glorious heaven above,

Breathed but one mighty dream,—that dream was love.

The following is, perhaps, still finer in itself; but the turn of thought is not original. It describes the effect produced in Sebastian's spirit by a supposed gleam of hope.

Delicious fantasy! the thought was balm;  
His heart, his eye in sudden rapture swam.  
Nature was charm'd to him. He could have talk'd

With every star, that in its glory walk'd.  
Hope had put life in all unliving things;  
He hung above the fountain's rippling springs,

And heard them echo joy; the bud unbranch'd

That his light pressure on the streamlet launch'd,

Bounded in joy; his deep and burning sigh  
Rose thro' the vine-leaves that gave sweet reply.

A sudden meteor sail'd across the heaven,  
He hail'd its sign; to him, to him 'twas given,

Omen of joy, bright promise of bright years.

Sebastian is waked from this ecstasy by the sound of a sudden bugle.

He started from his dream. The yellow dawn

Wander'd along night's borders, like the fawn,

First venturing from its dappled mother's side.

He joins the battle long wished for, but now no longer welcome—storms the gates of Granada—and is borne away wounded. He is attended by a young peasant who had followed the camp, and quickly recovers from his wounds.

One evening as the sun was setting sweet,  
Making its rays a coronet for the hill,

he has wandered forth beneath the walls of the Alhambra, when his attention is attracted by a voice which sings some touching lines. The minstrel is no where to be seen; and,



vexed and bewildered, Sebastian enters the walls of the Alhambra.—In this part of the poem there occurs some very powerful and splendid writing.

In this particular style of composition it might be difficult to point out, any where in modern poetry, two finer passages than the following:—

Palace of beauty ! where the Moorish Lord,  
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,  
Sat like a Genie in the diamond's blaze.

Oh ! to have seen thee in the ancient days,  
When at thy morning gates the coursers  
stood,

The " thousand," milk-white, Yemen's  
fiery blood,

In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king ;  
And thro' thy portals pour'd the gorgeous  
flood

Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir, hastening,  
Before the sky the dawning purple show'd,  
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.  
Lovely thy morn,—thy evening lovelier still,  
When at the waking of the first blue star  
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,  
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,  
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war ;  
It summon'd all thy beauty from repose,  
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.  
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains  
shone,

Shooting the sparkling column from the vase  
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze  
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry  
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom  
That breathes to African or Indian sky.  
Carnation, tuberoses, thick anemones,  
Pure lily, that its virgin head low waved  
Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would  
come,

Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,  
That see, and shrink,—and yet *will* seek  
their doom :

Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,  
In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,  
Hushing the tumult of the festival,  
When the pale bard his kindling eyeball  
rear'd,

And told of eastern glories.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly  
sun

That had no rival, and no second ?—gone !  
Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,  
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,  
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,  
Gloomy and fathomless ; thy tale is told.

Where is thy horn of battle ? that but blown  
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne ;  
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall ;  
Brought every charger barded from the stall,  
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore ;

Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour  
The living deluge on the fields of Spain.

Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain  
Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore,

Thy course was bright, bold, treach'rous,  
—and 'tis o'er.

The spear and diadem are from thee gone ;  
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne.

There is a proud, pompous, and  
at the same time, melancholy flow in  
the versification of these passages,  
which blends very harmoniously with  
the feelings and associations called  
forth by the thoughts and imagery,—  
and they cannot fail to give a strong  
impression of the writer's powers.

To pursue the story :—

Sebastian wandered on ; he had no thought,  
No eye for earthly glories ; *had that spot  
Been Paradise he would have wandered on.*

Twice, in threading the mighty  
mazes of that palace, he encounters  
the form of which he is in search ;  
and as often losing it again, returns  
to his sleepless couch. Here a rather  
confused and indistinct colloquy takes  
place between Sebastian and his peasant  
attendant ; during which we  
have the first notice that Floranthe,  
who had taken the veil at the commencement  
of the story, had left her convent immediately  
after the fatal catastrophe of her sister, and  
had not since been heard of. It had been  
reported, that she had left it accompanied  
by a page as a paramour ; and the attendant  
of Sebastian, in order to shield her from this  
obloquy, now confesses that *he* was that page ;  
and endeavours to excite Sebastian's sympathy  
towards her. But Sebastian expresses  
himself indignantly respecting her conduct,  
and the colloquy ends. The next morning  
the page is missing, and is seen no more ;  
and Sebastian on revisiting the palace  
of Sidonia, finds that the daughter  
of that Nobleman had returned.

She came in purity, but came to die.

The reader must have already anticipated  
that Floranthe, the page, and the Moorish  
unknown, are one and the same.—While  
relating, or rather, confessing her story,  
(secretly, with her dying breath, as she  
believes) she is overheard by Sebastian,  
who recognises " his lost, his lovely,  
his beloved."—The lady recovers ;  
and the tale now ends by the lovers  
being, contrary to our expectations,  
united and made happy.

Upon the whole, we close these  
poems with a very favourable impression  
of the writer's talents. He is evidently  
a person of a most elegant and accomplished  
mind, who feels

that he cannot better *display* his elegancies and accomplishments than by writing poetry: and when we add, that this is the *reason* of his choosing so to employ himself, we do not say it invidiously, or with any view to detract from, or qualify, the praises with which we have accompanied the foregoing extracts; but merely as the least obnoxious mode of expressing, that the evidences of *display* perhaps abound in them a little too much.

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STOKE HILLS.

It may be lovely from the height  
Of Skiddaw's summit, moss'd and grey,  
To feed the inexhausted sight  
On the magnificent array  
Which such a prospect must display:—  
On Keswick's lowly, peaceful vale;—  
On Derwent-water's scatter'd isles;—  
On torrents, bright with morning's smiles,  
Or mark'd by mist-wreathes pale.

I never gaz'd on such a scene;  
Yet, if I give my fancy wings,  
I half could think I there had been  
By force of her imaginings;—  
She in such witching beauty brings  
The landscape to my mental eye,  
I feel almost as if I stood  
In its romantic solitude,  
Beneath a cloudless sky.

But not in the ideal bliss  
Of such a fascinating hour,  
Hath scenery sublime as this  
Where lakes expand, and mountains tower,—  
Upon my heart so deep a power,  
Or wakes in it such tender thrills,—  
As when, immers'd in busy thought,  
And reveries by Memory brought,  
I stand upon STROKE HILLS.

It is not that the landscape there  
Can vie with Skiddaw's ampler scope;  
Nor can Stoke Hills, though soft and fair,  
With Cumbria's giant mountain cope:  
What see you, standing on their slope,—  
Or loftiest eminence—to fill  
The eye with rapture, or the mind  
With transports—that you might not find  
On many another hill?—

Nothing!—below, indeed, may be,  
And is, extending far and wide,  
A prospect beautiful, which He  
Who has most frequently descried,  
Still finds with many a charm supplied,  
And lingers, as if loth to leave it;—  
Whether it bask in morning's glow,  
Or evening's shades, succeeding slow,  
Of softer charms bereave it.

But a mere town, a pond, a river,  
And meadows, sprinkled o'er with trees,  
Whose light leaves in the sunshine quiver  
When stirr'd by each low rustling breeze,  
Such objects, though they well may please



A heart that unto beauty clings ;  
Yet could not, of themselves, excite  
Emotions—dearer than delight,  
The well-known prospect brings.

O ! nothing is more true than this ;—  
It is not through the *eye* alone,  
We gather either bale or bliss  
From scenes which it may gaze upon :—  
Their sweetest tint, their deepest tone,  
That which most maddens, or endears,  
Is shed on them by thoughts and feelings  
Which rise, at Memory's still revealings,  
From dreams of former years !

The scenes that met our early gaze,  
The very turf we trod on then,  
The trees we climb'd ;—as fancy strays  
Back to those long past hours again,  
Revive, and re-appear, as when  
The soul with sorrow kept no strife ;  
But, in its first imaginings,  
Unfurl'd its own elastic wings,  
And sprang to Light, and Life.

Can even the bright and fairy dreams  
Of Fiction, wrought in Poesy ;  
Or visions, with which Fancy teems,  
Of Love, in Love's idolatry,—  
Compare with childhood's memory ?  
No !—these, even when most pure their birth,  
Have something, in their loveliest guise,  
Which half instinctively implies  
They are of lower earth.

But the soul is not :—some indeed  
Have said that ere on earth it came,  
(As by a Power Divine decreed)  
To animate this mortal frame,  
It pre-existed, still the same :—  
And more will own to man is given  
A spirit, whose young life within,  
Ere tamper'd with by conscious sin,  
Was fed by thoughts from heaven !

And its first joys, and hopes, and fears,  
Were such as never more can meet  
A parallel in after years ;—  
Well may their memories be sweet !  
'Tis more than earthly bliss to greet  
Even a silent thought—which brings  
Some token, by its soothing powers,  
It comes back from those happier hours  
With healing on its wings.

Then wonder not that I prefer  
Such scene to Skiddaw's prouder height ;  
It is a still interpreter  
Of more than meets the outward sight :—  
I look through vistas far more bright,  
More beauteous than creation gives ;  
And feel, when plac'd on such a spot,  
My spirit's present griefs forgot,  
As in THE PAST it lives !

## THE SOCIETY, SCENERY, AND ANTIQUITIES OF SICILY.\*

WE shall have recourse to the lively and elegant work, whose title is subjoined in a note, for matter for two articles, which the readers of our magazine, we are sure, will have much gratification in perusing. The first will comprehend the Island of Sicily—the cradle of pastoral, the interesting scene of history, the abode of ancient and modern beauty, the theatre of volcanic terror and sublimity. We certainly have never encountered a traveller who possessed more of the art of carrying his readers with him, than Mr. Hughes,—and few indeed have it in an equal degree. He is worthy to have wandered amongst the scenery and the objects he describes—and when it is considered what these are, it will be seen that higher praise cannot be given.

Greece and Albania we must leave to our next number: there is no bringing them into the tail of an article,—and it would be profanation to squeeze them up in a corner.

On a fine evening in May, 1813, the author tells us, he cast anchor in the Bay of Palermo; and he strikingly and elegantly describes the aspect of beauty that beamed on his regard, when he thus first came into the glorious presence of Italian nature, presiding in one of her most majestic and voluptuous seats. The city of Palermo is described by Sicilian poets as a *beautiful pearl, set in a golden shell*. The high estimation in which the beauty of this part of Sicily was held in ancient times, may be learned from Athenæus.—“Here,” says Rosacci, “contend, as it were, all amenities, and all riches—and therefore is it called the *shell of gold*.” Our author remarks with pain

The extreme imbecility of the reigning family, and the dissolute morals of the nobles, the perversion of justice, the iniquity of the laws, and the general venality and corruption in a country which requires only the co-operation of man with the bounty of Providence, to make it a paradise upon earth.

He bears testimony, however, to the efforts made by Great Britain, to recover her ally from this state of national degradation. Under the influ-

ence of her councils, Ferdinand had resigned the authority, retaining the name of King; the Queen had been detected in her plots, deprived of all that gave her the power to do mischief, and admonished by the hanging of some of her agents. But Mr. Hughes regards the experiment, which was then tried, of establishing a representative government in this island, as a very unsuccessful one in fact,—and he seems to incline to the idea that it was not very judicious in conception. He alludes, modestly enough,—and in the tone of a man who would rather turn out to be wrong than right in his impression,—to the distinction of character between the northern and southern people, that would almost seem to be indelible, and which is now so much discussed with reference to their respective literatures. The deliberative assembly, the suffrages of independent men, seem, from time immemorial, to have entered into the political framework of northern nations; while in the south, the strong and single coercion of monarchical power has ever been the most prevalent principle of government. In the case of the Sicilians, however, it is very evident that there was a greater necessity for giving the people schools than a House of Commons; it was, naturally enough, “found impracticable to engraft an enlightened code on a nation immersed in ignorance, superstition, and immorality.” Our readers will be amused by the following sketch of the proceedings of the Sicilian Parliament;—though we have lately seen so much boyish impatience and irregularity,—so much empty indecorous laughing,—so much indecent zeal, and foolish interruption, displayed, to the scandal of a great nation, in an assembly not so new to its functions, as the Parliament of Palermo, that it would ill become us to speak very contemptuously, at this moment, of the patriotic impetuosity of the Sicilian members. “No words,” says Mr. Hughes,

Can describe the scenes which daily occurred upon the introduction of the re-

\* *Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania, by the Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes: Two Vols. 4to. London. Mawman. 1820.*



presentative system in Sicily. The house of parliament, neither moderated by discretion nor conducted with dignity, bore the semblance of a receptacle for lunatics, instead of a council-room for legislators; and the disgraceful scenes so often enacted at the hustings in England, were here transferred to the very floor of the senate. As soon as the president had proposed the subject for debate, and restored some degree of order from the confusion of tongues that followed, a system of crimination and recrimination was invariably commenced by several speakers, accompanied with such furious gesticulations and hideous contortions of countenance, such bitter taunts and personal invectives, that blows generally ensued: this was the signal for universal uproar; the president's voice was unheeded and unheard; the whole house arose, partisans of different antagonists mingled in the affray, when the ground was literally seen covered with combatants, kicking, biting, scratching, and exhibiting all the evolutions and manœuvres of the old Pancratic contests.

The particulars given by our author, illustrative of the state of morals and manners at Palermo, are far from being of favourable indication; yet, as it appears to us, a spirit of gentlemanly liberality, and amiable charity animates the detail. Against the individuals themselves, neither scorn nor ill-will is directed. Mr. Hughes seems to have observed the system of Sicilian society with the eyes of a liberal man of the world; while, at the same time, we have abundant evidence that he never for an instant forgot his English feelings and English principles. We learn from him that the conversazione rooms, attached to the theatre, form a temple, "over which the joint demons of gambling and intrigue preside;"—that they are, on that account, a favourite resort of the nobility and gentry—where the husband's losses may be recovered by the sale of the Signora's charms,—there being "no country on earth where a man bears the burthen on his brows with greater patience."—It is pleasant, however, to find a green spot in the midst of this deluge of disgrace; and we ought to compliment the feelings that directed Mr. Hughes to its discovery, amidst such an overpowering display of the externals of profligacy. The heart of woman, even here, is not totally corrupted: he thinks the female sex, in Sicily, "with regard

both to manners and morals, superior to the men:"—the homestead of virtue therefore is not wholly defiled,—its spark is not wholly quenched. He traces the debauchery he describes to circumstances rather than to dispositions: from the restraints of the gloomy unsocial cloisters, where the young girls are educated, they rush at once, with few accomplishments, and no solid instruction, but with minds full of superstition, eager to make themselves compensation by a surfeit of pleasure for the time they have spent in gloom and idleness. Marriage in this country is even more nakedly a matter of traffic, than in France. "A young lady of high rank," says our author, "was offered to my friend with less ceremony than a horse, or a parcel of ground, would be submitted to a person desirous to purchase." From the excessive ignorance of the higher classes, and the consequent absence of all internal feelings of personal dignity, proceed habits of unseemly familiarity with their inferiors and menials, which must always do mischief, as human nature is constituted—tending to degrade both parties instead of elevating one—imparting to the inferior insolence and profligacy, to the superior, baseness and vulgarity.

I have seen a Sicilian nobleman, a court favourite, and superintendant of a royal palace, seated in an old chair at his own door between his cook and butler, to enjoy a social chat in the cool of the evening. I have also seen the head servant in a family of the first rank, help to entertain his master's guests by his skill at billiards in the morning, and by his powers of conversation at the dinner-table, where he stood to carve the meat. No very high estimate of manners will be formed where both sexes spit without ceremony upon the floor of a drawing-room, and carry off in their pockets confectionary and other relics of a dinner.

Such is the picture given of the higher orders: the lower, we learn from Mr. Hughes, are kept in good humour by festivals, processions, and lotteries. "A hundred tickets, neatly rolled up in very small bits of paper, are sold at the low price of one dollar." The superstition of the people is so grossly ignorant—so utterly divested of all the refining and exalting tendencies of religion, that their language of devotion expresses sometimes the vilest debasement of intel-

lect,—sometimes downright blasphemy. The *devil* is commonly invoked as a *saint*, and the public-houses hang out for a sign of invitation “*long life to Divine Providence!*” Our author furnishes his readers with a most curious document, which he however refuses to translate,—observing that “it is too shocking.” It appears to us, that it is a mere proof of the extreme ignorance of the poor people, and that it is very shocking in this light, but in no other whatever:—surely the Deity, as an object of rational devotion, cannot be insulted by the wretched blunders of the unhappy and unenlightened amongst his creatures. The paper in question, we are told, is sold, with a great variety of others of a similar description, by the common hawkers, through the towns of Sicily, like ballads in England. It purports to be “*the copy of the Statement found in the Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour, now preserved by his Holiness in his oratory.*” This solemn document relates, that Saint Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, and Saint Bridget, whose rank and title are not mentioned, made many prayers to be informed exactly of the amount and nature of the sufferings of our Saviour during his passion: that their request was favourably listened to by the divine person, who thus spoke to these holy women.

The soldiers, dear sisters, who made me prisoner, were in number 161: the officers of justice, assisting them to take and bind me, were 33; they gave me 333 blows on the head in seizing me, and when I was their prisoner I received from them 100 more, as well as two desperate drives: I fell seven times: before the house of Anna they inflicted on me 190 stripes, and to make me get up from the ground, they gave me 18 knocks on the shoulders, and dragged me by the hair, and by the cords round my hands, 70 times:—I heaved 161 sighs; had 20 pulls by the beard; and at the pillar received 6000 lashes:—they spit 121 times in my face; gave me a mortal stab, and made me fall on the ground with the cross on my back; with the cross they gave me three fierce pushes; and the drops of blood that fell from my body were in number 30,160.

This most extraordinary relic of the most besotted and brutalizing superstition, concludes by the promise of sundry important privileges to all devout persons who shall, for the space of twelve years, repeat each day,

seven *pater ed ave*,—thus completing the whole number of drops of blood. To these indefatigables are promised, the name and rank of martyrs, and full remission of purgatory;—the women are promised easy labours,—both men and women exemption from night-mares, sudden deaths, and the power of demons.

Our author and his friend left Palermo to visit “the remains of those magnificent cities which abounded in this once flourishing island—attesting even in their fall the unrivalled taste and grandeur of sentiment which distinguished the Grecian colonies, no less than their mother country.” They first sought out the ruins of Agrigentum—which “still command admiration, where they stand the images of calm repose, the memorials of a mighty state.”

Time has spread over them its sombre tints, which blend harmoniously with the surrounding landscape, and throw, as it were, a sacred charm around its rocks and mountains.

\* \* \* \* \*

Imagination can scarcely conceive a more glorious prospect than that which the southern cliff of this great city once displayed, surmounted by a long unbroken line of the finest monuments of Grecian art! Amongst them stood six majestic temples, of that severe Doric order, which so happily combines elegance and simplicity with solidity and grandeur. The S.E. angle is still seen crowned with the ruined colonnade of Juno Lacinia surrounded by broken masses of its entablature: next to it is a very fine temple nearly entire, except the roof, commonly supposed to have been dedicated to Concord, being indebted for this extraordinary state of preservation to the piety of those ages which converted it into a Christian church. That of Hercules, the next in order, seems to have been demolished by the violence of an earthquake, as it lies in all the confusion which such an overthrow would be expected to occasion. This was one of the finest temples of Agrigentum, and held by the citizens in peculiar veneration; in size and plan it resembled the Parthenon of Athens, and contained several *chef d'œuvres* of painting and statuary. Its inimitable picture of Hercules strangling the serpents, was presented to the Agrigentines by Zeuxis; the adytum was adorned with a miracle of art, a statue of the presiding deity by Myro, who inscribed his own name upon the thigh, in small studs of silver. Cicero, in his lively description of a nocturnal attempt made by the emissaries



ries of Verres to carry off this statue, takes notice of a circumstance, which shows how similar are the effects of superstition in all ages; he observes, that its mouth and chin, though made of bronze, were actually worn by the kisses of its admiring votaries;

*oscula perspicuo figunt impressa metallo.*

Most interesting accounts of other important ruins follow. Mr. Hughes writes on such subjects in a style of gentlemanly scholarship, and with an elegance of language in which is reflected a deep poetical and classical enthusiasm. The celebrated Piscina, a vast reservoir, is still seen between two temples.

In ancient times it served as a place to exercise the youth in swimming, an art considered, by every state, of primary importance: it supplied also delicious fish for the sumptuous public entertainments; its surface was covered with stately swans and other aquatic birds, whilst the umbrageous walks upon its banks rendered it a favourite resort of the Agrigentine citizens. The limpid streams still flow in deep channels bored through the surrounding hills, adding freshness and luxuriance to the orange groves and gardens, which now occupy this cool and agreeable retreat.

Our travellers afterwards proceeded to the interior of the island with the intention of visiting Castro Giovanni, *supposed to be the capital of the kingdom of Ceres!* It was harvest time; the Sicilian peasantry were here contemplated in their most peculiar and pleasing aspect: joyous songs, and choruses, and long trains of both sexes, enlivened the journey to the ancient Gaza, so beautifully described by Cicero. Their features seemed to indicate a Saracenic origin—"but amongst them is still observed that remarkable contour and expression of countenance, called Grecian, which is so beautifully portrayed upon the ancient Sicilian coins." They are fervently addicted to music; and its "beneficial influence tends to preserve them from the overwhelming gloom of superstition, the ferocity of barbarism, and the commotions of popular frenzy." At Castro Giovanni, the *seat of the goddess*, our travellers arrived just in time to witness the election of a *member of Parliament!* The town stands in the centre of the island, on its highest inhabited ground. Its appearance is strikingly picturesque. Deep ravines intersect its site, the sides of

which are "literally honey-combed with Saracenic caves, which are still inhabited by the poorer classes."

"From the rocks gush out, as in days of old, perennial streams, and crystal fountains, amidst a vast profusion of shrubs, creepers, and wild flowers; whilst the fine cypress groves and gardens of the convents, form a shade impervious to the sun." The platform of the temple of Ceres is on the very edge of a tremendous precipice; two thousand feet in perpendicular height our author supposes,—"in view of the whole dominion over which she reigned." Here, says Mr. Hughes, "we first beheld the gigantic Etna, that 'pillar of the heavens,' as the Grecian poet calls it, towering aloft into the region of mid-air." From this spot, too, is seen to great advantage, the beautiful circular lake, where, as the poet sings—

—— Proserpine, gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gathered.

Surely our readers must feel it delightful to wander, even in description, through such scenes. Their imaginations, if they are not very dull indeed, must be excited by the lively sketches of our author, to re-create the glories of these classic haunts, where Time seems to loiter and rest—staying his wonted course, and with him keeping Antiquity ever present. The ancient spirit of the spot does not depart: it seems wedded to the beauty of nature in these charming places: it shines in the morning ray, basks under the noon-tide heat, and hovers in the clear and soft evening air.

The long description of the present state of Syracuse, and its past history, we must pass entirely by, although the chapter is a most interesting one. Our author found, instead of Diana's train, a tribe of washerwomen dabbling in the fountain of Arethusa, who clamorously demanded charity, and one of whom, in return for his pence, told him a story of a beautiful Signorina of ancient times, who being persecuted by a magician, drowned herself in the fountain. We must not, however, fail to notice the interview of our travellers with the illustrious antiquarian, Signor D. G. Capodiceci, *Arcadian of Rome*, member of the Society of good-taste at

Palermo, secretary and sub-conservator of the *Antiquities of the Valley of Demons, &c. &c. &c.*

After several fruitless attempts, we succeeded in gaining an audience of this dignified antiquarian, whom we found immersed in a multiplicity of duties, not the least of which was that of embodying the history of his native city in forty-four volumes folio! There was something indescribably curious in his appearance, seated like the very genius of antiquarian lore, in his sanctum-sanctorum, clothed in a flowered dressing-gown, with a night-cap on his head, and surrounded by an interminable chaos of broken vases, monumental tablets, ancient weapons, old books, and skins of reptiles. The old gentleman, who, from long poring over antiquities, had contracted some portion of their rust, received us with ceremonious gravity; and in his conversation alluded chiefly to the multiplicity and importance of his own occupations: continuing to write in a large folio which lay open before him, he informed us, that this was but one out of forty-four volumes which he intended to compose upon the Antiquities of Syracuse; and when time had been given us to digest this pithy fact, he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and waving both his hands up and down, as if impressed with the magnitude of the design, exclaimed several times, in a ludicrous tone of voice and with elevation of eye-brow, "*Quaranta quattro tomi, Signori, quaranta quattro tomi!*" We found some difficulty in withstanding such a temptation of our risible faculties: but as I found our laborious compiler endeavouring to exhaust the history of this greatest and most beautiful of Grecian cities, with a very slender knowledge of the ancient languages, I assisted him in translating a few inscriptions; nor did Mr. Parker please him less by purchasing some antique lamps and pateræ, at a very handsome price. In the good humour thus produced, he promised to lay aside the forty-four volumes for one morning, and conduct us through the public library and museum. Accordingly, next day he made his appearance at the Leon d'oro, with all his decorations of silver keys, golden crosses, and other badges of distinction.

Although we have just said that we could not afford to make any extracts from this part of the book, we find we cannot entirely resist the temptation. "*The Cavaliere Landolina possesses the greatest curiosity amongst the remnants of Syracusan pottery: it is the handle of a vase inscribed with the name of the celebrated Agathocles.*"

We proceeded under the city walls to the Occhio di Zilica, or pseudo-Alpheus, where

we found the water bubbling up very impetuously, more cold and less salt, than it is at a distance from the spot: from thence we glided along that part of the shore which seems in ancient times to have been a fine public promenade, and which was appropriated by Verres as the scene of his infamous debaucheries. Here, upon this shore, selected on account of the beauty of its climate (for at Syracuse the sun was said never to be obscured entirely during any one day of the year by clouds or tempest) he was accustomed to pitch his splendid tent, denying access to all except the companions or the pandars of his lust, or his youthful son, who was thus early initiated into his father's vices. 'Here,' says the indignant orator, 'whilst the fleets passed out of the Syracusan harbour, stood a prætor of the Roman people dressed in sandals, with a purple cloak, and a tunic reaching to his ankles, reclining upon a wretched harlot.'

After a rapid survey of its ancient history, Mr. Hughes thus sums up the sad fate of Syracuse—

It has dwindled away gradually under a succession of weak or tyrannical princes, derived from almost every royal house in Europe, till it has sunk into its present state of decrepitude, under the most feeble branch of the house of Bourbon. At the present period it is reckoned to contain 12,000 inhabitants, seven parish churches, besides the cathedral, ten convents of monks, and seven of nuns, a seminary for the priesthood, and a college for general studies. Its streets are narrow and dirty, its nobles poor, its commonalty ignorant, superstitious, idle, and addicted to festivals; much of its fertile land is become a pestilential marsh, and that commerce which once filled the finest port in Europe with the vessels of Italy, Rhodes, Alexandria, Carthage, and every other maritime power of the Mediterranean, is confined to a petty trade carried on by a few small trabaccole. Such is Modern Syracuse! Yet the sky which canopies it is still brilliant and serene; the golden grain is still ready to spring almost spontaneously from its fields; the blue waves still beat against its walls to send its navies over the main; nature is still prompt to pour forth her bounties with a prodigal hand: but man, alas! is changed; his liberty is lost; and with that the genius and prosperity of a nation rises, sinks, and is extinguished.

From these heights Marcellus's eye could take in at one view the whole expanse of this magnificent city, with its palaces and temples glittering in the sun, and its harbours filled with triumphant fleets. The splendour of the scene, the recollection of its ancient glory, the knowledge of its impend-



ing fate, and the importance of his own victory, so forcibly impressed themselves upon the imagination of this stern conqueror, that he burst into tears. After a lapse of 2000 years we looked down from the same spot, and saw the scene of desolation quite complete. Groves, palaces, and temples, all have disappeared; the arid rock alone remains, where the serpent basks and the solitary wild flower is unbent by human footsteps. Thus it is; every production of art or nature comes to a close, and motion seems necessary to the state of human affairs; for the high tide of prosperity soon ebbs, and the very excess of civilization seems to hasten the period of dissolution. Athens, Rome, and Syracuse, have been. The time too may come, when father Thames shall roll his waves amidst the ruins of that splendid capital which rises now so proudly on his banks. If that period should arrive, we have at least the satisfaction to know, that its name will be inserted among those that have been most glorious in their day: that the future traveller, should he wander over its deserted site, will feel his heart glow, as he treads upon the soil where freedom flourished, and where the oppressed among the nations always found protection. Such thoughts occurred to my imagination as I cast my eyes upon the little island of Ortygia, which I saw floating as it were on the distant waves, and bearing on its bosom the poor remains of ancient Syracuse: it was at this moment protected, together with the kingdom of which it forms a part, by the *Ægis* of Great Britain.

Our introduction to the city of Catania, preparatory to the ascent of Etna, is, like all our author's descriptions, calculated to interest our fancy in the place.

Long before the shades of night descended we arrived at Augusta; and the next day brought us to Catania, the finest city in Sicily, and for its size, perhaps in Europe. It is nobly situated on the roots of Etna, its despoiler and its benefactor—overwhelmed as it has often been by torrents of liquid fire, it has risen like the Phoenix more splendid from its ashes. The very substance which once ravaged its plains, has by its own decomposition covered them with soil fertile as the fabled garden of the Hesperides, and on all sides the material of destruction is turned to the purposes of ornament and utility: the streets are paved with lava—houses, palaces, and churches are built of lava—of lava they form ornamental chimney pieces, tables, and a variety of toys—whilst a natural mole of lava defends the shipping from the fury of the tempest. Ask a Catanian what is the substance of almost any thing you behold in art or nature, and his

reply will be, with a most significant elevation of his hands and eyebrows, "*Lava, Signore; tutta tutta Lava.*" The plan of this city is very superb, and no one is permitted to deviate from it in building: it contains three streets, each a mile, more or less, in length: the longest and most splendid of these terminated at one end by the Cathedral, forms at the other a noble vista which directs the eye up a gradual and majestic ascent to the smoking summit of Mount Etna: no capital in Europe that I have seen, probably none in the world, contains so sublime a prospect.

The account of the ascent, though the subject may now almost be termed a hackneyed one, is managed in a way to keep up the attention, or rather the anxiety, almost as much as if this celebrated mountain had been visited for the first time by Mr. Hughes. Its varied scenery is beautifully passed before our eyes,—without too great an affectation of description. Our author evidently feels quickly and deeply himself, and this enables him to convey to others vivid and impressive ideas.

We proceeded the first day about nine miles up the mountain, to the pretty village of Mascalucia, in the midst of what is called the 'cultivated' or 'fertile region': of this region we saw more in our descent when we passed through the beautiful village of Tre Castagne, on our road to Taormina. No language can do justice to the scenery, fertility, and luxuriant verdure of this tract, whose bosom heated by subterranean fires, and situated in the most favourable climate upon earth, teems with every flower and plant and tree that can delight the eye, and every species of fruit that can gratify the palate: fields covered with golden grain or the purple vine, villages and convents embosomed in thick groves of chesnuts and oriental planes, mossy fountains and transparent streams, exhausted craters covered with a verdant canopy of foliage, and numberless other beauties invite the tourist to these charming scenes; scenes that derive a double interest from their classical celebrity, from the loves of Acis and Galatea, and the adventures of the wandering Ulysses: here also the sportsman will meet with every species of game that he can desire, and the botanist or mineralogist find inexhaustible sources of amusement. The population of this luxuriant district, in towns and villages, is estimated at 300,000, one-fourth of all the inhabitants of Sicily!

They then passed through the village of Nicolosi, a frightful assemblage of low huts, each of which is built one

story high, to guard against earthquakes.

The last eruption of Etna took place on the 27th October, 1811, and continued, with intervals of relaxation, till near the middle of November. It was represented to us as having been surprisingly beautiful in appearance, though harmless in its effects. Five mouths opened all at once, just below the great crater, on the side facing Taormina, vomiting forth sulphureous flames, ashes, and red-hot stones, accompanied by the most terrific detonations, which shook violently the windows in Catania, and succeeded each other sometimes at the rate of thirty in a quarter of an hour.

Our travellers entered the "woody region," a vast girdle of ancient oaks and chesnuts, about six or seven miles in breadth, which embraces this extraordinary mountain, "beginning and terminating abruptly, and exhibiting the most romantic views which forest scenery on the most extensive scale can display." The vast "grotto dei capri," brought Ulysses, the Cyclops Polyphemus, and his flocks, to their imagination. Here they dined, drank tea, and slept. Before the dawn of day (the second of their ascent) they arrived at what is called the desert region, which is scarcely a mile from the base of the crater.

Here we found a very substantial house, which had been built in the year 1811 by the English then resident in Sicily, with excellent stabling adjoining to protect the poor animals from the beating of those storms to which they were formerly exposed. Leaving our mules therefore in this hospitable retreat, we toiled over several acres of lava, full of sharp rugged points and deep chasms, affording every facility for breaking, or at least spraining the limbs.

We arrived at the summit of the crater, breathless with fatigue and half suffocated with sulphureous vapour, about a quarter of an hour before the orb of day appeared: Aurora, indeed, had dissipated the darkness, and we were thus enabled to contemplate the wonders and magnificence of the scene. The vast hollow, or barathron of the crater, strongly arrested our attention. It is about two miles and a half in circuit, though it appears like a point when viewed from the Catanian plains; retaining the same dimensions which it had in the time of Pliny: it contains two principal spiracula, or vents, from whence, as from the mouths of enormous pieces of artillery, huge stones and rocks are precipitated several thousand feet into the air during the term of an erup-

tion: we examined the largest of these and perceived that it had, as it were, three stages of descent: the first extended only a few hundred yards, where it was terminated by a shelf, or ridge of cinders; from thence the second stage had a more precipitous inclination towards a similar ridge; but the third was the perpendicular unfathomable abyss.

At length faint streaks of light shooting athwart the horizon, which became brighter and brighter, announced the approach of the great luminary of day: and when he sprang up in splendid majesty, supported, as it were, on a throne of golden clouds, that fine scriptural image of the giant rejoicing to run his course, flashed across my mind. As he ascended in the sky his rays glittered on the mountain tops, and Sicily became gradually visible, expanded like a map beneath our eyes. This effect is most extraordinary; nearly all the mountains of the island may be descried, with cities that surmount their summits; more than half the coast, with its bays and indentations, and the promontories of Pelorus and Pachynum, may be traced, as well as the course of rivers from their springs to the sea, sparkling like silver bands which encircle the valleys and the plains. We were unable to distinguish Malta, though I do not on this account doubt the relation of others who profess to have done so: the Lipari isles were very much approximated to view by the refracting power of the atmosphere; as also was the Calabrian coast. The sides of Etna itself are covered with beautiful conical hills, from which ancient lavas have issued; their exhausted craters are now filled with verdant groves of the spreading chesnut, exhibiting the most sylvan scenes imaginable: on the plain below, these cones would be lofty mountains; here they appear but excrescences that serve to vary and to beautify the ground.

The ride to-day gratified us more than that of yesterday; for the air being quite transparent, the most charming prospects imaginable opened themselves to view through the deep glens and magnificent vistas of the woody region, comprehending mountains crested with cities—villages embosomed in rich foliage—vineyards pregnant with the purple grape—projecting capes and promontories—with the glorious expanse of the dark-blue sea beyond. Viewing this resplendent picture one might be tempted almost to arraign the partiality of Providence in lavishing all his bounty on a particular district, did not a recurrence of the tremendous lava-course testify an awful intermixture of evil, and vindicate his dispensations.

After this interesting excursion our



author returned to Palermo, and soon set out from Sicily for Greece.

Here, and in Albania, it is our intention to follow him in our next number. The history of his residence at Ionina, the capital of Ali Pasha,—and his account of Parga, of the Suliotes, and their resistance to the tyrant, comprehend the most interesting narrative we have yet met

with, of the life, character, and government of that most extraordinary man, who, having triumphed by fraud or force, over all opposition, up to extreme old age, has probably by this time perished under the storm of Ottoman vengeance, which he has at length drawn on his head. The latest accounts left him without hope.

## REPORT OF MUSIC.

### No. X.

The provincial meetings we announced in our last, have taken place. That of the three choirs at Gloucester was as good, but not superior, to the general run of such performances. There is, unquestionably, sterling excellence in the selections which are usually resorted to; and the perfection to which certain singers have attained in certain songs, is, as unquestionably, not diminished by their eternal repetition. We have, however, long believed, that the hour of change was at hand, and that, to preserve attention, and ensure patronage and profit, conductors must extend their range, and depart a little from the long and justly deserved favour the country has shown to the compositions of her great musical champion—her

Giant Handel with his hundred hands.

It is true, that, as new generations rise, a fresh race of auditors spring up, in whose minds it is desirable to fix the principles of sound taste, and of a style of English singing which has been traditionally handed down to us from its founders, through a direct line of eminent performers, whose practice can scarcely be said to have declined as it has descended. These principles, and this manner of singing, convey the purest, most magnificent, most sublime traits both of composition and of execution—of the genuine great style—that the world has known or acknowledged. But having been heard incessantly at the London Oratorios in the spring, and at the country Oratorios in the autumn—at every church, and chapel, and concert, public and private—amongst amateurs and amongst professors—in truth, it must be said, attention

begins to turn coldly from the unvarying sameness of “the Messiah,” and from the “Grand Selections from Sampson and Judas Maccabæus;”—the fact being, that the works of Handel are known to the English public through but a few of his masterpieces.—Independently of this sameness, the progress of manners, as we have before remarked, has rendered the good people of England, not less good, perhaps, but certainly a “less thinking people”—less deeply contemplative, and more “fantastical” in the poetical sense of the word. In their musical tastes they afford one exception, at least, to the assertion of our lively dramatic critic in the last Number of *THE LONDON*,—that the progress of things “is never from grave to gay.” In music, at least, they incline to take the livelier turn:—bear witness to the truth of our assertion, the Oratorios during Lent enlivened by Signor Ambrogetti—witness for us Handel and King Jephtha elbowed, and shouted out of place, and thrust into the shade too, by Gneco and the Italian composer giving his directions to the assembled train of musicians,—or eclipsed by the description of a battle with the Turks, in Italian.—The children of this age certainly prefer light, and voluptuous, and especially amatory sensations, to the awful and sublime impressions of that which is departed, and to which they also must depart—witness the triumph of Anacreon Moore’s resistless enthrallment of the senses, over the beautiful, the intellectual, the refined, but chaster and comparatively cold ballads of a former, and almost forgotten day.

The conductors of the Great Festival at Birmingham, if not the first to

apprehend and to note these symptoms, have been the first to address them in practice. In the feast they have just afforded to the musical world, they have studied novelty as well as excellence; and seldom has public spirit been more usefully, more worthily, more intensely excited.—Benevolence, in one of its clearest and purest forms, has been most extensively aided; science has been promoted; general taste advanced; art supported, amateurs from all parts of the kingdom, as well as the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, amused, delighted, and instructed. The place itself, too, has been benefited by the instrumentality of performances, which protract the pleasure beyond the mere hour of enjoyment, and dismiss individuals to their homes with fresh incitements to cultivate an elegant and a refined pursuit, which in its private exercise is amongst the “best of our delights,” whether regarded as the immediate solace of leisure, or as the softener of manners. We would hold up the example of Birmingham to the other large towns of the kingdom, particularly where the neighbouring residence of families of distinction facilitate the application of the beneficial principle we wish to point out to observation. This principle is the attainment of all the objects we have just recapitulated, by means of well digested efforts, systematically pursued, to awaken the attention, and enlist the spirit of a country in a public cause.

That the plan at Birmingham is well laid and well digested will be known most especially by the energy and consistency with which Music is at all times cultivated and encouraged by the inhabitants of Birmingham. Amongst the *establishments* of the town is an “Oratorio Choral Society,” whose funds (we are told) are annually and liberally aided by the directors of the Hospital, to which they reciprocate support. Thus a well trained band of chorus-singers is constantly ready, and maintaining a steady progress toward the highest state of perfection. When, therefore, the whole structure is to be used, there is only the easy addition of the ornamental parts.

London is the mart where these are

stored,—and the Birmingham recipe to secure universal excellence appears to be to include every thing, and every body, that has the reputation of excellence, in every department, from Mr. Greatorex down to the boys of the King’s Chapel.

But such arrangements must be supported by an adequate spirit of patronage, and by the entire enlistment of all the surrounding affluence in the cause! True. And at Birmingham they have found out the secret of doing so. Their end is public and laudable; their means such as pamper opulence and condition. They make it a matter of pride and praise, to be found among those who patronize, or in any way promote, or even are present at, such a festival.

Thus the foundation is laid in the prejudices and passions, as well as in the virtue, of the human heart; and wise legislators are they who turn the selfish, as well as the social, dispositions of mankind to the purposes of good! How readily assistance and support are to be obtained; nay, as we should say, commanded, nothing can more clearly show than the advertisement of thanks from the committee. They thank the President (the Earl of Dartmouth,) and the Vice-President, —the Nobility and Gentry, who honour the festival with their presence,—the Countesses of Dartmouth, Galloway, and Clonmell, and the ladies who *collected the donations* at church,—the preacher for his discourse,—the canon for his chaunting, the Rev. John Webbe, for his poetry to Haydn’s Seasons,—Mr. Greatorex, for his music,—the performers for their service,—Mr. Munden and the Oratorio Choral Society, for their attention,—the constables and police officers, for the maintenance of order,—all who undertook offices, for the performance of their several duties,—Mr. Tomkinson, for his piano-forte,—Mr. Bunn, for preparing the theatre,—the Philosophical Society, for their lamps,—Mr. Greensall, for his awning,—and the principal vocalists, for their donations. This is indeed to manifest a universal interest in the cause. We make the enumeration as a memorandum of instruction to the directors of public charities. One more fact is alone necessary to show the results of this mighty preparation, and it is in-



deed a noble one—UPWARDS OF NINE THOUSAND POUNDS WERE RAISED, in the manner following.

The following is the statement of receipts of the four days:—

TUESDAY.				
	£.	s.	d.	
Church Admis-				
sions.....	271	2	6	
Collection ....	341	15	3½	
Theatre .....	791	14	0	
	1404	11	9½	
WEDNESDAY.				
Church Admis.	1162	10	0	
Collection ....	300	15	1½	
Theatre .....	839	19	0	
	2303	4	1½	
THURSDAY.				
Church Admis.	1006	10	0	
Collection ....	433	0	0	
Dress Ball ...	678	15	0	
	2118	5	0	
FRIDAY.				
Church Admis.	1293	0	0	
Collection ....	475	11	3½	
Theatre .....	1070	13	0	
	2839	4	3½	
Additional Do-				
nations .....	95	0	0	
Received for Books,				
supposed. ....	300	0	0	
Total	£9060	5	2½	

We may now proceed to the music. The meeting commenced with the regular service of the Church, to which Orlando Gibbons's "*Hosannah to the Son of David*" was prefixed, and which gave an expression of solemnity and grandeur. A double choir of sixty-five selected voices on each side, was employed to chaunt the Psalms, and their effect was most peculiarly fine and imposing. Travers's *Te Deum*, Croft's *Jubilate*, a *Gloria Patri*, by Blow, and Cooke's *Amen*, Purcell's *Anthem*, "*O Give Thanks*," with Martin Luther's Hymn, (sung by Miss Stephens), and Dr. Green's *Anthem*, "*O God of My Righteousness*," made up the music of the first morning.

It is unnecessary to go into a recapitulation of the several selections which followed. The parts that were the most new to the general ear were Haydn's *Seasons*, for which new words had been written by the Rev. J. Webbe, of Birmingham; a sacred Cantata of Mozart's, sung by Miss Corri; a grand *Scena* from *Palestine*, by Attwood; an *Aria* by Garcia, sung by Mrs. Salmon; a song of Bishop's,

"*What Airy Sound*," with a flute obligato accompaniment, by Miss Stephens; a part of Jomelli's *Requiem*, and Mozart's *Requiem* entire. To these were added the *Messiah*, and the leading favourite songs, without which no festival can be sustained. The full instrumental Pieces were magnificent, and the concertos by Lindley, Bochsa, and Mori, exquisite. The effects of the choral parts, supported by the immense body of instrumentalists, and by the introduction of the trombones and serpents from the King's household band, were more sublime than any thing that has been heard since the Abbey performances. In fine, the entire festival exhibited the perfection of England, in the science and practice of music, and the power of the fine arts over patronage, when the springs that move the public are judiciously brought into play, and these various powers combined.

The festival at Exeter which succeeded this grander display, had nothing extraordinary to elevate it above the usual level.

Mr. and Miss Mori have been down to Norwich to assist at two concerts there. Miss M. is not much known as an orchestra singer, but she appears to greater advantage than upon the stage of the King's Theatre. Her voice is full-toned, and in its lower and middle parts rich and sweet; its upper notes are somewhat acidulated by the manner of producing them, and her shake is very imperfect. Her style is genuinely Italian, but exhibits a mixture which indicates the imitation of particular models, rather than the regular formation effectuated by attention to principles. She has a good deal of execution in the modern fashion. At present she is certainly in a state of progressive improvement, and though already, considering her age and opportunities, a good singer, will probably arrive at a far higher stage of excellence. Mr. Mori played supremely well, and was encored in his concerto, an instance of approbation very rarely, if ever before, extended to an instrumental performance in that city. But in truth, his taste, feeling, and exertion, deserved every meed that could be bestowed. To the eternal fame of the taste of Norfolk, the county ball on the preceding evening was attended by "a

well dressed crowd" of nearly seven hundred persons, who with the best grace imaginable, pushed, elbowed, and how d'ye do'ed each other,

—————*dum sudor ad imos*  
*Manabat talos;*

while at the refined and intellectual entertainment at which the superior talents of this really great artist were displayed, not more than fifty persons, and scarcely one of them from beyond the walls of Norwich attended!

The compositions this month are very few.

*Notturmo for the Piano-forte*, by F. Ries. This piece is considerably more simple in its structure than the generality of Mr. Ries's compositions; it is however marked by the peculiar characteristics and transitions that

distinguish his style. It contains no difficulties of execution, yet may hardly be termed an easy lesson. The parts are adapted to the acquirements of middle rate performers, and the piece may be recommended as light and rather melodious.

Mr. Knapton's *Swiss Air* with variations is a smooth and somewhat brilliant little piece. Mr. R. has not, however, been so successful in composing for the piano-forte, as he has shown himself as a writer of ballads. The lesson before us is yet far from uninteresting when taken in the light of a lesson (as probably intended), for players not very far advanced.

*The Duchess of Oldenburgh's Waltz with Variations*, by Mr. Lillycrop, is a composition of the same kind, but lower in the scale. It is a light and agreeable piece.

#### GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

*Modern Italian Improvisatori.*—There only existed wandering minstrels and improvisatori in Germany, at the period when Italy possessed her greatest poets; now, while Germany boasts her Goethe, Italy abounds with strolling *Musagete* and *Improvisatori*. It has never been found, that the noblest productions of poetry have sprung up where the soil has been cultivated by the greatest number of labourers:—the muse reserves her most valuable prizes for those contests, to which but few, and select, competitors are admitted; she does not distribute them to a promiscuous multitude thonging into her sacred groves. The Italians themselves conceive it to be a symptom of the decline of their poetry, that it has fallen into the hands of *Improvisatori*: yet we must not confound the two classes of these.—There are the street-singers, who undertake to produce extempore versified effusions upon any given subject, and to recite them to music which is equally *impromptu*; but there are some of a very different description, who deliver their compositions in the *Teatro della Valle*, and at the Venetian Palace at Rome.

M. Muller, who accompanied the Baron von Sack to Italy, in 1817, with the view of proceeding to Athens, suffered himself, like ano-

ther Hannibal, to be arrested by the fascinations of Italy: not that he loitered at Capua, or stopped *ante portas*, for it was Rome itself that proved the impediment to his farther progress. He takes particular notice of two *Improvisatori*, whom he heard in that city;—Rosa Taddei,—or, according to her Arcadian title, Licori Partenopea,—a girl of no more than seven years of age; and Tommaso Sgricci of Arezzo, whose academical appellation is Terpandro.

The former gave many *Academie*, or poetical recitations, at the *Teatro della Valle*; and the manner of these exhibitions is as follows. At the entrance into the pit, is placed a silver urn, into which every one, as he comes into the house, puts a ticket, where he has written the subject he proposes for the poetess to try her powers on. A simple melody announces her appearance; and the urn is placed upon the stage, when a stranger draws forth a certain number of the tickets, reads the subjects aloud, and then delivers them to the *Improvisatore*. At the *Academia*, or meeting held at this theatre on the 24th February, 1818, the following were the arguments which were drawn:—*La morte del Conte Ugolino*; *Saffo e Faone*; *La Morte d'Ifigenia*; *la morte d'Egeo*; *il cinto di Venere*; and *Coriolano*. Previously to the commencement of her



recitations, she walked several times up and down the stage; then mentioned a certain number to the musicians, upon which they played an air; after several repetitions of which she at length burst forth into an apparently inspired strain on the subject of Ugolino's woes—at one time singing, at another declaiming—a style which, to the Italians, who are accustomed to a *parlando* and a *recitativo secco* in their operas, might appear harmonious enough. At every new subject she called for different music; and sometimes requested *bouts-rimés* from the audience, or asked them to propose to her the measure and form of her compositions. At the termination of each piece, she sank exhausted upon a seat,—a state of exaltation and inspiration being succeeded by a kind of swoon, from which, however, the applause of her hearers, and a glass of iced water, never failed to recover her.

Sgricci made his first appearance at Florence; he afterwards recited at Venice and Milan; and, in 1818, gave four *Academie* at the Venetian Palace in Rome. He delivers his compositions without any musical accompaniment, and possesses such copiousness and fluency of expression, combined with so much self-possession, and is moreover such a master of dramatic imitation, that he not only produces single pieces, or ballads, in which both the subject and measure are given to him, but he frequently asks for tragic scenes which he immediately executes impromptu. On one occasion the subjects given were, *Le Nozze di Amore e Psiche in terza rima*; *La Morte di Saffo in versi sciolti*; and *La Morte di Socrate*, a Tragedy in three acts, with chorusses.

The *Accademia Tiberina* gave an entertainment in honour of this Poet, at which he was presented with a gold medal. It was on this occasion that he recited *Coriolano*, a composition in blank-verse, and *La Morte di Lucretia*, a tragedy in three acts, with chorusses, in which he surpassed all his former productions: and if, when transferred to paper, his poetry appear somewhat cold, such is the animation of his gesture and delivery, that he is universally esteemed in Italy as the greatest master in his art. After all, however, improvisa-

toreship cannot be esteemed as tending to advance poetry; but rather to conduct it in a retrograde direction: it partakes too much of the nature of music, where the sentiment is never delineated with precision, but merely in a vague and general manner.

We should never be able to conceive how the Improvisatori can enter upon a subject with such promptitude, did we not consider that it is generally some common-place from classical mythology and history, with a stock of which they are well provided: it is the same with their dramatic scenes, and we may to-day hear a dying Socrates express himself with the same sentiments and in the manner, which yesterday were given to a dying Seneca. It must, however, be acknowledged that Signor Sgricci distinguishes himself beyond all his competitors for real talent and solid acquirements.

#### *Thorvaldsen the Danish Sculptor.*—

Little is known in this country respecting the Literature and Arts of Denmark, yet we presume that the name of the illustrious rival of Canova is sufficiently well known among us to render a brief sketch of his life interesting to our readers.

Bertel (Albert) Thorvaldsen was born at Copenhagen, in the year 1771 or 1772, of parents in very moderate circumstances; his father, who was by birth an Iclander, being a working stone-mason. Even when a child, Albert used to amuse himself by attempting to assist his father, and, in a short time, imitated with surprising cleverness the ornaments which the latter used to carve in wood. This induced his father, who already foresaw that his son would never be satisfied with the trade of a common-mason, to send him for instruction in drawing to the Academy of the Arts. Here he soon attracted the notice of his tutors, although he was not distinguished by his industry in the drawing-school; but he soon displayed his genius for modelling, and, in a short time, obtained several of the lesser prizes at the Academy. The young artist was more indebted to his own genius and exertions than to the lessons he had received. In his seventeenth year he modelled a bas-relief as a competitor for one of the lesser prizes, in the struggle for

which it is customary to shut the pupils in an apartment by themselves. On this occasion, which laid the foundation of his future reputation, Thorvaldsen experienced all the horrors endured by a condemned malefactor; and even now it is not without signs of a somewhat comic alarm that he recalls the sensations of that moment, and how he was obliged to seek inspiration for the dreaded task in copious draughts of an hippocréne that flowed with brandy. Its potency, however, was such, that he successfully accomplished his work in the space of four hours. The subject given him was Heliodorus pillaging the Temple, and so masterly was its execution, that it completely astonished those who were appointed to judge of the merits of the different performances. They not only awarded to him the prize, but likewise bestowed upon him the great gold medal, to which is appended the more solid advantage of a pension to enable the student to travel. Of this, however, he was not allowed to avail himself immediately, as the professors judged it would be imprudent to send abroad one so young and inexperienced; he therefore received at that time only the premiums. The rapid progress which he now made delighted his patrons, and obtained for him the friendship of Abilgaard the celebrated historical painter; likewise of his Excellency Resventlow, who generously encouraged the rising talents of the youthful artist.

After having produced many successful works at home, Thorvaldsen quitted his native land in 1797, and embarked for Italy, on board a royal frigate that was bound for Naples. His voyage was not unattended by perils, for the vessel was driven upon the coast of Barbary, and hardly had they escaped the dangers that threatened them there, than fresh disasters obliged them to put into port at Malta; at length, however, they reached Naples. The young artist, who was quite a novice in the world, and unacquainted with any language but his own, found himself uneasy in that fairy land, where he was surrounded by the enchantments of both nature and art. That *maladie de pays*, which hardly ever fails to attack a young Dane at a distance from his home, rendered him insensible to all

the magic that here presented itself; nay, so wretched did he feel that shame alone prevented him from immediately returning in the very vessel that had brought him, without even seeing Rome, the Apollo, or the Laocoon. At length, however, he visited that seat of art, and there, for some time, wandered amidst the gods and heroes of antiquity like one in a stupor, too much confounded by the sight of such glorious monuments, to be able to attempt any thing himself. Yet after a while the cloud that had enveloped both his corporeal and mental eye, gradually dispersed. The Roman ladies began to distinguish the handsome and blooming Dane; their attentions expelled his melancholy, and, towards the end of the second year of his residence at Rome, he began to model. He now attracted the notice of his learned and celebrated countryman Zoega, who saw the genius with which he was gifted, and who, although he was his most confidential friend, was at the same time his severest critic. In him the young Phidias of the North found a most inexorable judge, who was any thing but indulgent, whenever he conceived that he had just reasons for blame. The Ancient Sculptors, he would say, would never do so: no respectable woman, much less a goddess, ever arrayed herself thus, said he once, on examining a Pallas, whose drapery was disposed in not the most decent manner; and upon such occasions the artist did not scruple to deface and destroy statues that would have conferred upon him reputation.

Still he was so little known, even when he produced his Jason, that he was asked, in a society of artists, whether he was acquainted with the young Dane who had executed that noble statue?—For such was the retirement in which Thorvaldsen worked, that no one suspected him of having created such a wonderful work.

Hope, the wealthy Dutchman, being then at Rome, visited Thorvaldsen, and commissioned him to execute in marble the Jason, of which he had seen the cast. Immediately after this work, the artist modelled a large bas-relief, the subject of which was taken from the first book of the Iliad, representing Agamemnon, causing the Heralds to fetch Briseis



from the tent of Achilles—a composition that did not fail to attract the notice of connoisseurs. He now continued to make farther and rapid advances in his art, while his fame extended itself more and more.

In 1808 he executed two works that must immortalize his reputation; namely his colossal figure of Mars, and his Adonis, both which form an epoch in the history of modern art. The connoisseurs were actually enraptured with his Adonis, of which they said, “Questo è da vero un uomo divino;” and among those who were thus lavish of their commendations, was the illustrious Canova, who declared it to be one of the most successful of Thorvaldsen’s productions—one executed in a noble and beautiful style, and replete with sentiment. In 1809, Thorvaldsen

received fresh commissions from Denmark: his sovereign wished for four bas-reliefs to decorate the entrance to the newly erected palace of Christianborg; which the artist executed so as completely to satisfy every person of taste.

Such is the brief sketch of his career as an artist—but Thorvaldsen is equally interesting as a man. He possesses a genuine talent for music, and plays upon the guitar with exquisite spirit and expression. Nor is his judgment on subjects of music or poetry less correct than his feeling. The polish and delicacy of his manners render him a welcome companion in the most refined circles; his wit is pungent and keen, and his judgment in matters of taste is such as might be expected from one who has attained to the summit of art.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Some Account of the Travels of the Count Enegildo Frediano in Egypt, and the adjacent countrys, under the assumed name of Anciro.*—This traveller arrived in Egypt in the year 1817, through which country he proceeded to the utmost extent of its longitudinal direction. In Nubia, he accompanied Lord Belmore, went with Belzoni into the second pyramid of Cephrem, and is the only person who was present at that discovery. Thence he directed his course towards Asia, where he visited Idumæa, the land of the Philistines, that of the tribes of Israel, Phœnicia, Lebanon, Syria, the Euphrates, and Palmyra. At the beginning of 1819, he returned to the Nile, journeyed towards Arabia Petræa, crossed the Red Sea, followed the course which had formerly been pursued by the people of God; crossed through the country of the Midianites, and the provinces Amelen and Elim, returning to Cairo by Mount Sinai. During the autumn of the same year, he made another excursion from Alexandria, visited the Lakes Mareotis, Madia, Burlos and Mongaleh, the islands Jannis and Thuna, Mount Cassius, the ruins of Tanis, Cabria, Pelusium, Mendes, Beibeth, Facuso, Sebennyus and Atridis; and examined whatever was most remarkable in the provinces of Delta, Dakelia, Garbia, Sorkia and Celabia. On his return Frediano made a collection of natural curiosities; analyzed the waters of the warm springs at Tor-der-el-Hamman and Mansura, met likewise with a vein of gypsum, a very abundant bed of natron, and with immense tracts of land

entirely filled with vegetable potass of all the three species. He purchased a number of antiquities, both in Asia and Africa, a considerable part of which he has already sent off to Italy; among these are a bronze figure of Harpocrates, a copy of the Pentateuch, written in the ancient Jewish, or, as it is at present called, the Samaritan character; also some thousand very rare Athenian, Syrian, and Phœnician coins, among which is one not hitherto known; it is of an oval shape, and alludes to the Ogygian deluge. It is his intention to visit Abyssinia, Senaar, Cordefan, Darfur, and other kingdoms in the interior of Africa. In a letter to Professor Branchi at Pisa, his former instructor in chemistry, Anciro has declared his design of not confining his attention merely to antiquities, but to study all the more striking natural objects and phenomena that may present themselves to his observation, in which pursuit he has been already very successful, having obtained some important results. There has recently appeared in an Italian journal, a very interesting letter addressed from this traveller to Canova, and dated from Palmyra. “Having passed Conna and Apollinopolis,” says he, “I beheld Karnac, with its avenues of sphinxes, its halls of granite, its courts, and temple, with its numerous columns, which are covered with hieroglyphics, and so thick that seven men are scarcely able to encircle them. I afterwards visited Luxor, with its stupendous obelisks and colonnades; then Medinet Abu, that is remarkable for the multiplicity of ruins and fragments with which it is covered, likewise for the im-

mense colossus that formerly used to salute the beams of the rising sun, and even still overshadows the plain of ancient Thebes. \* \* \* At Ischiet, (in Nubia), we met with Dand Karcef, one of the seventy sons of Hassan, who gave us a very hospitable reception in his camp, where he was seated beneath a Baldachin of Palms. \* \* \* On the 25th December, 1817, I cut the name Ilia (Italy), together with my own, upon the highest point of the rocks at the cataracts of Nubia, from which point I again returned. The river, which first bestows fertility and prosperity upon so many kingdoms, is here divided into an infinity of little brooks, which, at one time bubbling between the rocks, at another, winding among flowers, present a most incomparable spectacle. \* \* \* I staid several days at Rademon, which place is remarkable on account of a Sugar Refinery and Rum Distillery, both which are under the superintendence of a M. Brine, a gentleman from whom I experienced much courtesy and civility. Hence I proceeded to the pyramids of Saccara, and afterwards crossing the plain of Memphis, arrived at those of Gizeh; there I met with Signor Belzoni, who was busily engaged in penetrating into the second of those stupendous masses of stone. In company with him, I explored these appalling chambers of death and silence, which had been shut to human curiosity for so many generations; we here met with a descending gallery constructed of the finest and most massy granite: at its farther extremity is a passage so narrow as barely able to admit a man in an horizontal attitude. To this succeeds another gallery conducting into a hall, which contains a sepulchre that has already been explored; adjoining on the left are a third gallery and chambers, whose walls are covered with both Cufic and Modern Arabic inscriptions. Upon returning into the open air, I felt an inclination to ascend the highest of these pyramids, and when I had reached the summit I fancied that I could reach the stars with my fingers. I continued here during the whole of the night;—it was one of the most delightful I had ever experienced,—while forty centuries lay slumbering beneath my feet. The following morning I beheld the sun ascending above the horizon, with a splendour and majesty such as no artist or poet has ever yet conceived. From this elevation I wrote letters to yourself, to Benvenuto, Dionigi, Morghen, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the Chevalier Fossombroni, and many other distinguished individuals of my native country.

From the pyramids I returned again to Cairo, whence I directed my course towards Asia; then it was, that as I saw the fertile and well cultivated plains of Egypt gradually retreating from my view, I recalled to mind the account sent by Amru to Omar,

who had required of him some description of these countries. 'Imagine to yourself, O Prince of the Faithful,' says he, 'an immense dry and sterile plain, divided by a mighty river. Along the course of this stream run two chains of hills, fertilized by the current, to which heaven seems to have imparted a peculiarly beneficent virtue. \* \*

\* \* In the city of Tiberias, whose waters I analysed, resides the worthy Raphael Picciotto, Austrian Consul General in Syria, and I cannot forbear remarking to you, my illustrious friend, that among the Jews residing in all quarters of the globe, particularly those of Asia and Africa, there prevails a feeling which leads them to choose to terminate their days in the territory which their forefathers once cultivated with the sweat of their brow. They are early initiated into this attachment towards what they consider to be their home, and it is affecting to behold the aged Israelite land on the coasts of Palestine, and, supported by the arm of his equally venerable consort, commence with the sighs of hope the last pilgrimage which is to conduct his wearied frame to repose in the tombs where his fathers sleep. \* \* \* Continuing my journey along the coast of Phœnicia, I could with difficulty restrain my impatience as I approached a wretched cliff, where in the midst of sand and waves was situated the once mighty Mistress of the Ocean. The Greek Archbishop Melchita Don Cirillo Debbas received me very cordially at his house, and setting before me on the floor a frugal meal, said, 'I receive you with all the simplicity with which the apostles were wont to entertain their guests, and bid you heartily welcome to this scanty repast, which I daily partake with the stranger. Had I more I would freely bestow it, but my entire revenue, namely, that arising from the archbishopric of Tyrus, does not amount to more than two hundred scudi, and the half of this income is expended in relieving the poor of my diocese. Besides being their spiritual, I am also their temporal physician, and supply them with medicines gratuitously. The other prelates who live among the mountains, are more secure than myself, yet I esteem myself happier, since I participate with my flock in every event of sorrow or of joy.' \* \* \*

Lady Esther Stanhope, whose singular manner of life has attracted the notice both of Europe and Asia, lives in the vicinity of Sidon, at a little place called Araba, and still persists in her determination not to receive any European visitors. \* \* \*

I travelled quite over Mount Libanon, which contains so many hills within itself, that it might well be termed a kingdom, and upon Mount Carmel I collected an innumerable quantity of petrified shell fish and fruit. \* \* \* At Balbec I seemed again to behold Thebes transported to Syria; an en-



tire volume would hardly suffice to describe adequately the Temple of the Sun: among other objects one meets with, still standing, six columns 71 feet high, and 21 feet eight inches in diameter; while among the blocks of granite are three extending 175 feet. Another is 69 feet two inches long, by 12' 10" broad, and 13' 3" thick. You alone, my friend, are worthy to decide whether these stupendous fragments are the workmanship of human hands. What shall I say to you of Palmyra, the view of which kindles the mind even to enthusiasm. There are even still remaining about thirty towers, the Temple of the Sun, and 300 columns, which stand on the sandy plain, the monuments of that great city. I purpose giving an ample account of this in the journal of my travels. I here again engraved the word *Ilia* in the marble, and recollecting your illustrious name, which has continually animated me during my labours and researches, I added, *Frediani stima degne le rovine di Palmyra del genio del divino Canova.* \* \* \* \* Thus within the space of fifteen months, and during a journey of 7000 miles, I had crossed the Mediterranean, travelled through Misraim, Nubia, Kedar, Idumæa, the country of the Philistines, Judæa, Samaria, Galilee, Phœnicia, Cælosyria, Syria, and Mesopotamia; had viewed the Sea of Pentapolis; had drank of the waters of the Sea of Tiberias, likewise of those of the Nile, the Jordan, the Orontes, and the Euphrates; had ascended the Pyramids, and the Mounts Sion, Garazim, Tabor, Libanon, and Carmel; had reposed among the tombs of Thebes, at the cataracts of Nubia, and trodden on the dust of Memphis, Heliopolis, Ascalon, Tyre, Sidon, Balbec, Palmyra, Samaria, and Jerusalem! It would be indeed a glorious thing should posterity read the name of Canova in Egypt, in Syria, and in Palmyra; yet the best wish that an Italian can express, is, that the generations to come may read Canova in Italy, Canova at Rome, Canova on the shores of the Tiber.

There has recently been published, by Messrs. Longman and Co. (8vo. pp. 547.) *An Account of Timbuctoo and Housa*, by El Hage Abdsalam Shabeeng, to which is added an account of various travels through South and West Barbary, and across the Atlas Mountains, &c. &c. by James Grey Jackson. Among the various books of travels that have lately issued from the Press, there appears not to be any more generally interesting at this period of commercial apathy than this. The author tells us he resided upwards of sixteen years in Africa as a merchant, and as a diplomatic agent to several nations of Europe, he is familiar with the African languages, and has corresponded with the principal men in several territories of Africa in their own

language. Mr. Jackson persists in his opinion, given twenty years ago, that the only way to obtain a knowledge of this interesting Continent is through the medium of commercial intercourse, and he very properly urges the indispensable necessity of an union of interests between the African association, African institution, and the African company. His letters, fragments, &c. contain a variety of very interesting information on African matters in general; and his suggestions for the advancement of our knowledge of Africa are well deserving investigation. He urges the expediency of attempting the civilization of the African Continent through the medium of an *extensive* commerce.

*Modern Italian Sculpture.*—Giovanni Ceccarini, a young Roman sculptor, and a protégé of Canova, has displayed his gratitude and his talent in a statue which he has just executed of that great artist. This work, which is conceived in a style of superior grandeur, represents a colossal figure of Canova, sitting, and about to take hold of a Cippus of Jupiter, at the same time that he is admiring its exquisite workmanship. This groupe has been extolled for the dignity of its expression, for its originality, and for the admirable truth and variety conspicuous in the arrangement of the drapery. It seems too as if nature had been willing to second the noble intentions of the artist, having furnished him with an immense block of marble, equally remarkable for its vast size and for its pre-eminent beauty.

*Gothic Architecture.*—In our preceding number we directed the attention of such of our readers as have a taste for this interesting study, to a Lithographical work by Domenicus Quaglio. We will therefore for their gratification here give a list of the subjects contained in the succeeding numbers. One of the most important in the entire collection is the Minster at Ulm, of which the artist has given two plates; the first represents the entrance into the church, as seen from the open square before it; the other a view in one of the side aisles. It is to be hoped that the artist will, before the termination of his work, give a prospect of the whole interior of the building, as we should then by means of these plates and the elevation of the spire given in Moller's Work, and likewise with some additions in Wiebeking's History of Architecture, possess sufficient data to enable us to form an adequate idea of the extent and magnificence of this noble edifice. Yet even these would not satisfy the professional student or the exact antiquary, who would require an entire publication on the subject, illustrated as tastefully and as amply both historically and graphically as Britton's Cathedrals, or Neale's Westmin-

ster Abbey. The view of the Town Hall at Ulm, forms an interesting subject, although the building itself is not a very excellent specimen of architecture. The Castle at Kipfenberg, and that at Prunn, both situated in *Altmühlthal*, are two exceedingly romantic and picturesque views; and equally so is a little chapel in the Tyrol, where a procession of Pilgrims is seen crossing a bridge thrown across a waterfall. The remaining plates give views of a Churchyard and Cloister, *St. Martin's Church in Landshut*, the Church-yard of *St. John's at Nuremberg*, with a distant prospect of the castle; the *Town of Esslingen on the Neckar*, where the beautiful tower of the church of our lady forms a very conspicuous feature; in this plate is introduced a procession which was made in 1817, during the festivals held on account of the happy release from the famine which had prevailed in Suabia during that year. The tower and spire of this church, if not so elaborate and rich, is perhaps even still more beautiful and graceful than the celebrated one at Ulm; this plate too is one of the best executed in the work. The architect of the church was Hans Boblinger, who died in 1505. The Cathedral at Frankfort; this church which is remarkable as being the coronation place of the Emperors of Germany, was begun in 1415, and finished (the spire however has never been completed,) in 1511. The admirers of gothic architecture, of picturesque effect, and of romantic scenery, cannot fail to receive great gratification from the productions of an artist who seems gifted with

"A poet's fancy and a painter's eye."

He has acquired considerable reputation by his architectural pictures in oil; and we may confidently assert, that whenever he obtains that beautiful transparency and gradation of colour which charm us in the paintings of Neefs, Van Saerдам, &c. he will leave them far behind, as he is so greatly their superior, in poetical feeling, perspective accuracy, and architectural knowledge.

*Javanese Antiquities.*—Since the English have restored the Island of Java to the Dutch Government, the latter has been employed in collecting all the various antiquities which the English had discovered in the island, and in making preparations to transport them to Europe. Among these valuable remains are four statues of stone, the size of life; they were found among the ruins at Malang, and doubtless served to ornament some considerable edifice. Three of them are already on their way to Amsterdam; the first, which is supposed to represent the deity *Durza*, has eight hands, and is seated upon a buffalo that is treading on the figure of Vice; the second,

the *Genesa* of the Indian mythology, and called by the Javenese *Gana Singa Jaga*, has an elephant's head; the third deity *Nandi* is represented under the form of a bull. The workmanship of this last statue is said to be remarkable fine.

*Portrait of Catherine the Great.*—M. M. Utkin and Tschessky, two of the most celebrated engravers in Russia, are employed upon a large plate that Count Romanzon has commissioned them to execute. It is intended to represent Catherine the Great, standing in the park at Zarsko Selo, before the monument of the Field-Marshal Count Rumianzow-Sadunayskow. The landscape, which is the work of M. Tschessky, is already completed; when terminated, this engraving will, we doubt not, add still further to the reputation of the artists, and show the progress Russia is daily making in these arts, which tend to the embellishment of life, and which mark the progress of refinement.

*Sicilian Antiquities.*—Extensive researches and excavations have been for some time carrying on under the direction, and at the expense of Baron Judica, in Pallazuolo, a small place about eighteen miles from Noto in Sicily. This antiquary imagines that he has discovered the remains of the ancient city of *Acra*, respecting whose situations geographers have so much disputed. These consist principally of tombs and catacombs containing a great number of Christian inscriptions, likewise sacred and profane antiquities of various kinds. The latter have contributed greatly towards enriching the Baron's museum, which is one of the most considerable in the whole island, and is remarkable too for possessing such a number of antiquities that have been dug up at the same place: if we except Herculaneum and Pompeia, there is perhaps, no other individual spot which has afforded the like multitude and variety of curiosities. Besides bas-reliefs, a great quantity of inscriptions, chiefly Greek, here are vessels of copper and bronze coloured glasses of every description, vases, lamps, cups, medals, works in clay, and lastly, the moulds used to form the reliefs on the surface of enriched vases. These are of the same description as those which have been discovered in Tuscany, and are to be seen in the Venuti Museum at Cortona. The glass vases are exceedingly numerous, and we cannot but admire the skill shown by the ancients in bestowing upon this material every variety of colour; many are of a beautiful azure-blue, with streaks of green and yellow. But no portion of the collection is, perhaps, more worthy of attention and admiration than the *Etrurian* or *Græco-Sicilian* vases, which are particularly numerous. There is also a fragment of a vase ornamented with vine-leaves and bunches of grapes in alto-relievo, and coated exter-



nally with a yellow, internally with a green varnish, of which the basis is evidently formed by an oxyd of lead; although it is very much to be doubted, whether the ancients were acquainted with the use of this material, which was most probably discovered by the Arabians, from whom it has been transmitted to us: yet should *Acra*, as has been conjectured, have continued to exist so late as the eleventh century, we need not be surprized at meeting with glazed earth vessels of this kind among the remains of that place. Few of the vases in the Baron's collection are to be commended for the elegance and beauty of the figures, which consist chiefly of grotesque masks, and distorted caricatures.

The curiosity of the learned and antiquarian world will shortly be gratified by a work which the noble collector himself is preparing to publish at Messina, and which is intended to contain ample descriptions and elucidations of all these antiques. It is not known whether the Baron will prosecute his researches after the appearance of his projected publication: most probably not, unless the government will offer its assistance towards defraying the expenses attending such an undertaking, which are hardly to be supported by an individual, whatever may be his munificence or his zeal.

*Schools of Mutual Instruction* are now making considerable progress throughout all Italy. A very extensive one upon this system has been recently opened at Malta by Joseph Standi, who had been over to England for the purpose of acquiring a complete knowledge of the Lancasterian method. A similar, had some time previously been formed near La Valetta by an ecclesiastic named Don Luigi, who is exceedingly zealous in bringing forward this plan of education. In Naples also the new system has received great encouragement, both from the nobility and men of letters, as well as from many private individuals. There is in that city a school of this description where 300 children are instructed at the expense, and under the patronage of the government. It is reported that similiar ones are about to be opened at Rome and Genoa; while at Milan, Brescia, and Florence they are already established. At the latter place the institution is encouraged by the most distinguished persons, by the Prince and Princess Corsini, the Countess of Albany, Count Bordi, Fabroni, &c. At Boghera in Piedmont, one of these schools has been established by M. Gallini, who visited both England and France for the express purpose of making himself acquainted with the system on which they are conducted. There were lately no fewer than five schools of this kind in Piedmont, under the patronage of the Prince of Carignano; where they are

said to succeed exceedingly, and to meet with support from the clergy. Others have been formed at Nice and in its environs by the exertions of the Abbés Cessola and Caupin.

*French Names.*—The following whimsical period commences an article in one of the Paris journals:—

“ Il existe à Londres, aux frais du gouvernement, une école d'arts et métiers, que l'on nomme *Bluc Coot* d'où sont sortis des hommes du premier merite.”

Who could suppose that this oddly spelt government institution, which sends out men of the highest abilities in the *arts*, is Christ's Hospital, or the *Bluc Coat School*?

*Lit. Gazette.*

Mr. Ackerman's Monthly Repository speaks in the following terms of an ingenious fire-alarm, invented by a Mr. J. G. Colbert:

“ This instrument is portable, of the size and general appearance of a timepiece, except that the dial-plate exhibits a semicircle marked with the degrees from 1 to 180. When the index is placed at half or a whole degree, or more, above the heat of the atmosphere at the time, any increase of temperature beyond the degree indicated, sets the alarm in motion, and thus gives notice of the approaching danger. Hence it is obvious, that the principle of the thermometer has been applied to this instrument, which may be placed in any situation, and is sold at prices varying from five to thirty guineas, according to the plainness or elegance of the execution. All those who wish to obtain an additional security against the dangers of fire by night, may have an opportunity of inspecting this contrivance at Mr. Ackerman's.”

The *Little Theatre*, Haymarket, closed on Saturday, the 14th. Oct. The farewell address alluded to the formation of an *Independent House and Company*; the secret of which allusion we believe is, that a number of the most eminent performers of the time project the establishment, at the new theatre, when built, of a dramatic concern something on the footing of such matters in Paris, in which they shall themselves be the proprietors, managers, and principal supports in the way of acting. In short, that the company shall be a joint stock company, and have and perform stock pieces; and controul by an elective executive, and share profits (if any,) and provide for the sick and superannuated, out of whatever overflowing fund overflowing houses enable them to realize. So whispers rumour; and it is easy to foresee, that such an event (the patentees will call it a conspiracy) will have a prodigious influence on our national stage.—*Lit. Gazette.*

## POLITICS AND PUBLIC EVENTS.

### HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

THE Queen's defence is now closed; and the impression made by the witnesses called in her Majesty's favour, and by the arguments of her counsel, is important indeed. It is not necessary to assert, that this evidence, and these arguments, furnish a moral certainty of the Queen's innocence: the point of *absolute certainty* is one to which in this world we seldom arrive;—on such questions perhaps never. But as no one can pretend that the testimony produced by her Majesty's accusers, would, if left totally unshaken and unimpeached, supply that *certainty* against her,—so no one has a right to expect that the negative shall admit of a demonstration more perfect than that of which the affirmative was susceptible. The utmost to which the proof against the Queen could have amounted—supposing even the strongest statements of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals' opening speeches substantiated in evidence—is heavy and unavoidable *presumption* against her honour;—a presumption quite sufficient to form the ground of judgment against her,—a presumption which, according to the constitution of human faculties, and with reference to the necessities of human society, would be fairly considered and acted upon as proof. Still, however, it must be recollected, nothing has been attempted against the Queen beyond strong circumstantial evidence,—which, in the wide range of possibility, though sufficient to found practical proceedings upon as against guilt, would be liable beyond a doubt to an after-explanation of which innocence, comparative or absolute, might be the result. Admitting this, it follows, that the case which might be considered established if strong *presumption of crime* were furnished, must be considered destroyed if the evidence afford presumption reconcileable with innocence. No man, we repeat, in bringing his opinion to bear upon the great question that has been submitted to the highest public tribunal of the country, has any right to take into

account his impressions, his surmises, his doubts, his difficulties—that is to say, if any such exist in his mind. Her Majesty's conduct for a series of years has been submitted to a sort of scrutiny, which, against whoever directed, would, and must, infallibly give rise to many questions of comparative propriety, of good taste, of sound judgment, &c. &c. But in such a case as this—distinguished by such extraordinary—we had almost said monstrous peculiarities,—founded by those who brought it forward on such high and specious professions,—entailing so enormous a responsibility on its promoters, in consequence of its intimate connection with the public tranquillity, with public decency, with the subordination of the people, and the respectability of the crown,—the public generally had a right to expect, that the conclusion of guilt should be irresistible, since a verdict of guilty was demanded. And not only this, but that the motives of the prosecution, and the conduct of its agents, should stand—not merely out of the reach of positive imputation,—but aloof from the common anxieties, partialities, manœuvres—justifiable, or at least natural in personal litigations, but disavowed, and most unjustifiable, in respect of an inquest to which the name and character of the nation was pompously attached;—an inquest which, if there be a particle of substantial honour left, where the externals and titles of honour most abound, had not its origin in personal feeling, but in the purest regard to the public welfare, and the reputation of the country in the esteem of the world!

Was the nation concerned, or inclined, to offer an unusually high price for evidence against the Queen,—to take unusual pains in disciplining witnesses,—to inquire only amongst the discarded, the faithless, and the profligate for testimony to her discredit—passing carefully by individuals of another description who could not but possess information, and to whom no *prima facie* stigma at least at-



taches—nothing to warrant their being neglected by those caterers of facts, the object of whose mission is stated to have been simply and solely to gain a knowledge of the truth? If the proceedings against the Queen had no motive but that of a disinterested regard to the honour of the country; need they have been taken up in the spirit of a private suit?—and with still more reason may we ask, if, in that case, they ought to have been pursued with the inveteracy and the cunning of personal malignity?

With reference to the *general presumption* which the evidence warrants to the judges in this public inquiry, these matters are of high consequence. If the motive of the prosecution be notoriously less magnanimous than is stoutly pretended; if the evidence be palpably picked, tutored, arranged, and manœuvred,—brought forward or kept back, sheltered, concealed, prompted, and paid, in a spirit of hostile zeal against her Majesty, which can only be accounted for by supposing the existence of that which is so strongly denied—namely, a bitter personal desire in *some quarter* for her degradation;—if her professional accusers discover as much tenderness and timidity in regard to certain points involved in the inquiry, as they do pertinacity and severity in regard to others;—if such be the state of the case, we say—(and that it is so no one who has read the long reports in the newspapers will deny)—this of itself constitutes one—and not immaterial—ground for presuming in her favour,—and, at the same time, it relieves her from the effect of one very considerable and very natural prejudice under which she at first laboured.

That it does both these things is clear:—for, in the first place, the facts which we have introduced with an “*if*,” but which are notorious to every one, prove that a false, insincere, discreditable, consciously-guilty spirit actuates the Queen’s accusers—and this, of course, constitutes a presumption against their accusation: and, in the second place, the bringing forward of such charges, with all their accompanying train of difficulty, disturbance, filth, recrimination, fatigue, and disgust, by sincere, impartial, high-minded men, under the in-

fluence of pure, dispassionate, disinterested motives—to gratify no weak, malignant, cowardly disposition—but openly and fairly to discharge a painful, yet necessary duty,—this of itself would have weighed—*must* have weighed—prodigiously with the reflecting and quiet part of the community,—and led them to form, at the very outset, a strong presumption against her Majesty’s innocence. From *this* unfavourable presumption, at all events, the Queen’s case is now most completely relieved.

But these grounds of presumption, in this most recent, and we trust final attempt, to destroy a solitary, and certainly harshly-treated female, cannot be permitted to operate only as if the present attack against her stood single, without predecessors connected with it by a chain of indignity and persecution. No,—oh no! We are aware that grave charges have before this been brought against her Majesty; that they have been investigated by a high state inquest, and that it has been solemnly decided, they were the offspring of conspiracy, treachery, malice, and revenge!—Well: how do these bear upon the present case? Why, if, as we have said before, the motives of the present prosecution stand clearly above imputation; if it has been conducted in the frankest, most generous, manly, upright, manner; if the truth has been sought for with determined impartiality,—if such is a right description of the style in which the present prosecution against the Queen has been conducted, then, indeed, it can scarcely be said to be prejudiced by what has gone before; but it is possible rather that people may be inclined to suppose, that there was something amiss previously as well as now,—though the existence of misconduct could not be shown. But if, on the other hand, the present accusation is said to be impelled by a public motive, when it clearly proceeds from private dislike or hatred; if there is insincerity in the professions of the accusers,—art, cunning, selection, and shuffling in their measures,—infamy on the characters of the witnesses, bribes in their pockets, convicted lies in their mouths,—does not this prosecution become immediately connected in close family union with its unsucces-

ful and branded forerunners? Must not the exclamation rise from every fair mind—"its hateful features prove it to be of the same breed—a rightful heir of all the infamy of its ancestors—a scion of the abominable stock—a lineal descendant from the parent union of dark treachery and impotent spite!"

We use strong language because we feel acutely and indignantly for the disgraced and discomfited situation in which the Constitutional Authorities of the country are placed by this most unwise, most unmanly, most unfair prosecution. Any one who has done us the honour to attend to the manifestations of political opinion, which have been made in this Magazine, must know that between us and the regular calumniators of public men, the decriers of all public measures, the reformers in ignorance, and counsellors in malice, there is "a great gulph fixed." We have never yet contemplated the salvation of the state as reduced to the forlorn hope of the *radicals*, as they are called. Neither our taste, nor our judgment, such as it is, has ever permitted us to regard with satisfaction the plans now carried about the streets for pulling down the proud towers and strong bastions of our ancient national edifice, in order to erect on their site, a range of comfortable houses of the third class, with areas in front, and paved yards behind—all running in right lines, and confined to regular dimensions, like the New Town of Edinburgh.—Whatever, therefore, is calculated to give a triumph to this set of vulgar architects, we naturally abhor; but we are quite sure that they must be very weak-headed—and we have some suspicion that they cannot be very sound hearted individuals, who would tell us,—(and we have been so told)—that, in order to impede the party in question, it is our duty to call black white, and white black; to deny the errors of the ministry when we can; to equivocate when we cannot deny; to be silent when we can do neither. Addle-pated beings these must be; that is to say, if they are not trimming, sordid, calculating spirits. The basis of England's strength; that which has borne her up so much higher than other countries; that which has been her self-preserving principle, the essence of her duration,—the liv-

ing soul of her envied and triumphant greatness, is the independence,—providing naturally for the integrity,—of her public opinion. He, therefore, who contributes his mite even to this, helps, by so much, to strengthen the foundations of his native land; while the miserable creature who permits himself, under notions of expediency, and in compliment to his own subtlety, to equivocate with the truth, discards, with his sincerity, his only guide to right or safe conclusions, and sets an example which, if followed to any extent by his fellow-subjects, would strew the surface of the British land with those hideous spectacles of moral and national abjection that excite the disgust of our travellers in some parts of the continent.

From the first word, therefore, spoken of the prosecution against the Queen, we raised our voices against it; because we at once attributed it to private spite, and foresaw that it would excite public discord, promote disaffection, and insult decency. There did not appear to be any personal injury sustained, (supposing the Queen guilty) which the nation was called upon to redress; for the nation had never received the advantage of a good example from the quarter in question—and owed nothing to feelings that had shewn themselves to be vindictive and impure. On the other hand, the public interests, considered by themselves, could not be benefited by the prosecution (still supposing the Queen guilty);—for her bad conduct abroad could only be regarded as connected with her ill-treatment at home; and the triumph of *justice* over her crimes could not fail to be considered, by many, as providing for a greater triumph of *injustice*, in the gratification of a spirit of hostility, degraded by rancour, as well as contaminated by licentiousness.

We are, however, most ready now to acknowledge,—what indeed must have been sufficiently apparent to our readers,—that, in forming this strong opinion against the propriety of the prosecution, we were by no means animated by a conviction of her Majesty's innocence. On the contrary, we thought the presumption at the outset was strongly against her: we could not, and did not credit, that the case which was rumoured against her, on the authority of men who stood



in the capacity of authorities in such a matter, had not been sifted, and weighed, and checked, and compared by ministers, in the most anxious, and industrious, and cautious, and scrupulous disposition. We certainly never for a moment supposed, that all the inquiry had been left to subordinate agents, who, though necessary as instruments for the safety of society, are held in contempt and abhorrence, as individuals, from a regard to the dignity of mankind:—men whose very acceptance of such commissions proved them unworthy of confidence, and only fit to be employed in the dirty labour of collecting what ought afterwards to have been analyzed by nicer hands.

But it really appears that the ministry have done nothing to check the accounts of the agents of the prosecution; while the professional supporters of the Bill before the house—whom one must hesitate to confound with the Milan Commission—have at least shown that they felt convinced their case could not bear to be probed to its nooks: they have fenced with legal forms to parry unpleasant disclosures, and often slunk behind a legal defence, in an extra-legal case, to the injury of equity. The following passage from the conclusion of Doctor Lushington's speech, which shut-up her Majesty's defence, will illustrate and particularise what we mean.

The Queen's counsel had done all that was required for the ends of justice; he said nothing against those who were with the prosecution; but when he saw that they had neglected to avail themselves of the means of calling such evidence as might elicit the truth—when they had not dared to put one of the principal conspirators in the box to answer for himself, away with their false pretence of justice—away with their frivolous pretext of fairness, and with every claim to openness or impartiality. Let it be remembered that there was at this time no impediment to bring forward such evidence with becoming honour and fairness. What argument, then could justify the course that had been taken? If he ventured to assign any one, it would be this—the consideration of Vilmarcati. Never once in the course of the cross-examination did his learned friends presume to approach any facts which should prove, that, as far as Vilmarcati was concerned, the whole of this abominable and atrocious conspiracy had been carried on by means the most unjustifiable; that the evidence which the Milan commission procured had been pro-

cured by means which an honest man would have shrunk with horror from employing. He would, however, say nothing further of the conduct of those who, having the power, ought to have used it to discover the truth. All he would say was this—that, vested, as the prosecution was, with all the means which a First Lord of the Treasury could command, possessing all that influence over foreign ministers which he could exert, established in full authority at Milan, and sending its couriers and agents throughout in Italy and Germany, never had the unlimited power of this commission been exercised in one solitary instance to attain the ends of justice. Sir Wm. Gell remained in Italy unquestioned; Mr. Craven remained in Italy unquestioned; Dr. Holland unexamined; the Count Vassali uncalled for; Sicard unsought. One-half of that industry and perseverance exerted, *bonâ fide*, for the interests of justice, would have spared their lordships the painful duty of now listening to those well-founded representations her Majesty's counsel were bound to make. An impartial investigation of the evidence on both sides, before the proceeding was instituted, would have saved the country from the evils which at present impended over it.

The circumstances we have been dwelling upon,—and the notorious, undeniable bad character of most, if not of all, the witnesses adduced against her Majesty,—their self-contradictions, shufflings, and convicted perjuries—certainly leave us now, almost at the conclusion of the proceedings, much more inclined to believe her Majesty innocent of all the charges brought against her, than we were before a single word of evidence had been heard, or a single speech been made. This, we have every reason to think, is the general feeling of the country. The case has blown-up the prosecution; the arguments have made away with the charges; the offences have been extenuated by the proofs.]

This at least seems evident as noon-day—the Queen's guilt is not proved in a way to warrant any honest man to find her guilty as the result of her public trial: and this being settled, we have nothing else, as public writers, to inquire into. Then, as to the private feelings by which the majority of individuals are likely to be animated, they may be deduced from a consideration of the following impressive part of the speech made by the advocate we have already quoted from—Doctor Lushington.

There was no instance on record of a

prosecution for divorce by a husband against a wife who had attained the age, he would not say of 50, but even of 45. But who ever imagined a case like the present? In addition to the circumstance of the age of the accused, there was here that of a husband who had been for 24 years separated from his wife; separated not by any desire on her part, but by his own caprice, by his own act and choice—not in consequence of any misconduct of that wife; for not even a breath of suspicion was at that time whispered against her; but by his pursuit of some wayward indulgence—some capricious fancy. In this way had been broken, for self-gratification, those bonds which the laws of God and man had formed. How, then, did the case stand? Were his Majesty a simple subject, was there a man in the world who would say that he was entitled to any consideration whatever in an application for divorce—that it was possible he could have any injury founded on such a complaint, for which he could claim redress? As a husband, then, the King had no right to seek redress. But then it was said, that this application was not in the name of the King, and that the law in the case of a subject was not applicable to the Sovereign. Let, however, no one presume to say that he is emancipated from obedience to the laws of God; for that assertion, of whomsoever it be made, was founded in untruth and falsehood. It was also said that rank and station in the wife required a more rigid observance of duties than in the husband; but was there any duty which was not reciprocal? Was it not so with respect to matrimonial rights? And was it to be said that there was one law for woman and another for man? or did superiority of rank make the engagement taken at the altar of God less binding? Was the private individual to be told that there was one divine law for him, and another for the sceptered monarch? What was the plighted troth of the husband—what the promise made at the altar? To love and to comfort. But how was that promise observed? Where was the love?—where the comfort? Where should he look for the one or the other? The comfort! what traces were there of it; If he went back to 1806, was it to be found there? or must he look for it in 1813, at that period of cruel interference when the intercourse between the mother and the daughter was prohibited? Was it to be sought for at the period when the mother was exiled to a foreign land? No; there it did not exist; for wherever she went the spirit of persecution followed her. It was inconceivable that a wife thus deserted, thus persecuted, should now be told that she has been unmindful of her duty, whilst the husband, who was pledged to protect her, had al-

lowed her to pass through the world without a friend to guard her honour. He regretted the discussion of these topics.—He knew well that, when the acts of kings were brought before the public, there were individuals who dwelt with triumphant satisfaction on the exposure. No man could feel the difficulty of his situation more than he did, when called upon, in the performance of a solemn duty, to dwell upon such painful considerations; but he owed it to himself and to his client to speak out boldly. There were individuals without number, always anxious to see the failings of kings, that they might turn them into derision. He would, therefore, say as little as possible upon this ungrateful subject. It was almost needless to follow it through all its bearings; but if he were in one of those courts where cases of this kind are usually decided, what should he say to the husband who, insensible of his own honour, allows his wife, for a series of years, to live unprotected, and then offers her 50,000*l.* a year to live abroad, knowing, as he said, that she is in a course of adultery, but without giving one direction that the adulterous intercourse should cease before she enjoys the large income proffered to her? What would he say to an individual so acting towards his wife; who said to her, not in the language of pardon and admonition, which his learned friend had repeated, “Go, and sin no more”—but “Go, and indulge your appetites, continue your adulterous intercourse, and you shall be furnished with ample means for living in splendour with your paramour!” He was happy that he was not under the necessity of introducing another topic. He was glad to state that in this case he was not called upon, by any consideration of duty towards his illustrious client, to say one word by way of recrimination; he thanked God, and the wisdom of his learned colleagues, who had so advised her Majesty, that the case upon which they built their hopes of acquittal was one of perfect innocence, and that, by avoiding recrimination, he should save the house and the country from all its consequences. Their lordships could not, unless fully prepared to violate the laws of God and man, declare against his client. That venerable bench of bishops, who formed part of the judges, could not, without violating the holy tenets of that Gospel which they preached and inculcated, pronounce against the wife of their Sovereign. The laws of God and of the country were upon her side, and he was sure that it was not there that they would be violated.

Besides the uncandid way in which the prosecution has been conducted; besides the behaviour which the accused party has experienced from her husband; besides the insufficiency



and the infamy of the evidence adduced in support of the charges,—there are several other circumstances much calculated to strengthen the Queen's cause in the popular mind. Her judges—how have they conducted themselves?—Of course it would be quite out of our province to talk here of any deficiency in candour, or integrity, on the part of any of the noble members of the House of Peers; yet the public will not fail to contrast the severe cross-examinations of the witnesses adduced by the Queen's Counsel, with those to which the Attorney-General's evidence was submitted. Without meaning any imputation on motive, we may be permitted to say, that, in their zeal for justice, many Peers have permitted themselves to put frivolous questions, and sometimes we think distasteful ones. When Lieutenant Hownam was asked by a nobleman whether he would have seen with approbation his own wife regulating her domestic economy in the manner of the deserted wife of our First Magistrate, that nobleman surely forgot himself. The question we think trespassed on delicacy,—and, besides, led directly to recollections of a disagreeable nature, which ought not to be unnecessarily suggested. Lieutenant Hownam, we understand, is not likely to reduce his wife to the situation in which the Queen has been placed. One is sorry too, that an individual should be found,—and more particularly that he should be found in the royal family, calling for the following pointed observations made by Mr. Denman, towards the conclusion of his brilliant speech for her defence.

I know that rumours are abroad, of the most vague, but at the same time, of the most injurious character; I have heard them, even at the very moment we were defending her Majesty against charges, which, compared with the rumours, are clear, comprehensible, and tangible. We have heard, and hear daily, with alarm, that there are persons, and these not of the lowest condition, and not confined to individuals connected with the public press—not even excluded from your august assembly, who are industriously circulating the most odious and atrocious calumnies against her Majesty. Can this fact be? and yet can we live in the world, in these times, and not know it to be a fact? We know, that if a juryman, upon such an occasion, should be found to possess any knowledge

on the subject of inquiry, we should have a right to call him to the bar as a witness. "Come forward," we might say, "and let us confront you with our evidence: let us see whether no explanation can be given of the fact you assert, and no refutation effectually applied." But to any man who could even be suspected of so base a practice as whispering calumnies to judges, distilling leperous venom into the ears of jurors, the Queen might well exclaim "Come forth, thou slanderer; and let me see thy face! If thou would'st equal the respectability even of an Italian witness, come forth, and depose in open court! As thou art, thou art worse than an Italian assassin! because, while I am boldly and manfully meeting my accusers, thou art planting a dagger unseen in my bosom, and converting thy poisoned stiletto into the semblance of the sword of justice!" I would fain say, my Lords, that it is utterly impossible that this can be true; but I cannot say it, because the fact stares me in the face: I read it even in the public papers; and had I not known of its existence, in the dignity of human nature I would have held it impossible that any one, with the heart of a man, or with the honour of a peer, should so debase his heart and degrade his honour! I would impeach him as a judge—I would challenge him as a man; and, if it were possible for the blood Royal of England to descend to a course so disgraceful, I should fearlessly assert, that it was far more just that such conduct should deprive him of his right of succession, than that all the facts alleged against her Majesty, even if true to the last letter of the charge, should warrant your Lordships in passing this bill of degradation and divorce.

It ought to be stated, however, that, during the course of this unseemly and unhappy inquiry, the conduct of the leading Ministers in the House of Peers, (the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Liverpool) has been generally impartial, liberal, and decent. No undue haste or zeal, for or against, has been manifested by these noblemen; and the arguments on disputed points of the counsel on each side, seem to have received from them equal attention. One cannot help, however, expressing the strongest surprise at what certainly appears a most glaring, and unjustifiable piece of negligence, of which Lord Liverpool has been guilty. He had personally pledged his word to the House, that the utmost endeavours of Government should be employed to keep the witnesses for the prosecution from leaving the country, in order that they might be answerable

for their evidence. It turns out that a very principal and very suspicious witness—one accused of bribing others, as well as perjuring himself—has left the country—has gone to Milan, and refuses to return!—and when an explanation of this extraordinary fact is demanded, Lord Liverpool, who had made the *personal pledge* just referred to, is constrained to confess, that he had never given instruction to a single human being to give effect to his assurance, and to avoid abusing the confidence reposed in his word. No witness could openly leave the country without a passport: it was the most natural thing, therefore, in the world to send orders to the proper office, that no passports should be given—but this simple expedient was neglected. Still more surprising and unaccountable, however, does it seem that not even the hard-working agent for the prosecution, Mr. Powell,—in whose custody the witnesses might be considered as placed,—that not even to him was given a word of caution on the subject. In fact, Powell sent the witness off,—and though the House of Lords thought it worth *their* while to take this man's account of his motives, and to get him to make his *own* selections from his correspondence with Milan, to throw light on those motives,—we certainly do not think it worth *our* while to enter into any explanation so given.

Another extraordinary and revolting feature in the case is, the difficulty which her Majesty has experienced in getting over witnesses necessary to her defence. It does indeed seem satisfactorily substantiated, that the English Ministry has had no hand in creating this difficulty: but the English ministry works by inferior agents over whom it neglects to keep check,—Powell, and the witness above alluded to, are proofs:—and these agents know, that if they work successfully, the job will be more profitable to them than if their employers are disappointed. Besides, it is the rule with such men to consider their open orders as but half their instructions. They form their own notions of their paymaster's *wishes*, and by these they act. In the present case, too, though the charges against the Queen are said to have been preferred in the name of the British

nation, it is very well understood amongst the European potentates,—whose feelings are at the bottom of them,—and in the purlieu of Hanover, and about the small German courts, this knowledge is not likely to be without its effect. As one of the cases in which this backwardness to visit England manifested itself, has attracted a good deal of notice, and involves a curious piece of natural history as to the moral existence of man in a *Courtly state*, we shall enter amongst our quotations a part of Mr. Brougham's lively and pointed speech, reciting the transaction.

Your Lordships will recollect that, in consequence of the desire expressed by the House, we began that defence by calling a witness who had been sent over to bring from Carlsruhe a person of great distinction, and as a witness not only of the highest importance, but of every importance to the Queen's case; who was to prove not only all that was deficient in our evidence, but to negative the testimony of Kress; who was to follow up all that we had urged against the principle and the particular facts of the bill by showing, what he alone could show, that her Majesty was not the person described in the preamble—that she was not given to low habits—that she did not frequent base company—that she did not skulk from the society of her equals—and, above all, that she did not screen herself from intercourse with her friends and family relations. On the contrary, he was to prove that long after the time to which the evidence for the bill applies—long after her Majesty's return from the long voyage—she came into Germany, frequented the courts of her blood, relations and allied connexions, and in their presence placed herself with her suite, whom they received. I am still deprived of this material witness, and his evidence is still withheld from the defence of the Queen in the same manner that I complained it had been withheld when the subject was last before the house. I am bound, in justice to his Majesty's government, to acknowledge that they have done all that in them lay to remove this difficulty. But they have used their influence in vain: the Baron d'Ende, the chamberlain, who was at first so willing to come until his master refused him leave, is not now to be procured. Mr. Lamb used all the arguments he could employ, and he put them forcibly and ably, but all in vain, for we know very well that there is a different inclination at the bottom as to witnesses coming for the bill and against it. Abroad they understand one another a great



deal better than we understood our ministers here; and Mr. Berstett having made his representation to the chamberlain, that chamberlain could take a hint; and suddenly, with the easy compliance of an amiable good creature, and of a faithful honest chamberlain, he immediately falls sick of an illness which it is difficult to say how he acquired, unless by some communication with Rastelli. What I have stated is a misfortune to the Queen arising from the nature of her situation.

What may be the turn the affair will take, it is impossible at present

to say. At the moment of our writing the reply of the counsel for the prosecution to the counsel for the defence has not been heard—or at least has not been laid before the public. A very general report prevails that the Bill will be abandoned; and it is stated that a communication to this effect has been made. Prince Leopold of Cobourg has visited her Majesty, since the conclusion of her defence—a fact which speaks volumes.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, October 23.)

As our foreign report will probably be rather longer this month than usual, and as nothing has occurred at home requiring particular observation beyond what will find a more appropriate place under the separate heads, we shall merely direct the attention of our readers to the article Spain, where they will find the heads of the new law on the customs, which justifies the hopes we expressed so far back as our April number, that some permanent and uniform system of commercial regulation would be established, instead of those fluctuating measures of temporary legislation, which have hitherto caused frequent and serious embarrassment.

*Coffee.*—The hopes that were entertained a month ago of an improvement in the coffee market, do not seem to have been realized at any subsequent period, and it has in general been languid and heavy. Towards the end of September, and in the first week of October, a great decline took place. On the 3d there were two public sales, consisting of 206 casks, 289 bags British plantation, and 92 bags Brazil coffee: the ordinary Jamaica sold 3s. to 4s. lower than the preceding Friday, (on which day a decline of 2s. had already taken place,) making a difference of 4s. to 6s. per cwt. within a week; other descriptions were 2s. to 3s. lower; only fine maintained its prices, good middling realizing 142s. Large parcels of good ordinary Jamaica (rather rank) sold at 120s., 121s., and 121s. 6d.; fine ordinary foxy, 125s. 6d.; middling Dominica, which had been previously valued 134s. and 135s., found no purchasers at 130s. The Brazil was good ordinary, for which only 126s. were offered; it would have before fetched 128s. Demerara and Berbice, being scarce, supported their prices. St. Domingo was quoted at 127s.; but merely nominal.

No sales by private contract, except a

few parcels of good ordinary Jamaica at 121s. to 125s., were reported till the 10th, on which day there was a public sale of 88 casks of British and 281 bags foreign: the first lots fine ordinary. Havannah with colour sold at 127s. to 127s. 6d.; good ordinary pale, at 125s. to 126s. 6d. A large parcel of St. Domingo, very good quality, sold at 127s. On the whole, the prices of the preceding week were fully supported, and the demand seemed much improved. At a public sale on the 13th, however, St. Domingo went a shade lower: ordinary, 124s. and 125s.; good quality, 126s. It is to be observed that the present prices are 20s. per cwt. higher than in the middle of October, 1819. Last week the public sales went off very dully; and a reduction of 1s. to 2s. was submitted to. On the 20th there were three public sales: for foreign there were no offers; plantation sold at the previous prices, and there was rather more demand; considering the heavy market before, the result of these sales is regarded as rather favourable than otherwise.

The imports of West India and Brazil coffee, from the 1st of January to 30th September, 1819, were 24,213 casks, and 42,605 bags.

1st January to September 30, 1820, 34,934 casks, and 50,583 bags.

Delivered from West India warehouses from 1st January to 30th September, 1819, 23,291 hds. and tierces, 29,596 bags and barrels.

Delivered from 1st January to 30th September, 1820, 30,650 hds. and tierces, 40,001 bags and barrels.

*Sugar.*—Though the sugar market has on the whole declined this month, the variations in the prices are not very considerable, except that at a public sale of 110 hogsheads of Barbadoes sugar, on the 6th, a sudden and quite unexpected reduction of 3s. to 4s. per cwt. took place. On the 17th

there was a public sale of 377 hogsheads of St. Lucia, of fair quality; the whole sold about 1s. per cwt. lower than the previous market prices; the greater proportion, 58s. to 59s.; a few parcels ordinary, 56s. 6d. to 57s. 6d.; a few lots coloury, 60s. to 62s. The demand by private contract has since been languid, and the reduction of 1s. has been generally submitted to; even at this depression, the market is exceedingly heavy.

The demand for refined goods has been pretty steady throughout the month; and the supply having been at times inadequate to the demand, the prices, of low goods especially, have remained firm; but as the holders have evinced every disposition to meet the buyers, the prices did not rise; indeed, they rather declined about the middle of the month, except loaves, which were more in request.

There have been considerable sales of foreign sugars this month; but the prices have been in general low, and several parcels have been withdrawn for want of buyers: this has happened this week with two parcels of Havannah, which were withdrawn; middling white at 54s.; good yellow 35s.;—75 chests Brazil sold; yellow, 30s. to 32s.; brown, 24s. 6d. to 27s. 6d.; the latter inferior and soft: in fact the demand for foreign sugars seems wholly to have subsided. Much interest is excited by the comparison of the present stock, which is much less than at the same season

last year; the consumption has greatly increased in 1820.

Imported from 1st January to 30th September, 1819, 163,466 casks, 4124 boxes.

Delivered in the same period, 121,884 hds. and tierces, of which 4047 casks were for exportation.

Imported from 1st January to 30th September, 1820, 159,988 casks, 17,037 boxes.

Delivered from the warehouses in the same period, 139,281 hds. and tierces, of which 4886 casks were for exportation.

Average prices of raw sugar, by Gazette:—

Sept. 30,.....	36s. 3½d.
Oct. 7,.....	36s. 1¾d.
14,.....	36s. 3d.
21,.....	35s. 7d.

**Cotton.**—The cotton market, for a fortnight after the date of our last report, was in a state of languor approaching to nearly total stagnation, on account of the announcement of a sale at the India House, for the 13th instant, extensive beyond all precedent; it consisting of 53,000 bags.—There was a large attendance of country buyers, in expectation of purchasing on very low terms: but, contrary to expectation, the previous prices were nearly supported. Surats were much in demand; but the holders took in almost the whole at prices which the buyers would not accede to. The following are the particulars of this remarkable and important sale:—

Friday, Oct. 13th,

1054 bales Tinnevelly.....	187	sold at 8d. a 9d. clean and good
	428	6½d. a 8d. ordinary to good fair
	115	2½d. a 7d. damaged
3220 — Surat .....	120	8½d. a 8½d. very good Toomel
	247	6½d. a 7½d. very ordinary to middling
	227	3½d. a 6½d. damaged
18847 — Bengal .....	152	7½d. very good
	5558	7d. good fair S. R. &c.
	2967	6d. a 7d. ordinary to good fair
	424	0½d. a 6½d. damaged.
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23121	10425	

And on Monday Oct. 16,

95 bales Bourbon and Madras, bought in	10d. a 13d.
578 — Manilla .....	200 sold at 11½d. a 12d. good quality
814 — Tinnevelly .....	30 9d. very good
	303 7d. a 7½d. clean fair
	233 6½d. a 6½d. ordinary
	14 4d. a 6½d. damaged
6632 — Surat .....	80 8½d. a 8½d. very good Toomel
	770 7½d. a 7½d. clean fair
	722 6d. a 6½d. very ordinary to middling
	97 2½d. a 7½d. damaged
21785 — Bengal.....	1062 7d. very good
	2378 6d. a 6½d. middling to good
	116 5½d. a 6d. ordinary
	503 1½d. a 6½d. damaged
—	—
29954	6488 sold at and since the sale

Subject to the duty of 6 per cent. if taken for home consumption.



There was a great sensation produced by the uncommon circumstance of purchases being made for the China market; about 10,000 bags were taken for the shipment, as the prices here are considerably lower than in India. The sale consisted of 53,000 bags, of which, including the purchases for China and the parcels taken since the sale, 21,000 bags have been disposed of. The purchases otherwise by public sale and private contract are quite inconsiderable, consisting of a few Grenada 11½*d.* a 12¼*d.* duty paid, fair Para 12*d.* and 12¼*d.*, common West India 10*d.* a 10½*d.*

The market may be stated ¼*d.* a ½*d.* per lb. lower for India Cotton; other descriptions ½*d.* a 1*d.* per lb. lower, but the demand and the confidence of the holders much improved.

*Tea.*—The East India Company's sale is announced for 5th December; consisting, (including the private trade)

Bohea, .....	600,000
Congou, Campoi, Pekoe, } and Souchong. ....	4,600,000
Twankey and Hyson Skin...	1,200,000
Hyson .....	250,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>6,650,000 lb.</b>

*Oils.*—The prices of fish oil have continued to decline, on account of the extraordinary success of the fishery; the produce being above 18,000 tuns. It was anticipated that the low prices would tempt numerous buyers, and that the demand would be extensive; this expectation has not hitherto been realized, the purchases having been very limited.

*Baltic Produce.*—The arrivals of tallow have been so very extensive this season that a considerable reduction took place, which was aided by the holders being inclined to force sales; so that large purchases were reported at 50*s.* to 50*s.* 6*d.* This, however, caused an extensive demand, which had the effect of raising the price to 52*s.* 6*d.*: a slight depression has since taken place, and 51*s.* 6*d.* is now the nearest price. The town market has been 60*s.*, 59*s.* 6*d.*, and, for these two weeks, 57*s.* 6*d.* In hemp and flax little has been doing.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—There has been an extensive demand for rum for this fortnight past. The quantity sold is 3300 puncheons, chiefly strong Jamaica: the prices are 1*d.* to 2*d.* per gallon higher. Leewards and low Jamaicas have likewise experienced a small improvement. Brandy is much in demand; the vintage in France not having been so productive as was anticipated: large sales have been made at an advance of 8*d.* to 9*d.* per gallon. Geneva is without any variation.

*Corn.*—The harvest being completely over, and the result pretty accurately known, we have taken some pains to acquire information on this interesting subject, and shall state our present opinions, respecting the probable opening of the ports for the importation of foreign grain. Notwithstanding the notion that the United

Kingdom cannot produce sufficient grain for its own consumption, we find that the cultivation is greatly increased; and that such considerable supplies were brought this year from Ireland to London, that though last year's harvest was on the whole indifferent, large quantities of Irish wheat were warehoused in London, because the weekly supply was much too great for the consumption of the capital and environs; and on comparing the importations of wheat and flour from the interior, with those of the most favourable harvests of former periods, it will be found that they exceed the latter by many thousand quarters of wheat and sacks of flour: not to speak of other articles, especially oats; and though by a manœuvre, which the new regulations will probably prevent from ever being practised again, the importation of oats has been allowed; this has merely served those who had large quantities under the King's lock; but will prove highly injurious to the farmers; as all accounts agree that the crop of oats is uncommonly abundant. Barley is also a good crop, notwithstanding partial failures. Wheat is, we believe, generally admitted far to exceed an average crop. We must further add that all authentic accounts agree in stating the harvest on the Continent to have been this year extremely abundant, with few exceptions; and even in countries which at other times have imported largely, as Sweden, France, Spain, and Portugal, importation is now either prohibited by law, or rendered unprofitable by their own sufficient crops. We shall, therefore, have no temptation to reduce our stock by exportation. We conclude that the stock actually in the kingdom is fully adequate to 15 or 18 months' consumption; and that even should the harvest of 1821 prove indifferent, and no further legislative restrictions on importation be imposed, there is no probability whatever that the average price of wheat will rise above 80*s.*, and open the ports to importation before the year 1822: and if the Legislature adopt means to prevent a repetition of the late manœuvre, we are much inclined to augur the same of other kinds of grain.

Aggregate average of the 12 maritime districts of England and Wales for six weeks, by which importation is to be regulated in Great Britain.

Wheat 70s. 8d.	Oats 25s. 2d.
Rye 42s. 3d.	Beans 44s. 0d.
Barley 35s. 0d.	Peas 43s. 8d.

Our tables will show how the weekly averages have declined, particularly of wheat, which is now only 58s. 6d.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*St. Petersburg, 22d Sept.—Flax.* Large purchases have at length been made again at 150 r. but since then the market is duller. 130 r. have been paid for 9 hd. and this price is still asked, but there are no buyers. Good Tow is scarce, and not to be had under 40 r. —*Hemp.* The demand having been considerable for some time, the prices have fallen, but without causing more request: *ungeköpfter* clean, is offered at 86 r., best 88. *geköpfter* at 90, but the last meets no buyers. Outshot 73 to 75 r. *Ungeköpfter* half clean has been sold at 60 r., but *geköpfter* remains at 65.—*Tow* being scarce is held at 42, and paid for at that price. *Hemp-oil*, though lately sold readily at 1010 copees, is now held at 1015; but no more than 1010 are offered.—*Potashes.* After a long stagnation, 400 casks have been bought mostly for Holland at 81.—*Tallow*, having been long dull of sale, has fallen a little, which has induced considerable purchases; the owners, contrary to custom in such cases, not having raised the price. Yellow was bought at 166 r. Soap 148 r. Casan 153 r.; no demand for white, which the owners held at the former price of 160 r. *Corn* entirely without demand. Rye offered at 13½, without buyers; best wheat has been sold at 22 r. and may be readily had at 20 to 22 r.; according to quality.—*Hare-skins.* In this article too, little is doing: picked grey are worth 2000 r. and cannot be had under.—Grey, 1st sort, meet no buyers at the last price of 1650 r.: white may be had for 360. *Manufactures* have been largely purchased, chiefly for America: but the sale has rather slackened of late. In import articles little is doing.

*Riga, 29th September.—Flax* is in tolerable demand, notwithstanding the fresh supplies. Purchases may be made at the following prices. Marienburgh Crown 52 r. ditto cut 45 r. Thies and Druiania Rackitzer, white 48 to 49 r.; grey 47 r.; cut Badstub, white 43 to 44 r.; grey 40 to 4. Ristenthreeband 35 to 36 r.; Tow 16½.—*Hemp* may be had as follows; clean Polish 106 r.; ditto Ukraine 103 to 104 r.; Polish outshot 92 to 93 r.; Ukraine ditto 78 to 80 r.; Polish Pass 82 to 83 r.; Russian ditto 68 to 70 r.; Black ditto 57. Torse 48½.—*Seeds.* New sowing Linseed has been sold 7 to 7½ r.; according to quality, and there remained buyers at the first price, but the holders would not sell on these terms. 6½ r. has been paid for old sowing

Linseed, and 6 to 6½ r. for Druiania Linseed weighing 112 to 114 lbs.—*Corn*, not much in request, but heavy qualities are still sold sometimes at the old prices.—*Tobacco.* Polish crown in leaves, of which our stock is small, may be had at 47 to 50 r. according to quality.—*Tallow.* We have no white crown; yellow may be had at 180 to 185 r. Soap at 153 r.

*Danzig, 26th Sept.—Corn.* High-mixed wheat is noted at 400 to 430 fl. red-mixed 340 to 360 fl. Rye 190 to 210 fl. Barley 130 fl. Oats 140 to 150 fl.; but so little is doing that these prices may be considered as nominal.

*Coffee* is getting dearer, and will probably rise still higher, if, as may be expected, larger purchases should be made for Poland.

*Hamburg, 7th Oct.—Cotton.* There has been little doing this week, but the prices being very low, an improvement in the demand may be expected.—*Coffee* has declined a little this week, for want of demand.—*Tea* of all descriptions firmly maintains its price.—*Sugars.* After the prices of Hamburg refined had declined ¼d, the demand was brisk, and sales pretty extensive. Lumps of fine strong middling quality were sold at 11½ to 11¾d, so that this description has declined only ¼d; and the owners mostly held it at higher rates, but probably without success, as our manufactories begin to relax very much in their operations. There is but very little raw Sugar of a quality suitable for our refineries, so that the sale has been trifling without change of price. A large parcel of brown Brazil has been purchased at 8¼d.—*Corn* of every description is very dull of sale.

*Frankfort, 9th Oct.—Our autumnal fair* is over, and has been very animated. As the Brunswick fair had turned out very well, we hoped that ours would do the same. An immense quantity of goods has been sold; but many persons doubt whether the sellers have reason to be well satisfied. It is, however, certain that large quantities of goods left unsold at Easter have been sold, and that many warehouses which were crowded are now empty. The buyers appeared at the very outset, and the sellers being disposed to agree to any thing like reasonable prices, a great deal of business was done without delay. The supply of Cotton goods was very great. At the Easter fair, the English goods having been detained first by contrary winds at sea, and afterward by the bad state of the roads from Hamburg to Frankfort, did not arrive till towards the latter end of the fair, so that the business was chiefly done by pattern. Now the English goods arrived in good time, and met with extensive demand. But the Swiss and Saxon cotton manufactures, likewise met with a ready sale, and many of the Swiss and Saxon manufacturers were



able to return home in the first week, having sold their whole stock. Of some articles there was not sufficient for the demand, and many buyers were obliged to seek what they wanted in the English warehouses, the Swiss and Saxon goods being all cleared off. Silk goods were likewise in request; as also woollen cloths and stuffs, especially of middling qualities; but the manufacturers complained of the low prices. Wool was low as at the last fair, but the sellers did not hold back as they did then, because it was clear that wool was not likely to improve in price. Leather, especially Sole leather was in great request, and the Netherlanders sold their whole stock in the first week. Iron and Steel goods were not much in demand. French perfumery, hardware, &c. sold as usual. Of Linen and Hemp cloth there was great abundance; and some large parcels of Bielefeld, Swabian, Swiss and Bohemian were sold. There was not much inquiry for Irish, though several of our Merchants have it in commission. Colonial produce was low during the whole fair. There was inquiry for wine; but the holders would not sell at the prices offered. Very low prices were offered for brandy.

*Leipsig, 25th Sept.*—Our fair has began in a very satisfactory manner, and we have only to hope it may continue so. We have many Greek, Moldavian, Wallachian, Polish, and Russian merchants. There are many Jews; and also a great number of English, French, and Dutch. Much business was done last week.

*Genoa, 10th Oct.*—But little has been doing in our free port this week: the only sale of consequence was 750 bags of Maragnan Cocoa at 13s. 6d. per lb. which has much reduced our stock of this article and raised the pretension of the holders, who now ask 15d. Good Guayaquil may be had at 14d.; but Maragnan, though of inferior quality, is preferred at a higher price.

*Sugars* keep up, and are likely to rise, from the interruption of the supplies, which causes a deficiency in our Entrepôt. Coffee is in the same extensive demand as it has been some time; other articles are without interest. Little is doing in Corn for want of foreign orders: the holders are however firm, in hopes of doing better in winter, which seems not improbable. The prices in the Black Sea are very high, and ours very low, so that we cannot expect constant supplies. In this uncertainty our factors have turned their attention to Sardinia; from which island several cargoes have already arrived; their wheat is far superior to that of Taganrog. If the inhabitants applied more to agriculture, the State would save the enormous sums which we annually send abroad for Corn for the supply of the Duchy.

Since the French government has imposed

the heavy tonnage duty on the vessels of the United States, many of them have come to Nice, to unship their cargoes into other vessels not liable to the duty.

*Naples, 4th Oct.*—The transactions in colonial goods are not important; but Coffee, though there has been no considerable sales, maintains its price. Buenos Ayres hides are very scarce and much sought; the heat has been so great this summer that our fields are quite scorched. The crops of Pulse, Turkey Corn, &c. have failed entirely. We shall not have one third as much wine as last year, but the quality will be excellent.

*Odessa, 14th Sept.*—We much fear that the consignments of corn from Poland will be very small this year. We shall hardly have sufficient to execute the orders which arrive; and the prices are consequently rising, and will be very high in Spring if large orders should come from abroad. The harvest in our neighbourhood is extremely bad, and the quality very indifferent. Colonial produce maintains a good price.

*Spain.—Principal Articles of the New Law on the Duties of Customs.*—A single duty is to be levied on account of the public treasury upon the importation of all goods in foreign commerce, in the manner pointed out in the Model formed by the Junta.

In cases in which the importation or exportation of goods is permitted in vessels bearing a foreign flag, the goods forming the cargoes of these vessels, whether for importation or exportation, shall pay the duty fixed by the general Tariff, and one-third more.

When goods are once declared, whether for importation or exportation, for consumption or circulation, the Duties of Customs must be paid without any deduction or abatement, on account of re-exportation, or for re-importation of what has been exported or on any other ground.

No premium or gratuity, or abatement of the duties to encourage the importation or exportation of any article, will be granted.

National and foreign merchandise of all kinds, not prohibited, shall circulate freely within the line of the Counter Register-offices, without the necessity of registers (or passports).

The circulation or transport of all kinds of goods from one port or harbour to another, in all the parts of the Spanish monarchy, shall be performed exclusively in vessels bearing the national flag.

Foreign vessels shall be admitted in all the ports of the Spanish monarchy on the same terms as Spanish vessels are admitted in the respective ports of each nation in particular.

Foreign vessels which, without any commercial view, put into any Spanish port for safety, repair, or provisions, shall remain as long as is requisite, and subject to be visited

and have a guard; shall be treated as Spanish vessels on the part of each respective nation, and shall pay or not pay, with the strictest reciprocity, the duties of tonnage, anchorage, and all others whatsoever.

Depôts shall be established for maritime commerce, in ports approved of by the government, on the proposal of the Cortes. They shall be of two classes; the first to deposit national goods, liable to the consumption duty, and foreign goods: the second for such national goods only.

Foreign vessels of above 80 tons may bring to the ports of deposit of the first class, or carry from them permitted foreign goods, the produce of the country to which the vessel belongs; and are to pay on such goods only 2 per cent. entrepôt duty.

Foreign vessels of the above burden may also carry from the Spanish ports foreign goods which have been imported into Spain, and Spanish goods, observing the dispositions of the general Tariff.

Whatever is allowed or prohibited in any part of the Spanish monarchy is so in all, saving the modifications which particular circumstances may at any time demand for the benefit of the Spaniards.

The maximum of import duty on foreign goods shall be 30 per cent. of the value by the Tariff. The minimum 2 per cent.

The maximum of duty on the export of national goods to foreign countries shall be 10 per cent. Between the highest and lowest duties, suitable gradations shall be fixed as circumstances occur, &c.

### WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

*Navigation.*—Mr. Kerrigan of the Royal Navy is about to publish *The Young Navigator's Guide to the Sidereal and Planetary Parts of Nautical Astronomy*; being the Practice of finding the Latitude, the Longitude, and the Variation of the Compass by the Fixed Stars and Planets.

Mr. Jefferys Taylor, Author of "*Harry's Holiday*," is about to publish *Fables of Æsop in Rhyme*, with some Originals; each Fable illustrated by a Plate.

Mr. Bernard Barton is printing a Second Edition of his *Poems*.

The Rev. Dr. Evans is printing a new Edition, with considerable Improvements, of his *Sketch of the different Denominations of Religious Sects*.

A new Edition of Dr. Thomson's *System of Chemistry* is in the Press.

The Second Volume, now in the Press, of the New Series of Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates* will contain a faithful Report of the Important Proceedings in the House of Lords on the Bill of Pains and Penalties against her Majesty, the corrected Speeches of Counsel, a genuine Copy of the Evidence, &c. &c. from the Opening of the Business to the Summing up of the Solicitor General, on the 7th of September.

Mr. Hyman Hurwitz has in the Press, in One Volume, 8vo. *Vindiciæ Hebraicæ*: A Defence of the Hebrew Scriptures, as a Vehicle of Revealed Religion; occasioned by the recent Strictures and Innovations of Mr. J. Bellamy, and in Confutation of his Attacks on all preceding Translations, and on the established Version in Particular.

Miss Sandham, Author of the "*School-fellows*," and "*Twin Sisters*," will shortly publish a very interesting little Work, under the Title of "*The Boys' School, or Traits of Character in Early Life*,"—A Moral Tale.

The *Beauties of Mozart, Handel, Pleyel,*

*Haydn, Beethoven, and other celebrated Composers*, adapted to the Words of favourite Psalms and Hymns, for one or two Voices; with an Accompaniment and occasional Symphonies for the Piano-Forte, Organ, or Harp, are preparing for Publication.

Early in January will be published a small Work on the Privileges and Obligations of Christian Parents, and their Children.

Mrs. Mary Wilks has in the Press a Narrative of the Persecution of the Protestants of the South of France during the Years 1814, 1815, and 1816, illustrated with a Chart of the Department of the Gard.

A small Work, *The Crucifix exchanged for the Cross*; illustrated in the Memoirs of Miss M. Leader, of Dublin, is nearly ready.

Memoirs of the Rev. Mark Wilks, late of Norwich, by his Daughter, is preparing for Publication.

The Rev. G. Scraggs has a Volume in the Press entitled, *A Scriptural View of true and false Religion*.

Mr. James Jennings announces a Work in One Volume, entitled the *Family Cyclopædia*.

Mr. William Fell Harris has in the Press Remarks made during a Tour through the United States of America, in the Years 1817-18-19.

P. E. Laurent, Esq. is about to publish *Recollections of a Classical Tour*, made during the Years 1818-19, in different Parts of Turkey, Greece, and Italy, in One Volume, 4to. with Plates of the Costumes of each Country.

The Practice of the Court of Insolvent Debtors, with Observations on the late and present Acts of Parliament respecting Insolvency, in which will be contained all



the Rules and Orders made therein, both as to Town and Country Practice, by Richard Hatt, is at Press.

The 'private and confidential Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, during the Reign of William III. illustrated with historical and biographical Narratives, by William Coxe, F.R.S. F.S.A. is preparing for Publication.

Charles Lloyd, Esq. Author of "Nugæ Canoræ," &c. has in the Press Desultory Thoughts in London, with other Poems.

The Works of Richard Blackmore, now first collected, with his Life and Notes, by Mr. Chalmers, in Ten Volumes, 8vo. is preparing for Publication.

The Theological Works of the famous Dr. James Arminius, now first translated from the original Latin, with an Account of his Life, by Brandt, will shortly appear.

Shortly will appear in One Volume, 8vo. a History of the various Species of the Palsy, with the Method of Cure, being the First Part of the Second Volume of Dr. Cooke's Treatise on Nervous Diseases.

In the course of the present Month will be published, in One Volume, 8vo. Augustus, or the Ambitious Student.

Mr. J. Halison has in the Press, an Account of the most memorable Battles and Sieges since the Fall of Troy, with a View of their Consequences on the moral Condition of Mankind.

The Rev. Dr. Jones is printing, in Two Volumes, 8vo. a Series of Sermons, on the Contents and Connection of the Books of the Old and New Testament.

Illustrations of Phrenology, with Seventeen Engravings, by Sir G. S. Mackenzie, Bart. in 8vo. is nearly ready.

Mr. Robert Gourlay has in the Press, a Statistical Account of Upper Canada, illustrated by Maps and Plates.

A New Novel, entitled Eccentricity, in Three Volumes, by Mrs. Macnally, will soon appear.

The Author of Waverly, &c. announces a New Romance, entitled Kenilworth.

Colonel David Stewart is preparing, in Two Volumes, 8vo. Historical Sketches of

the Highlands of Scotland, with Military Annals of the Highland Regiments.

The Travels of Cosmo III. Grand Duke of Tuscany, through a large Part of England, in 1669, translated from the Italian MS. with above 40 Engravings, are preparing for Publication.

G. L. Chesterton, Esq. late Captain and Judge Advocate of the British Legion, will soon publish a Narrative of his Voyage to South America, with Observations on that Country.

A New Edition with considerable Additions will shortly appear of Dr. Ayre's Work on the Disorders of the Liver, and other Organs of Digestion.

The Fifth Number of Dr. Chalmers's Christian and Civic Economy of large Towns, should, in the regular Course of Publication, have appeared on the 1st. of October, but as the Subject, which is "Church Patronage," will occupy Two Numbers, it has been thought better to postpone its Publication till the 1st of January, when the Fifth and Sixth Numbers will appear together.

The Third Volume of the Transactions of the Association of the Fellows and Licentiates of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, is in the Press.

A Novel entitled "Scheming," will shortly appear from the pen of a person of Fashion.

The Rev. Mr. Maturin, Author of Bertram, &c. has in the press a Poem entitled The Universe.

A New Edition of Walton's and Cotton's Complete Angler, of a pocket size, with considerable additions, is in the press.

The New Satirical Novel, by the Author of "London; or, a Month at Stevens's," so long ago announced under the title of Edinburgh, will certainly appear early in November.

On the 20th of November will be published, the Almanack's Time's Telescope for 1821, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack, containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays, with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities.

#### WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

*Antiquities, Architecture, Astronomy, and Fine Arts.*

An Analytical Calculation of the Solar Eclipse for the 7th of Sept. 1820. By D. M'Gregor, 8vo. 3s.

#### *Biography.*

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Religious Connexions of John Owen, D.D. Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and Dean of

Christ-church, during the Commonwealth. By the Rev. William Orme, 8vo. with a Portrait, price 12s. boards.

Biographical Illustrations of Worcestershire. By John Chambers, Esq. 8vo. 15s.

#### *Education.*

Latin Exercises, selected from the best Roman Writers. By Nathaniel Howard, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bound.

A Key to Diuo, price 2s. 6d.

The Rudiments of Linear, Plane, and Solid Geometry, for the Use of Academies, By N. J. Larkin, M.G.S. with wood-cuts. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

#### History.

History of England, containing the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. being the fourth volume. By the Rev. John Lingard, 4to. 1l. 15s. boards.

Annals of Glasgow, comprising an Account of the Public Buildings, Charities, &c. By James Cleland, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. boards.

The same Work Abridged, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

The Rise and Progress of the Public Institutions of Glasgow. By the same Author, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Translation of the Charter granted to the City of Hereford, by King William the Third, June 14, 1697, 4to. 3s. sewed.

The New Annual Register, or General Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the year 1819, 1l. 1s. boards.

#### Law.

A Treatise on the Law of Evidence. By S. M. Philips, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Vol. II. Royal 8vo. 18s.

A Practical Treatise on the Law of Partition with an Appendix, containing the Statutes and a Selection of Precedents. By Charles Blake Allnot, Royal 8vo. 8s. 6d.

#### Medicine, Surgery, and Physiology.

Illustrations of the Capital Operations of Surgery, Trephine, Hernia, Amputation, Aneurism, and Lithotomy. By Charles Bell. Imperial 4to. Part I. To be completed in Five Parts, with Plates, plain, or coloured.

A Chemical and Medical Report of the Properties of the Mineral Waters of Buxton, Matlock, Tunbridge Wells, Harrogate, Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, Malvern, and the Isle of Wight. By Chas. Scudamore, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. 8vo. 9s.

Medico Chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. XI. Part I. 8vo. 9s.

A Treatise on the Plague, designed to prove it contagious, from Facts collected during the Author's Residence in Malta when visited by that Malady, in 1813, &c. By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. 12s.

A Treatise on Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. By J. Woodforde, M.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Practice of Physic. By George Gregory, M.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

On the Duties and Qualifications of a Physician. By John Gregory, M.D., F.R.S., Foolscap 8vo. 4s.

Views of the Muscles of the Human Body, drawn from Nature, and Engraved

by George Lewis, accompanied by suitable Explanatory References, designed as a Guide to the Student of Anatomy, and a Book of Reference for the Medical Practitioner. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

#### Miscellaneous.

Life in London; or, the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his Elegant Friend Corinthian Tom, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis. By Pierce Egan. Royal 8vo. No. I. Price 2s. 6d.

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A Catalogue of Books, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publisher's Names, being a continuation of the London Catalogue published in 1818. Price 2s.

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The Christian's Annual Journal and Record of Literature for 1821, with a Portrait of the Rev. G. Burder. Price 2s. 3d.

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Herbert Marsh, Lord Bishop of Peterborough, to Candidates for Holy Orders within that Diocese, considered by a Layman. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

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## NEW PATENTS.

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manufacturing of cutlery: viz. table-knives, desert-knives, fruit-knives, pocket-knives, scissars, razors, and surgical-instruments. July 20th.

James Harvie, Glasgow, late of Berbice, for improvements in the construction of machines, commonly called ginning machines, and which are employed in separating cotton-wool from the seeds. Communicated to him by certain persons residing abroad. August 18th.

George Millichap, of Worcester, for an improvement in axletrees and boxes. August 18th.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &amp;c.

The Rev. Robert Ferrier Blake, to the rectory of Bradfield, Norfolk, Patron, Baron Suffield.—The Rev. Mr. Phillpotts, M. A. prebendary of Durham, rector of St. Margaret's, chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Durham, &c. to the living of Stanhope, in Weardale, (a benefice worth 5,000. per annum,) vacant by the death of the late Rev. H. Hardinge.—The Rev. F. D. Perkins, B. A. of Brasenose College, chaplain to the Marquis of Winchester, and vicar of Stoke-cum-Some, Warwickshire, to the rectory of Swawfield, Lincolnshire, patron the Lord Chancellor.—The Rev. H. Wilson, to the vicarage of Flixton St. Mary, Suffolk.—The Rev. E. Evans, to the rectory of Hiruan, Montgomeryshire.—The Bishop of Durham has conferred upon the Rev. J. B. Sumner, of Eaton College, Bucks, the vacated prebendary-stall of that Cathedral.—The Rev. James Bullock, M. A. scholar of Worcester College, Oxford, to the perpetual curacy of Grendon Bishop, Herefordshire.—The Rev. Geo. I. Fisher, B. A. of Worcester College, Oxford, to the rectory of Winfrith, Dorsetshire.—The Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D. D. appointed to the office of Regius Professor of Divinity, in the University of Oxford, and to the place and dignity of a canon of Christ Church, Oxford, void by the resignation of Dr. Wm. Van Mildert, Bishop of Llandaff.—The Rev. Edward Daniel, to the Lectureship of Helton, in Cornwall.—The Rev. Abraham Hume, of Windshell, to the Church and Parish of Greenlaw, in the presbitery of Dunse, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Luke, at the presentation of Sir W. P. H. Campbell, of Marchmount, Bart.—The King has granted to the Rev. Robert Stevens, M. A. the dignity of Dean of Rochester, void by the death of Dr. Wm. Beaumont Busby.—The Right Rev. Chas. Mongan Warburton, D. D. Bishop of Limerick, Ardfer, and Aghadoe, translated to the Bishopric of Cloyne, vacant by the death of Dr. Wm. Ben-

net.—The Rev. Thomas Elrington, D. D. to succeed to the Bishoprics of Limerick, Ardfer, and Aghadoe, vacant by the translation of the Right Rev. C. M. Warburton.—The Rev. Chas. Shrubsole Bonnet, to the rectory of Avington, Hants.—The Rev. James Gisborne, to the perpetual curacy of Barton-under-Needwood, Staffordshire.—The Rev. Wm. Nickson, M. A. of West Cowes, appointed domestic chaplain to the dowager Countess of Errol.—The Rev. W. Hardwick, rector of Outwell, Norfolk, appointed domestic chaplain to Lord Gwydir.—The Rev. James Fox, B. A. St. John's, Cambridge, appointed chaplain to Viscount Galway.—The Rev. Frederick Leathes, B. A. to the rectories of Great and Little Livermere, Cambridgeshire.—The Rev. G. Moore, rector of St. Pancras, to be one of the Marquis of Camden's domestic chaplains.

Cambridge, Sept. 28.—A Convocation of the Senate for the purpose of conferring upon the Earl of Guilford the degree of Doctor of Laws, the grace having passed the caput, his Lordship was presented to his degree by the Rev. Dr. E. D. Clarke, acting as Deputy Public Orator, who addressed the Senate in a Latin speech.

Oxford, Oct. 7.—The nomination of a Vice-Chancellor, for the ensuing year, by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University, was approved in full Convocation, after which the Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D. D. Principal of Brasenose College resigned the Vice-Chancellorship, and the Rev. Geo. Hall, D. D. Master of Pembroke College, was invested with that office, and nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, viz. Rev. T. Lee, D. D. President of Trinity College, Rev. F. Hodson, D. D. Principal of Brasenose, Rev. R. Jenkins, D. D. Master of Balliol, and Rev. J. C. Jones, D. D. Rector of Exeter.

## BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

## Gazette—Sept. 9.

Anbusson, Charles William Feuilleade, George-street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, London, patent aid-form-maker. Atts. Pinkett and Son, 3, Essex-court, Temple T.

Cowne, Samuel, Barbican, London, pawnbroker, Atts. Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street, London. T.

Cox, Thomas Coles, Gloucester, victualler. Att. Chilton, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.

Evans, John, Bristol, batter. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Farlow, Thomas, Manchester, builder. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.

Hadfield, Thomas, Whitfield, Derbyshire, cotton-

spinner. Att. Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, London. C.

Hassell, John, Richard-street, Islington, Middlesex, bookseller. Att. Beckitt, Earl-street, Blackfriars, London. T.

Hullab, Robert Arnold, Rockingham Arms, New Kent-road, Surry, victualler. Atts. Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street, London. T.

Miller, John, Norwich, chemist and druggist. Att. Goodwin, Norwich. C.

Peacopp, Thomas, Liverpool, Lancashire, and Matthew Wilkinson, of Whalley, said county, wine-merchants. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Russian, Phillip, Bath, Jeweller. Att. Easton, 4, Lambeth-road, Southwark. C.



Sykes, Phineas, Manchester, cooper. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. C.  
 Wood, Joseph, late of Liverpool, porter-dealer. Att. Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.

*Gazette—Sept. 12.*

Gadsby, George, Leicestershire, maltster. Att. Price, 1, New-square, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.  
 Maymon, Ephraim, Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer. Att. Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.  
 Page, William Frederick, High Holborn, Middlesex, linen-draper. Atts. Willis, Clarke, and Watson, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.  
 Trueman, David, Goldsmith-street, London, lace-dealer. Att. Clarke, Bishopsgate-church-yard. T.  
 Ward, Thomas, Towcester, Northamptonshire, lace-dealer. Att. Clarke, Bishopsgate-church-yard. T.

*Gazette—Sept. 16.*

Copp, William and Anthony, Exeter, linen-draper. Att. Brutton, 55, Broad-street, London. C.  
 Cutler, James, Bath, woollen-draper. Att. Carpenter, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.  
 Dickenson, Edward Wickham, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.  
 Eginton, William Raphael, Birmingham, Warwickshire, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.  
 Glover, James, Walsall, Staffordshire, iron-founder. Att. Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.  
 Mills, James, Water-lane, Tower-street, London, wine-merchant. Att. Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street. T.  
 Rainey, Robert, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. Att. Murrow, Liverpool. C.  
 Slater, Joseph, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, maltster. Atts. Hall and Willett, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. C.  
 Stubbs, John, Castle-street, Leicester-square, Middlesex, jeweller. Atts. Mayhew, Price, and Styan, Chancery-lane. T.  
 Thomas James, Carpenter's-buildings, London-wall, London, merchant. Atts. W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook, London. T.  
 Warren, George, late of Bath, Somersetshire, cheese and bacon factor. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.

*Gazette—Sept. 19.*

Axe, George, Stamford, Lincolnshire, draper. Att. Walker, 20, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. C.  
 Bishop, Charles, now or late of Leicester, hosier. Att. Pilkington, jun. 11, Cook's-court, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.  
 Emmet, Hugh, Liverpool, Lancashire, paint and colour-maker. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.  
 Garlick, Giles, Westport, Wiltshire, tanner. Atts. Dax, Son, and Meredith, 29, Guildford-street, London. C.  
 Ramsden, Joseph, Querrilhill, Almondbury, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturer. Att. Battye, 20, Chancery-lane, London. C.

*Gazette—Sept. 23.*

Stead, William, Querrilhill, Almondbury, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturer. Att. Battye, 20, Chancery-lane, London. C.  
 Bidmead, John Driver, Chalford, Gloucestershire, broad-cloth manufacturer. Atts. Blake and Son, Cook's-court, Carey-street, London. C.  
 Cope, William, Chiffington, Staffordshire, crate-maker. Atts. Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, New-Boswell-court, London. C.  
 Fiegehen, John George, jun. 70, Wood-street, Cheapside, London, glass and earthenware dealer. Att. Sutcliffe, Earl-street, Blackfriars, London. T.  
 Jeremy, Charlotte, Acre-lane, Clapham, Surrey, linen-draper. Atts. Pickering and Smith, Staple-inn. T.  
 Koster, Theodore, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.

Lee, Joseph, Horseleydown-lane, Southwark, corn-dealer. Atts. Knight and Freeman, 26, Basinghall-street. T.  
 Leech, Isaiah, and John Hinchcliffe, Cateaton-street, London, wholesale hosiers. Att. Harrison, Bucklersbury. T.  
 Miller, George, Watling-street, London, carpet and linen agent. Att. Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.  
 Nation, James, Gosport, Southampton, victualler. Att. Minchin, 3, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn, London. C.  
 Parkes, William, Ashted-wharf, Birmingham, lime and coal dealer. Atts. Turner and Holmes, Bloomsbury-square, London. C.  
 Portlock, Robert, Andover, Hampshire, coach-maker. Att. Robins, 36, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London. T.

*Gazette—Sept. 26.*

Anderson, James, late belonging to the E. I. Company's ship Ingalls, merchant. Att. Collins, Great Knight Rider-street, Doctor's-commons. T.  
 Castley, Robert, Friday-street, Cheapside, London, warehouseman. Att. Wilde, College-hill, London. T.  
 Forster, William, Strand, Westminster, silversmith. Att. Popkin, Dean-street, Soho. T.  
 Shirley, Robert, Bucklersbury, London, carpet-manufacturer. Atts. Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Old Jewry, London. T.  
 Tunncliff, George, and John Tunncliff, late of Stone, Staffordshire, grocers. Att. Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.  
 Waldie, John, and Samuel Waldie, late of Dalston, Cumberland, manufacturers. Att. Clennell, Staple's-inn, London. C.

*Gazette—Sept. 30.*

Morton, Andrew, 16, Lower Thames-street, London, fish-factor. Att. Flower, Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street. T.  
 Payne, James, David Reid, and Thomas Hall, Norwich, bombazeen-manufacturers. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.  
 Stannard, William, Norwich, manufacturer. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.  
 Woolcott, Charles Frederic, late of High Holborn, Middlesex, window-glass cutter. Att. Turner, 27, Percy-street, Bedford-square. T.

*Gazette—Oct. 3.*

Bosher, William, Aldersgate-street, London, wholesale jeweller. Att. Townshend, 10, Staple-inn, London. T.  
 Clayton, Peter, late of Waterloo-place, Pall-Mall, Middlesex, sadler. Att. John Smith, 16, New Union-street, Little Moorfields. T.  
 Field, John, Pickett-street, Strand, Middlesex, linen-draper. Att. Jones, 1, New-inn, London. T.  
 Griffith's, George, Cursitor-street, London, jeweller. Att. Poole, Adam's-court, Old-Broad-street. T.  
 Lovelock, Stephen, Bristol, baker. Atts. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside, London. C.  
 Marfitt, Robert, Pickering, Yorkshire, currier. Att. Barber, Chancery-lane, London. T.  
 Paull, Henry, late of Old Change, London, carpenter. Att. Wilks, 18, Finsbury-place, Finsbury-square. T.  
 Readhead, Jonathan Munn, Durand's-wharf, Rotherhithe, Surrey, merchant. Att. Baker, 5, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, and Limehouse. T.  
 Seaman, Charles and George Etheridge, Norwich, goldsmiths. Att. Ayton, 4, Barnard's-inn, London. C.  
 Sutton, John, sen. Barlestone, Leicestershire, butcher. Atts. Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane, London. C.

*Gazette—Oct. 7.*

Martin, Thomas, Bristol, linen-draper. Att. Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-street, London. T.

Morley, David, Cockspur-street, Middlesex, boot and shoe-maker. Att. Sarel, 18, Surry-street, Strand. T.  
 Perkins, Robert, Lymington, Southampton, grocer. Att. Young, Poland-street. T.  
 Smale, William, jun. now or late of Lower East Smithfield, Middlesex, butcher. Att. Shave, 110, Fenchurch-street. T.  
 Smith, Thomas Hawes, Chancery-lane, Middlesex, tailor. Att. Carter, Lord Mayor's Court Office, Royal Exchange, London. T.

*Gazette—Oct. 10.*

Bonser, Henry, late of the Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, London, victualler. Atts. Fisher and Munday, 5, Furnival's-inn, Holborn, London. T.  
 Emson, Robert, late of Hockerill, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, but since of Lexden, Essex, brewer. Att. Wright, 9, Gray's-inn-square, London. T.  
 Gilbert, Martha, and Ralph Gilbert, late of Tideswell, Derbyshire, linen-draper. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.  
 Houghton, George, late of Newington-causeway, Surry, but now of Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, builder. Atts. Sabine and Lewis, Carmarthen-street, Tottenham-court-road, London. T.  
 Latham, John, Abingdon, Berkshire, grocer. Att. Osbaldeston, London-street, London. C.  
 Norris, Christopher, Bury, Lancashire, woollen-draper. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.  
 Norris, Richard, Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.  
 Sabine, Henry, Fenchurch-street, London, druggist. Atts. Saxon and Hooper, Pump-court, Temple. T.  
 Willett, Gerrard, Owen's-row, Islington, Middlesex, picture-frame-maker. Atts. Tottie, Richardson, and Gaunt, Poultry, London. T.

*Gazette—Oct. 14.*

Bidwith, Thomas, late of Bagginwood, Salop, farmer. Att. Griffiths, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.  
 Clarke, George, late of St. John's-street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, shoemaker. Att. Beetholme, Castle-street, Holborn. London. T.  
 Harris, John, and Charles Cooper, wool and cloth-factors. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.  
 Hart, George, Cheltenham, stone-mason. Att. Meredith, 8, Lincoln's-inn, New-square, London. C.  
 Reynolds, William, late of the ship Orient, master-mariner. Atts. Wilson, Clarke, and Watson, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.  
 Smith, John, jun. Ramsgate, carpenter. Att. Patten, Hatton-garden, London. T.  
 Thomas, John, and Josiah Cabell, Oxford-street, Middlesex, linen-draper. Att. Hurst, Milk-street, Cheapside, London. T.  
 Thornton, Henry, late of Rood-lane, London, upholster. Att. Warrand, Mark-lane, London. T.  
 Wilson, John, Swanton Morley, Norfolk, farmer. Att. Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, Boswell-court, London. T.  
 Young, Thomas, Cheltenham, fishmonger. Att. Williams, Red-lion-square, London. T.

*Gazette—Oct. 17.*

Avison, John, Bridghouse, near Halifax, Yorkshire, grocer. Atts. J. and W. Meddowcroft, Gray's-inn, London. C.  
 Calvert, John, late of Hebden, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.  
 Grunwell, Francis, jun. late of Leeds, Yorkshire, cheese-factor. Att. Edmunds, Symond's-lan, London. C.  
 Jones, Thomas, and Edward Powell, Wrexham, Denbighshire, grocers. Atts. Long and Austin, Gray's-inn, London. C.  
 Leigh, Ralph, Hanley, Staffordshire, dealer in ale and porter. Atts. Price, Williams, and White, Lincoln's-inn, Old-square, London. C.  
 Meakin, William, Eccleshall, Staffordshire, grocer. Att. Wright, King's Bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

Roach, John, late of Plymouth Dock, stationer. Att. Smith, 102, Fore-street, Plymouth-dock. C.  
 Smith, John Harcourt, Bristol, auctioneer. Att. Pearson, Pump-court, Temple, London. C.  
 Smith, Joseph, late of Balk Mill, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, flax-spinner. Atts. Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, London. C.

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

*Gazette—Sept. 9, to Oct. 17.*

Cullen, Daniel, and co. callenderers, Glasgow.  
 Duncan, James, merchant, Dundee.  
 Halley, David, John, and James, Crieff.  
 Serlinger, William, jun. merchant, Kirkaldy.  
 Ferrier, Alex. linen-draper, Kirkaldy.  
 Hume, James, late wine-merchant, Edinburgh.  
 Fraser, James, merchant, Inverness.  
 Whittet, John, jun. corn-merchant, Dundee.  
 Donald, William, and co. ship-chandlers, Glasgow.  
 Shirreff, Robert, merchant, Glasgow.  
 M'Lellan, Walter, grocer, Glasgow.  
 Alison, Joseph, merchant, Glasgow.  
 M'Leod, John, cotton-spinner, Turreen-street, Calton, Glasgow.  
 Towers, James, and Robert Towers, manufaturers, Glasgow.  
 Braidwood, Francis, stone-merchant, Edinburgh.  
 Mackintosh, Arthur, bookseller, Inverness.  
 M'Iver, John, nursery and seedsman, Muthil, Perthshire.  
 Sutherland, John, merchant, Dunfermline.

## BIRTHS.

Sept. 18. Lady Charlotte Neville, a daughter.  
 19. At Scole-lodge, Norfolk, the lady of the Rev. Robert Walpole, a son.  
 22. At Longford-house, near Gloucester, the Right Hon. Lady John Somerset, a son.  
 24. At Bourn-hall, Cambridgeshire, the Countess de la Warr, a son.  
 26. At Priors, Essex, the lady of Col. Hamilton of the 3d regt. guards, a son.  
 — At Hulton-castle, Mrs. Wade, a son.  
 27. At her father's house, Bedale, Yorkshire, the lady of Rear Admiral J. P. Beresford, Bart. a son.  
 — At Rushbrooke-park, Suffolk, the lady of Robt. Rushbrooke, jun. Esq. a daughter.  
 — At Upton, Warwickshire, the lady of Edward Morant Gale, Esq. a daughter.  
 28. At Luton-park, lady James Stuart, a daughter.  
 29. At Walmar, the lady of Capt. Mulcaster, R. N. a son.  
 Oct. 1. The lady of the Chevalier Romano, a daughter.  
 2. At Belle Isle, the lady of Henry Curwen, Esq. a daughter.  
 7. The lady of Sir Richard M. Jephson, Bart. a daughter.  
 8. In Grafton-street, lady Ridley, a daughter.  
 — At Culland's-grove, the lady of Wm. Curtis, Esq. a son.  
 9. The lady of Major Cator, Royal Horse Artillery, a son.  
 12. At Waresby-park, Huntingdonshire, the lady of the Hon. Orlando Bridgeman, a son.  
 — At Farley-hall, Staffordshire, the lady of Robt. Bill, Esq. Barrister-at-law, a daughter.  
 14. The lady of the Rev. Dr. Blomfield, Chesterford, Essex, a son.  
 — At Park-house, Kent, the lady of Sir Henry R. Calder, Bart. a son and heir.  
 — At Cumber, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, the Duchess of Newcastle, a son.  
 15. Lady Sophia Macdonald, wife of J. Macdonald, Esq. M. P. a son.  
 17. The lady of Capt. Patterson, of the Hon. Company's ship, a son.  
 — At Birmingham, the lady of Major Cartmichael, a son-and-heir.  
 — At the Marquis of Cholmondley's, in Piccadilly, lady Charlotte Seymour, a son-and-heir.  
 21. At Balham-hill, Surry, the lady of Henry Harford, Esq. a daughter.  
 — At Southsea, the Lady of Sir James A. Gordon, K. C. B. R. N. a daughter.



## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Buccleugh-place, Mrs. Folliott Baugh, a son.  
 At Kirkcaldy, Mrs. J. L. Cooper, a daughter.  
 At Edmonstone-house, Mrs. Wauchope, of Edmonstone, a daughter.  
 At Edinburgh, the lady of Capt. Brian Hodgson, R. N. a son.  
 At Dunniker-house, Fifeshire, the lady of Lieut. Gen. Sir John Oswald, K. C. E. a son-and-heir.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Castlebar, the lady of Lieut.-Col. M'Bean, a daughter.  
 At Downhill, County Derry, the seat of Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart. the lady of James Robertson Bruce, Esq. a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- Sept. 20. At Bath, the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, to Eliza, third daughter of J. Blagrove, Esq. of Calcot Park, Berks.  
 — At Bangor, the Rev. Edward Williams, rector of Llangefin, Anglesea, to Miss Maria Dorothea Jones, eldest daughter of the late Herbert Jones, Esq. of Llynnon in the same county.  
 23. At St. John's, Hackney, J. Davison, Esq. of Tavistock-place, to Letitia, second daughter of the late C. A. Stephenson, Esq. of Pamour, Bucks.  
 — At Eglington, Wm. Hay, Esq. of Hopes, East Lothian, to Frances Anne, third daughter of Robert Ogle, Esq. of Eglington, in the county of Northumberland.  
 26. At St. Mary's Newington, Henry Lucas, Esq. of Newport Pagnel, Bucks, to Mrs. Lynham, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.  
 28. At Gainsborough, the Rev. Wm. King, to Eliza, second daughter of Samuel Scoudars, Esq.  
 — At Dover, J. C. Dickens, Esq. to Elizabeth Helen, second daughter of Col. West, Lieut.-Governor of Langward Fort.  
 29. John Lewis, Esq. R. N. to Miss Rowe, of Westfield, Pembrokeshire.  
 30. At St. George's Bloomsbury, Francisco Rebello, Esq. Provisional Portuguese Consul-General, to Maria, eldest daughter of T. Gavaron, Esq. of Woburn-place.  
 — Lieut.-Col. Elphinstone, third son of the Hon. Wm. Elphinstone, to Diana Maria, daughter of Charles Clavering, Esq.  
 Oct. 2. At Worcester, Mr. T. Howes, jun. of Northampton, to Mary, only daughter of S. Deacon, Esq. of the former place.  
 4. At Eccles, by the Rev. Thomas Blackburne, Wm. Swabey, Esq. Royal Horse Artillery, son of Maurice Swabey, Esq. LL. D. of Langley Bucks, to Marianne, third daughter of Edward Hobran, Esq. of Hope-hall, Lancaster.  
 — At the New Church, St. Mary-le-bone, the Rev. Edward Scobell, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Matthew Chessall, Esq. of Norfolk-street.  
 — Wm. Steele, Esq. of Abergavenny, to Harriet, only daughter of the late Thomas Dyne, Esq. of Palmer's Green, Middlesex.  
 6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, (having been previously married at Bagnères in the south of France) Robert Sayer, Esq. of Trinity-college, Cambridge, to Frances, second daughter of G. H. Errington, Esq. late of Cotton-hall, Staffordshire.  
 7. Major-Gen. James Dewar, to Mrs. S. Curtis.  
 — At Ramsgate, Philip Box, Esq. of Bourton, to Miss Lord.  
 8. John Curry, Esq. of Worth, Sussex, to Charlotte, sister to Thomas Brown, Esq. of Lower Cheam, Surry.  
 — At Norwich, the Rev. R. F. Tunney, Chaplain to his Majesty's Forces, to Miss Spicer, daughter of Capt. B. Spicer, of Southwold.  
 9. At the Cathedral-church of Canterbury, James Beckford Wildman, Esq. M. P. of Chillingham-castle, to Mary Ann, daughter of S. R. Lushington, Esq. M. P. for that city, and Grand-daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Harris.  
 11. At St. James's-church, George Wm. Rowley, Esq. second son of O. Rowley, Esq. of the Priory

- of St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, to Jane Catherine, only daughter of the late J. Maine, Esq.  
 — Lately at the New Church, St. Mary-le-bone, Capt. Lewis Mackenzie, Royal Scot's Greys, to Nancy, only daughter of the late Samuel Forrester Baneroff, Esq.  
 12. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Jeremiah Gladwin Cloves, M. D. of Brazenose-college, Oxford, Physician Extraordinary to H. R. H. the Duke of York, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Richard Singer, Esq. of Roundhill, Chippenham, Wilts.  
 — At St. Mary's, Manchester, Henry Myers, Esq. of Crosby-house, Lancaster, to Eleanor, youngest daughter of the late John Watson, Esq. formerly of Preston.  
 — The Rev. Christopher Love, of Ashton, Devons, to Miss Jane Eliz. Ogle, of Tynemouth-lodge, North Shields.  
 — John D. Maddock, Esq. to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of John Penketh, Esq. of See Bank, Cheshire.  
 — At St. Andrew's, Holborn, F. G. Aubin, Esq. late of the Commissariat, to Caroline Frances, daughter of the late Wm. Paul, Esq. Barrister-at-law.  
 14. At Newcastle, Mr. Jasper Richardson, aged 24, to Miss Anne Hutchinson, aged 65.  
 17. Thomas Du Gard, M. D. of Shrewsbury, to Marianne, eldest daughter of Dr. Whitfield, of Hereford.  
 — At Greta Green, Wm. Ward, jun. Esq. to Miss Emma Jones, both of Chester.  
 18. At Hammersmith, Tobias Frere, Esq. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Sackville-street, London, to Cassandra Maxwell, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Atwood, Esq. of the Bahama Islands.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- John Burnside, Esq. Millbourne-house, Lanarkshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Macarthur, of Glasgow.  
 At the Manse, Lumphanan, Henry Lamond, Esq. of Pitmurchie, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the Rev. Wm. Shaud, Lumphanan.  
 At Irvine, Stewart Murray Fullarton, Esq. of Fullarton, to Isabella Buchanan, only daughter of the late James Muir, Esq. Surgeon, at Glasgow.  
 At Edinburgh, Wm. Cunningham Dalryell, R. N. son of the late Sir Robert Dalryell, Bart. of Bins, to Maria, daughter of A. T. Sampayo, Esq. of Peterboro'-house, Middlesex.  
 At Hendersyde Park, Roxburghshire, Capt. G. W. Watts, R. N. to Jane, youngest daughter of G. Waldie, Esq. of Hendersyde.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Clonford, county Roscommon, at the seat of her father, Martin Browne, Esq. Mrs. Dillon, widow of the late Capt. J. P. Dillon, to Robert Fred. Sarjant, of the city of Waterford, Esq.  
 At Dublin, Mr. J. O'Conner, to Miss Frances Dillon.  
 At Powerscourt Church, by the very Rev. the Dean of Limerick, Mr. J. Devine, to Miss Murphy, of Powerscourt, county Wicklow.

## ABROAD.

- At Halifax, North America, by the Rev. Dr. Inglis, the Rev. G. Best, late of Little Dean's-yard, Westminster, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.  
 At Paris, Joseph H. J. Carrard, Esq. of the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, to Miss Louisa Dickson, youngest daughter of the late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.  
 At Hamburg, John Fred. Hagenau, Esq. Deputy Commissary-general of his Britannic Majesty's forces, to Miss Henrietta Heymann.  
 At Lyons, his Excellency Baron Rolick, to Mary Margaret, eldest daughter of Lord Cloncurry, aged 16.

## DIED.

- Sept. 16. At St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, Lieut. John L. Houghton, R. N.  
 17. In his 74th year, the Rev. Bryan King, many years rector of Woodchurch, Chester.  
 18. At Bath, the hon. Mrs. Chas. Sotheby, wife of C. Sotheby, Esq. R. N.

20. At Hammersmith, Chas. Cowper, Esq. of Albany, and late of the Inner-Temple.
22. At Bromley, in Kent, aged 75, John Wheble, Esq. of Warwick-square, many years representative of the Ward of Farringdon Within, in the Court of Common Council, the original projector, and till within a few years, the sole conductor of the County Chronicle.
- In Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, Catharine, daughter of the late Right hon. Lady Janet, and Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart. of Balcaske, Fifeshire, N. B.
- Aged 65, Henry Bowman, Esq. of Knockin-hall, Salop, 40 years agent to the right hon. the Earl of Bradford.
23. Aged 64, the Rev. Owen Williams, of Shrewsbury.
24. At Nackington, near Canterbury, aged 85, Richard Milles, Esq. of that place, and of North Elmham, in Norfolk.
- At Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, Major General Kirstenan, of the Royal Engineers.
- Geo. Molineux, Esq. banker, at Wolverhampton, aged 79.
26. At Bristol Hot-wells, Francis Wm. Talbot, Esq. of Gray's Inn.
30. Aged 29, John Wm. Dorville, Esq. of Levant-lodge, Worcestershire.
- The hon. Mrs. Wallop, sister of Wm. Powlett Powlett, Esq. and lady Bayning.
- Lately, at Bath, Fletcher Paris, Esq.: he has bequeathed 40,000*l.* and a field, for the purpose of erecting 30 cottages for the residence (with endowments,) of the widows or daughters of ten clergymen, ten reduced professional men, and ten decayed merchants.
- The Rev. Chas. Edward de Coetlegon, M. A. rector of Godstone, and a magistrate for Surrey.
- At Bristol, aged 107, Mrs. Cantey, a native of Ireland; she retained her faculties to the last.
- At Fulford, Staffordshire, aged 105, Thomas Brookes, a woodman. He enjoyed all his faculties, except hearing, to the very last: he accumulated, by parsimony, 600*l.* the interest of which he left to his widow, aged 79, and at her decease the principal to go to the poor of the parish of Ipstones.
- Oct. 1. At his cottage, at Wimbledon, Thomas Harris, Esq. who for more than half a century, filled the arduous situation of chief proprietor and manager of Covent-garden theatre; his age was that of the late king.
- Aged 80, Wm. Fielding, Esq. senior magistrate of the police-office, Queen-square. He had long been afflicted with paralysis, but his death was occasioned by dropsy. Mr. F. started at the Bar with the late Lord Ellenborough; was an excellent lawyer, and a fluent if not an eloquent speaker: he was likewise nephew of the celebrated author of Tom Jones.
- At Bicton-house, the right hon. Lady Rolle.
- At Bognor, in the 15th year of her age, Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Lord Spencer Chichester, and Lady Harriet Chichester.
2. Aged 59, at the Windmill-hills, near Gateshead, Durham, the hon. Mrs. Smith, widow of the late T. Smith, Esq. of the Inner-Temple, and sister to the Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Hutchinson.
- At Brockley-house, Lewisham, Isabella, daughter of Henry Ibbetson, Esq.
4. Aged 70, Joel Foster, Esq. of Hull, ship owner, and one of the wardens of the Trinity Corporation at that port.
- At Bedlington, Geo. Marshall, Esq.
5. At Exeter, aged 64, G. Gifford, Esq. elder brother of his Majesty's Attorney General.
6. At Torquay, Devon, aged 62, J. Brooke, Esq. of Ansthorpe-lodge, Yorkshire.
8. At Marden Ash Ongar, John Hughes, Esq. Col. of the 5th Essex Local Militia.
- At Great Marlow, Bucks, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. John Rolls, an eminent merchant.
9. At Cadogan-place, Chelsea, W. S. Cooper, Esq.
10. Hester, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Wodehouse, Esq. of Sennow, in Norfolk.
- At Rock-house, in the county of Derby, aged 55, Mrs. Peel, relict of the late John Peel, Esq. of Pasture's-house, in the same county.
11. At Manchester, Thomas Hewitt, Esq. an eminent solicitor.
12. At Kingston-house, Berkshire, in consequence of her clothes having caught fire the preceding day, Harriet, third daughter of Adam Blandy, Esq.
13. At Astley-house, Maidstone, after an illness of seven years, contracted in his Majesty's service, Major J. Burn, aged 44, of the Royal Marines.
14. At Marsden-park, Surrey, aged 87, J. Hatsell, Esq. clerk of the House of Commons.
15. At Towcester, aged 81, Joshua Aburn, 43 years clerk of that parish.
- Mary, relict of the late C. Watkins, Esq. Daventry, Northamptonshire.
17. Wm. Wheeler, Esq. of Buxton-crescent, in his 70th year.
- Aged 72, Mr. Thomas Bruce, Thavies-Inn, Holborn.
18. Suddenly, at his lodgings in Sloane-street, Major Seymour, late of the 56th regiment.
- In Caroline-street, Bedford-square, H. Ogilvie, Esq. late of the Island of Madeira.
- Lately, the Dowager Marchioness of Thomond, in her 70th year; her ladyship was neice to the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Swinton-house, John Swinton, Esq. of Swinton.
- At the Manse of Contin, Mrs. Dallas, wife of the Rev. James Dallas.
- At Woodcot, in the county of Haddington, George Home Falconar, Esq. Captain of the 2d dragoons (Scotch Greys).
- At Porto-Bello, Edinburgh, the Right hon. Lord Elibank.
- At Edinburgh, Major Chas. Macpherson, late Inspector-general for North Britain.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Castle Strange, county of Roscommon, Mrs. Chambers, relict of the late Wm. Chambers, Esq. and sister of T. Mitchell, Esq.
- Of a decline, aged 25 years, Mary Anne, only daughter of Sir Chas. Coote, Bart. Dublin.

## ABROAD.

- At Geneva, in the 24th year of his age, Robert, eldest son of the late Robert Peel, Esq. of Tiverton.
- At Dunkirk, where he had been detained by illness, Charles Wm. Jerminham, Esq. second son of the late Sir Wm. Jerminham, of Costessey, in Norfolk, and brother to the present Baronet.
- At Louren's District, South Carolina, aged 143, Mr. Solomon Nisbet, a native of England, who emigrated at the age of 19.
- M. le Baron Philippon, Col. of the legion, which on the preceding day had been at the festival given at Calais, in honour of the birth of the Duc de Bourdeaux: he destroyed himself by a pistol, the cause of which desperate act is said to have been unwelcome intelligence received that day from Paris. On the table was a letter recommending his servant to the attention of his friends: such was the frenzy and distraction of this faithful domestic at the fate of his master, that he was with difficulty prevented from following his rash example, and terminating his own existence.
- At Cape Coast Castle, Africa, 27 May last, Henry Alfred Adamson, Esq. Governor of Tantom Fort. On board his Majesty's ship Tartar, Howard, third son of Col. Sir Howard Douglas.
- At Paris, in the 65 year of his age, Marshal Lefebvre.
- At Versailles, in the 16th year of her age, Alicia, only daughter of the Rev. H. D. Berners, archdeacon of Suffolk.
- In Jamaica, Deputy Judge Advocate, Capt. Winkworth Tonge. This gentleman was a native of Nova Scotia, and well known in London about 30 years ago, under the appellation of the handsome American. He fell a victim to fever, having previously lost two brothers in the Island by the same disease.
- At Poonah, in the East Indies, aged 34, Captain Sam. Halifax, Deputy Adjutant-general.
- At Madras, the Rev. W. A. Keating, Senior Chaplain to that Presidency, and formerly of Merton College, Oxford.



## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F. R. S.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Sept.											
1	M. 54	29.621	64	NE by E	Very fine	17	M. 56	29.520	66	WSW	Cloudy
	A. 60	29.620	51	NE	Very fine		A. 61	29.483	55	W by S	Cloudy
2	M. 55	29.589	70	NNE	Fine		M. —	29.097	95	NE	Rain
	A. 61	29.590	56	NE	Fine	18	A. 54	29.120	76	NNW	Cloudy
3	M. 54	29.639	73	N	Gloomy		M. 45	29.397	69	NW by W	Fine
	A. 62	29.692	59	NNW	Fine	19	A. 53	29.462	57	N by W	Fine
4	M. 56	29.703	65	N	Clear		M. 45	29.477	65	SSW	Fine
	A. 63	29.711	55	NE	Cloudy	20	A. 53	29.337	58	SW	Rain
5	M. 57	29.661	55	ESE	Very fine		M. 47	29.989	75	W	Fine
	A. 64	29.649	52	E by N	Fine	21	A. 56	28.962	55	W	Showery
6	M. 56	29.582	72	ENE	Fine		M. 48	29.240	70	NW	Very fine
	A. 64	29.600	57	E by S	Very fine	22	A. 57	29.340	59	NW	Very fine
7	M. 57	29.642	67	S by E	Fine		M. 55	29.524	82	SW	Small-rain
	A. 63	29.658	54	SSW	Fine	23	A. 64	29.533	63	WSW	Fine
8	M. 58	29.767	73	NW	Fine		M. 58	29.283	85	SW	Rain
	A. 66	29.809	50	NNW	Fine	24	A. 62	29.262	65	WSW	Rain
9	M. 58	29.921	67	Var.	Very fine		M. 50	29.198	67	W	Very fine
	A. 68	29.915	48	SSW	Very fine	25	A. 54	29.198	56	W by S	Thunder, lh.
10	M. 55	29.845	75	WSW	Cloudy		M. 46	29.422	69	NW	Cloudy
	A. 69	29.843	52	W	Fine	26	A. 51	29.514	63	NNW	Cloudy
11	M. 62	29.819	68	SE	Clear		M. 43	29.670	69	WSW	Cloudy
	A. 72	29.819	53	E by S	Hazy	27	A. 50	29.616	70	WSW	Rain
12	M. 61	29.779	89	ESE	Foggy		M. 48	29.625	75	SSW	Fine
	A. 71	29.783	55	S by E	Fine	28	A. 58	29.605	65	WSW	Fine
13	M. 59	29.735	71	ESE	Very fine		M. 51	29.554	84	N	Rain
	A. 69	29.713	53	Var.	Clear	29	A. 57	29.627	65	N	Cloudy
14	M. 60	29.504	71	S by W	Very fine		M. 49	29.594	78	E by S	Rain
	A. 72	29.445	52	SSW	Fine	30	A. 58	29.621	67	SSW	Fine
15	M. 61	29.248	68	SW by W	Cloudy						
	A. 59	29.245	67	W by S	Showery						
16	M. 55	29.506	64	WSW	Fine						
	A. 62	29.525	51	W	Cloudy						

Rain, by the pluviometer, between noon the 1st of September, and noon the 1st of October, 2.282 inch.  
Evaporation, during the same period, 3.400 inches.

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 21 Oct.	Hamburg. 13 Oct.	Amsterdam 12 Oct.	Vienna. 4 Oct.	Genoa. 7 Oct.	Berlin. 19 Oct.	Naples. 4 Oct.	Leipsig. 9 Oct.	Bremen. 12 Oct.
London.....	25.60	36.10	40.7	104	30.13	6.23 $\frac{3}{4}$	609	6.18 $\frac{1}{4}$	618
Paris.....	—	25 $\frac{15}{16}$	56 $\frac{3}{8}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{3}{8}$	81 $\frac{3}{8}$	23.30	79 $\frac{3}{4}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hamburg...	184 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	35	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	151 $\frac{3}{8}$	44.50	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	133 $\frac{1}{4}$
Amsterdam.	56 $\frac{3}{8}$	105 $\frac{1}{8}$	—	138 $\frac{1}{2}$	91	143 $\frac{1}{2}$	49.95	139 $\frac{1}{4}$	126
Vienna.....	253 $\frac{1}{2}$	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	61 $\frac{1}{8}$	41 $\frac{1}{4}$	60.40	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Franckfort..	2 $\frac{3}{8}$	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	55 $\frac{3}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	100	110 $\frac{1}{2}$
Augsburg...	254	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{3}{8}$	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{4}$	59.85	100 $\frac{1}{8}$	110 $\frac{1}{4}$
Genoa.....	477	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{4}$	61	—	—	19.95	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	146 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	104 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	111
Leghorn....	508	38	95 $\frac{1}{4}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	122 $\frac{2}{3}$	—	122	—	—
Lisbon.....	568	36 $\frac{1}{4}$	39 $\frac{3}{8}$	—	895	—	50.40	—	—
Cadiz.....	15	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	96	—	650	—	118.50	—	—
Naples.....	416	—	79	—	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—
Bilbao.....	15	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	96	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.35	90	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	645	—	121	—	—
Porto.....	568	36 $\frac{1}{8}$	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 12 Oct.	Nuremberg 9 Oct.	Christiania 4 Oct.	Petersburg. 26 Sept.	Riga. 25 Sept.	Stock- holm. 3 Oct.	Madrid. 6 Oct.	Lisbon. 7 Oct.
London.....	152	fl. 10.8	—	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	11.36	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	50 $\frac{1}{2}$
Paris.....	79 $\frac{1}{4}$	fr. 118 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{3}{4}$ Sp.	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	23	15	552
Hamburg....	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	138	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	124	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	37
Amsterdam.	139 $\frac{3}{4}$	140	129	10	10 $\frac{1}{10}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	41 $\frac{1}{4}$
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	23	873

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Sept. 24 to Oct. 24.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-8
Ditto at sight	12-5
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-9
Antwerp	12-9
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-7. 37-8
Altona, 2½ U	37-3. 37-9
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-80
Ditto, 2 U	26-10
Bordeaux	26-10
Frankfort on the Main } Ex. M.	156
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10-15. 10-16
Trieste ditto	10-15. 10-16
Madrid, effective	34½. 35
Cadiz, effective	34. 34½
Bilboa	34. 34½
Barcelona	33½
Seville	33½
Gibraltar	30. 30½
Leghorn	46½
Genoa	43
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	38½. 38½
Palermo, per. oz.	115
Lisbon	48½. 49
Oporto	48½. 49
Rio Janeiro	54½
Bahia	58
Dublin	6¾. 6¾
Cork	7½. 7

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	0	3	16	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, s. d.

## Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 11d. the quarter loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	3	10	0	to	5	0	0
Oxnobles	2	10	0	to	3	0	0
Apples	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.  
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,  
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Sept. 23.	Sept. 30.	Oct. 7.	Oct. 14.
Wheat	65 10 63	6 61	1 53	6
Rye	41 0 40	11 39	1 33	2
Barley	32 9 31	7 30	3 28	10
Oats	22 7 22	0 21	9 21	3
Beans	43 10 42	8 42	1 40	2
Peas	41 11 41	3 41	8 33	3

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of  
London from Sept. 24. to Oct. 21.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	27,052	3,265	16,571	46,888
Barley	19,686	900	350	20,936
Oats	23,872	150	81,447	105,469
Rye	166	—	—	166
Beans	7,572	—	—	7,572
Pease	6,810	—	—	6,810
Malt	13,550	Qrs.;	Flour 26,473	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 5,222 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	60s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	60s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets	00s. to 00s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.			
3 0 to 4	4..4	0 to 5 10..1	3 to 1 16
Whitechapel.			
3 10 to 4	8..4	0 to 5 10..1	3 to 1 16
St. James's.			
3 10 to 4	6..0	0 to 0 0..1	5 to 1 14

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.
Mutton	2s. 10d. to 3s. 10d.
Veal	4s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.
Pork	4s. 3d. to 6s. 3d.
Lamb	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	2s. 3d. to 3s. 10d.
Mutton	3s. 0d. to 3s. 8d.
Veal	4s. 0d. to 6s. 2d.
Pork	4s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.
Lamb	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Sept. 29,  
to Oct. 23, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,520	1,530	93,260	1,550



ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT  
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Oct. 20th, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.		
£.	£.	s.		£.	s.	£.	£.	s.	£.	s.	
Canals.					Bridges.						
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	2912	100	—	Southwark .....	18		
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch .....	10 10	4443	40	—	Do. new .....	18		
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham .....	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall .....	18	10	
1260	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000L.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes .....	90		
51,000L.	—	3	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo .....	5	5	
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided) .....	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8L .....	27	10	
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	100	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7L .....	22		
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny .....	75	60,000L.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100		
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater .....	90				Roads.			
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	35		
500	100	44	Coventry .....	929	300	100	—	Commercial .....	103		
4546	100	—	Croydon .....	3 17 6	1000	100	5	— East-India			
600	100	6	Derby.....	112	—	100	5	Branch .....	100		
2050	100	3	Dudley .....	62				Great Dover Street.....	31		
3575	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester .....	65	492	100	1 15	Highgate Archway.....	6		
231	100	58	Erewash .....	1000	2393	50	—	Croydon Railway.....	12		
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde .....	500	1000	—	1	Surrey Do.....	10		
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share .....	30	1000	—	—	Severn and Wye .....	30		
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57	3762	50	1	Water Works.			
11,815	100	9	Grand Junction .....	205				East London.....	60		
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey .....	55	3800	100	—	Grand Junction .....	42	10	
48,800L.	—	5	Do. Loan .....	90	4500	50	1 5	Kent .....	25		
2849	100	—	Grand Union .....	31	2000	100	—	London Bridge.....	50		
20,640L.	—	5	Do. Loan .....	94	1500	—	2 10	South London .....	21		
3006	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	800	100	—	West Middlesex .....	45		
749	150	7	Grantham.....	126	7540	—	2	York Buildings.....	20		
6312	100	—	Huddersfield .....	13	1360	100	—	Insurances.			
23,328	—	18	Kennet and Avon .....	18				Albion .....	40		
11,699	—	1	Lancaster .....	27	2000	500	2 10	Atlas .....	4 12 6		
2879	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool.....	280	25,000	50	6	Bath .....	575		
545	—	14	Leicester .....	295	—	40	—	Birmingham .....	350		
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union .....	83	300	1000	25	British .....	50		
—	—	119	Loughborough.....	2400	—	250	3	County .....	40		
250	—	11	Melton Mowbray .....	—	4000	100	2 10	Eagle .....	2 12 6		
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell .....	650	20,000	50	5	European .....	20		
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire .....	147	50,000	20	1	Globe .....	116 10		
43,526L.	100	5	Do. Debentures .....	92	1,000,000L.	100	6	Hope .....	3 5		
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire .....	70	40,000	50	5	Imperial .....	75		
247	—	25	Neath.....	350	2400	500	4 10	London Fire .....	23		
1770	25	—	North Wilts .....	—	3900	25	1 4	London Ship.....	19		
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	—	31,000	25	1	Provident .....	16 10		
1720	100	32	Oxford .....	615	2500	100	14	Rock .....	1 18		
2400	—	3	Peak Forest .....	66	100,000	20	2	Royal Exchange .....	229		
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	—	745,100L.	—	10	Sun Fire .....	—		
12,204L.	—	—	Regent's .....	28	—	8 10	—	Sun Life .....	23		
5631	100	2	Rochdale .....	40	4000	100	10	Union .....	33		
500	125	9	Shrewsbury .....	100	1500	200	1 4	Gas Lights.			
500	100	7 10	Shropshire .....	140				Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company) .....	59		
771	50	—	Somerset Coal .....	—	8000	50	4	Do. New Shares .....	37 10		
100	100	40	Stafford & Worcestershire.....	640				City Gas Light Company .....	95		
300	145	10	Stourbridge .....	205	4000	50	1 12	Do. New .....	45		
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon .....	17	1000	100	7 10	Bath Gas .....	17 10		
—	—	22	Stroudwater .....	495	1000	100	3 10	Brighton Gas .....	14		
533	100	12	Swansea .....	175	1000	100	20	Bristol .....	27		
350	100	—	Tavistock .....	90	2500	20	16	Literary Institutions.			
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	25	1500	20	2	London .....	38		
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk .....	1950				Russel .....	11 11		
1000	100	—	Warwick and Birmingham .....	210	1000	75gs	—	Surrey.....	8		
1000	50	—	Warwick and Napton .....	205	700	25gs	—	Miscellaneous.			
980	100	10 10	Wilts and Berks .....	6	700	30gs	—	Auction Mart .....	20		
14,288	—	—	Wisbeach .....	60				British Copper Company .....	50		
126	105	5	Worcester and Birmingham .....	24	1080	50	1 5	Golden Lane Brewery .....	7 10		
6000	—	—	Docks.		1397	100	2 10	Do. .....	6 10		
—	—	—	Bristol .....	98	2299	80	—	London Commercial Sale Rooms .....	19		
2200	140	—	Do. Notes .....	60	3447	50	—	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class .....	71 10		
3132	100	3	Commercial .....	160	2000	150	1	Do. .... 2d. Class .....	61 10		
450,000L.	—	10	East-India .....	15				City Bonds .....	100		
1038	100	—	East Country .....	86 10							
3,114,000L.	—	4	London .....	167							
1,200,000L.	—	10	West-India .....								

# Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th September to 25th October.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Sept. 25	shut.	shut.	66½	shut.	85½	102½	shut.	—	3½	—	21	—	—	5p	66½
26	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	—	—	21	—	66½	5	66½
27	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	65	3½	215	21	—	—	5	66½
28	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	4½	—	20	—	—	4	66½
29	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	—	—	19	—	—	2	66½
Oct. 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—
2	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	3½	—	19	—	—	2	66½
3	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	3½	—	19	73½	—	2	66½
4	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	65	—	—	21	—	—	2	66½
5	—	—	66½	—	—	102½	—	—	3½	216	21	73½	—	4	66½
6	—	—	66½	—	—	103½	—	66	3½	216½	24	74½	—	4	67½
7	—	—	67½	—	—	103½	—	—	3	—	24	—	—	6	67½
9	—	—	67½	—	—	103½	—	—	—	—	23	—	—	6	67½
10	—	—	67½	—	—	103½	—	—	2½	217½	25	—	—	6	67½
11	217	66½	67½	75	84½	103½	17½	—	3	218	25	—	—	5	67½
12	—	66½	67½	75	84½	103½	17½	—	3½	217½	25	—	—	5	67½
13	217	66½	67½	75	84½	103½	17½	66½	—	218½	25	—	—	6	67½
14	216½	66½	67½	—	84½	103½	17½	—	2	—	26	—	—	6	67½
16	217	66½	67½	75½	84½	103½	17½	—	2½	—	26	—	—	6	67½
17	217	66½	67½	75½	85	103½	17½	—	2½	220	26	—	—	6	67½
18	—	66½	67½	—	85	103½	17½	—	2½	—	26	—	—	6	67½
19	216	66½	67½	75½	84½	104	17½	—	2½	220½	26	—	—	6	67½
20	215½	66½	67½	75½	85	104	17½	—	2½	220½	26	74½	—	6	67½
21	—	66½	67½	—	85	104	17½	—	—	—	26	74½	—	6	67½
23	—	66½	67½	—	85	104½	17½	—	—	—	25	—	—	6	67½
24	216	66½	67½	75½	85½	104½	17½	—	2½	—	26	—	—	5	67½
25	215	66½	67½	75½	85½	104½	17½	—	2½	—	25	—	—	5	67½

## IRISH FUNDS.

1820	Bank Shares.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Royal Canal Stock.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water De- bentures.
Sept. 21	203	73½	73	—	80½	101½	101½	68½	87	97
23	—	73½	73	—	—	101	101	—	87	97
28	—	73	72½	—	—	101½	101	68½	—	—
Oct. 2	—	72½	72½	—	—	101	101	—	—	—
5	203	72	72½	—	—	101	101½	—	—	—
12	202½	73	72	—	—	100	101	—	—	—
16	—	73½	73	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	—
20	204	73	72½	—	—	102½	—	—	—	—

## Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS.

From Sept. 19,  
to Oct. 19.

1820	5 per Cent. consols	Bank Shares.
Sept. fr.	c.	fr. c.
19	75 40	1365 —
21	74 90	1360 —
25	74 45	1360 —
30	74 35	—
Oct.		
2	73 90	1355 —
7	74 55	1350 —
10	74 75	1360 —
12	75	1365 —
14	74 80	1360 —
19	75	1362 50

## AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.							NEW YORK.		
	Sept. 22	26	29	Oct. 3	6	10	13	Aug. Sept.	27	9
7 per cent.....	—	—	—	106	106	106	106	108½	108½	108½
Bank Shares.....	24	24	24	23-10	24	—	23-10	104½	103½	104
6 per cent.....	1813	104½	104½	103½	103½	103½	103½	107	107	107½
	1814	105	105	104	104	104	104	107½	107½	108
	1815	106	106½	105	105	105	105½	108	108	108½
3 per cent.....	69½	69½	70	71	70	70	70	71	71	70

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.